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The Plumber's Secret

So They Say

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November
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The Golden Book Mag

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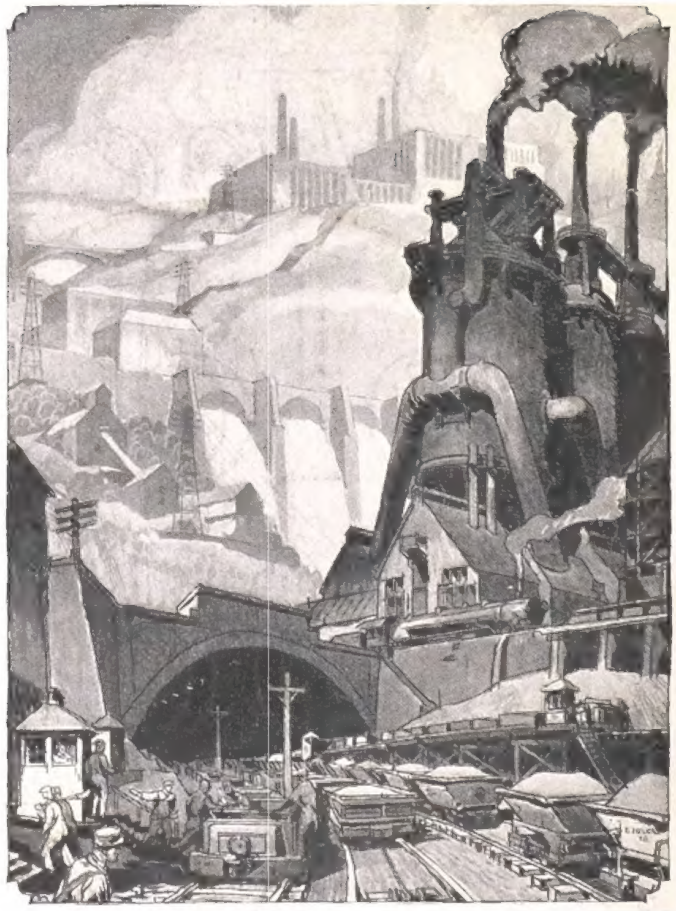

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Number 23

NOVEMBER
1926

THE GOLDEN BOOK* MAGAZINE

OF FICTION AND TRUE STORIES THAT WILL LIVE

Edited by HENRY WYSHAM LANIER

Editorial Board:

WM. LYON PHELPS • JOHN COTTON DANA • CHAS. MILLS GAYLEY

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Some Persons of Importance

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER (1829-1900) spent almost forty years in active editorial work. He abandoned his legal career in Chicago to become assistant editor of a Hartford newspaper in 1860, and from 1867 on was editor, part owner and contributor to the *Courant*. Then for many years he conducted first the "Editor's Drawer," and later the "Study," in *Harper's*—when that magazine was one of the Big Four of American periodicals. "My Summer in a Garden" established his reputation as a humourist; and his graceful pen continued to turn out books of travel, humour, fiction, biography and literary criticism until the end of his life.

Warner's writings belong quite definitely alongside of those of Donald G. Mitchell ("Ik Marvel"), George William Curtis, William C. Prime, and some others, who were of the Irving tradition—that is, I suppose, of the eighteenth-century literary aristocracy of England. They were men of education and culture; with delicate humour, refinement and ideals; rather apt to be fishermen, able to appreciate Izaak Walton from various angles; facile and always entertaining to a leisurely reader. The very best of such a man is generally to be had in his friendly intimate talk, not in his books; but I'm inclined to think that our arrogantly superior young writers and critics somewhat under-estimate the importance of this group. They do seem at times to suffer from that same over-refinement which produced the Nice Nelly literature of our forties and fifties; you don't get many of the primitive rhythms of American life, or the raw, uncensored impulses of the human stream-of-consciousness.

And yet when one considers the product of these confident times which gaze back so scornfully at the "Mauve Decade," one is apt to feel as did Job when he remarked to Eliphaz the Temanite, and Bildad the Shuhite, and Zophar the Naamathatite:

"No doubt but you are the people, and wisdom shall die with you!"

For it only requires an actual test with an open mind to realize, as might be expected, that the best of that older product has a very real reason for being, and a definite place in our section of the permanent World Library.

It's worth re-reading for its own sake. And it has a special value in these hurried high-pressure times, for the very reason that it is leisurely. Fortunately, life is not to be compressed into a rapid-fire vaudeville sketch; and the sooner we realize that man's nature, like mother nature, grows in silence—the sooner we may be able really to use any larger perspective that the modern world has gained.

"This is a true story. It is what they call a story of high life. It is also a story of the life which is higher still. There be climbings which descend to depths of infamy; there be—also—God is merciful—most infamous fallings into heaven." *The Greater Glory.*

That a man named Joost Marius Willem von der Poorten Schwartz, born at Amsterdam and dying at Zeist, Holland, should have written his fourteen or fifteen novels in English, and only presented them to his fellow-countrymen under protest years later in translation—is an odd enough fact. For some reason, "Maarten Maartens" (1858-1915) preferred to address a foreign audience. He spent several years of his early life in England, and was always perfectly at home there; but it seems probable that a large factor in this decision was a fear that his own people would find his incisive pictures somewhat unflattering. And there were shrill Dutch protests when Holland readers were offered the translations, made by the author's wife, of novels which had made such a powerful impression in England and America.

For it's not easy to ignore "God's Fool" and "The Sin of Joost Aveling." The mind back of those tales has too much power; they bite deep. Certainly one boy of nineteen, who read the first-mentioned when it reached this country, got an impact that violently disconcerted his ideas, and remains vivid thirty-four years afterwards.

(*Continued on page 6*)

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(*Continued from page 4*)

Schwartz was a preacher, of the George Eliot breed. But he had something to preach. And the doings of his men and women were absorbing and significant.

The little allegory in this issue was his introductory opening to "God's Fool," which he himself considered his best work.

George Pattullo is Canadian-born, and was a newspaper man in Montreal, Boston and England before he blossomed out, about 1908, as one of our most vivid writers of southwestern tales. He has published a couple of novels, besides forty or fifty short stories; and during the War he was a magazine correspondent with the A. E. F. Vigorous reality and a whole-hearted sense of humour make his yarns mighty good reading.

It was years after I fancied I had read all of Victor Hugo's prose that I first happened upon "William Shakespeare"—and no other book of literary criticism has ever had so powerfully stimulating an effect on me. I recall that the first result was to drive me to a consecutive re-reading of the fourteen "supreme" books by these "immovable giants of the human mind"—and then to construct an ambition to edit some day a worthy uniform set of these super-books, in the conviction that nobody could read, mark, learn and inwardly digest such a one-foot shelf without becoming truly cultivated!

This outpouring of Hugo's prodigious feeling for literature happened thus: he and his family were in banishment on the Island of Jersey, after his dearest foe, Louis Napoleon, seized the throne of France. He describes the heavy, white, rectangular cube of a house, Marine Terrace, "Methodism in brick and stone," glacial, and offering "a kind of polar hospitality."

> "One morning, near the end of November, two of the inhabitants of the place, the father and the youngest of the sons, were seated in the parlour. They were silent, like shipwrecked persons who meditate.
>
> "Without it rained, the wind blew, the house was as if deafened by the outer roaring. Both went on thinking, absorbed, perhaps, by thoughts of this coincidence between the beginning of winter and the beginning of exile.
>
> "Suddenly the son raised his voice and asked the father—
>
> "'What do you think of this exile?'
>
> "'That it will be long.'
>
> "'How do you intend to employ it?'
>
> "The father answered, 'I shall gaze at the ocean?'
>
> "There was a silence. The father was the first to break it:
>
> "'And you?'
>
> "'I,' said the son, 'I shall translate Shakespeare.'"

Ten or twelve years later, exile still a harsh fact, the translation was ready—one of the masterly achievements in that elusive art. The father set about an "introduction" for the work.

But—"in contemplating Shakespeare, all the questions relating to art" arose in his mind. "To deal with these questions is to set forth the mission of art . . . the duty of human thought toward man." And on this fundamental, searching theme he proceeded to pour forth the choicest treasures of his big mind and emotions.

The scholars have pointed out various inaccuracies and rash assumptions in the details of Shakespeare's life and labours. But these seem utterly unimportant. For the book is a pulsing credo of man's thought in its relation to man's life. It stirs up white-hot enthusiasms; it swings you into sight of the gigantic peaks of the Himalayas; all the glories of literature lie spread out before you, and you begin to trace colossal forms; you see that several lives would be insufficient to explore the exciting wonders of this region.

If freshman classes in schools and universities could capture some of that sense of ecstatic possibility—the "teaching" of literature would be quite a different thing both for teachers and taught.

Until he was nearly thirty, Arthur Schnitzler was a Jewish physician of Vienna. Then he surprized continental critics with "Anatol," a series of one-act plays whose subtle psychology showed that a new dramatist had arrived; and the thirty or forty comedies

(*Continued on page 8*)

Ever notice?

SOONER OR LATER most men reach a point, in everyday matters at least, where price is no longer all-important. They begin to look around for "something better." And it is by no means an accident that just at this point so many men turn to Fatima

F A T I M A

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(*Continued from page 6*)

and dramas since then have fixed him as the most distinguished and characteristic playwright of modern Austria.

His theme is nearly always the aristocrat, in a society concerned only with the graceful art of living and "loving."

> "Culture in Schnitzler's men and women means emotional richness and subtlety, boundless flexibility of mind, a searching, troubled, philosophic vision that is alive to all points of view, to all the perplexities, dissonances, yearnings of our mortal lot. These people never fancy, when they have approved or disapproved a thing or an action or a problem by some tribal rule of thumb, that they have yet measurably approached it."

As might be expected, in dealing with men who play with emotions, there are times when only the author's vividness and perspective lift his people out of that drained boredom which finds the game of life hardly worth the candle. Yet his effortless art, and his own interest and artistic sensibility, do succeed in avoiding this.

"Anatol" was produced in America by John Barrymore and Frank Reicher in 1913; and "The Green Cockatoo" was put on as a curtain raiser when Mrs. Fiske appeared in Hauptmann's "Hannele," 1899.

Some other internationally known plays of the author's are: "Light o' Love," "The Lonely Way," "Professor Bernhardi," and "Casanova's Homecoming." And many critics think that some of the short stories, in the collected three volumes published at Berlin in 1910, show even higher literary skill than the plays.

W. W. Jacobs is now sixty-three, and has been for thousands a "sure-fire" fun-maker ever since his first book of tales, "Many Cargoes," set the world laughing in 1896. The fact that he had an official career of sixteen years in the Savings Bank Department of the Civil Service may explain something: that ought to be enough to drive any man to humour in self-protection. Anyhow, Mr. Jacobs has managed to extract his own hall-marked brand of diversion from the waterside folk, which he passes on with complete success.

Emilia, Countess of Pardo-Bazan (1852-1921), was one of the best known novelists and critics of Spain, from 1891, when she established the *Nuevo Teatro Critico*, to her death. She also wrote five plays; and was a member of the Council of Public Instruction.

Though classed as a realist, and undoubtedly influenced strongly by Zola, Señora Pardo-Bazan was infused with a strong feeling for romance, which frequently insists on having its head in her writings.

> "Really it wasn't any too clear . . . I meant . . that in reality everything is so related . . . And this mutual relationship . . ."
> "Presupposes mutual responsibility?"
> Pavel Semenovitch's face suddenly beamed with joy.
> "There! You understand it? . . . Yes, general."

Even more than most of the Russians, Korolenko impresses one as a man driven by an inner necessity to search for this inner relation of things and people, which shall make the world comprehensible. One of his characters breaks out at a climax:

> "It seemed to me that I had discovered that which was the bond of union among all things: these lofty, flashing stars, the living murmur of the wind among the branches, my memories, and this deed. . . . When I was young I had often had this sensation. . . . When my fresh mind was trying to solve all questions and gain a larger truth. Another time you will seem to be right at the threshold and everything is about to be cleared up, when it all vanishes."

Perhaps it is this gnawing desire in the partly-Oriental Slav nature which makes the people of Russian novels at times seem to a Westerner like inhabitants of a madhouse. Tolstoy, in a life-and-death struggle to fit literal Christianity into the social order of his times; Gorky, seething with bitterness over a thousand injustices and cruelties practised upon the poor and weak; Dostoyevsky, with his clinical studies of crime, drunkenness and disease; Andreyev, sardonically laughing at the absurdities of these pompous puppets;—

(*Continued on page 10*)

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(*Continued from page 8*)

all occasionally stir up the hopeless, resentful reaction that if life is really so, it's not worth living. Yet the power and human feeling of the best of this literature is not to be resisted And Korolenko surely ranks with the very highest his country has produced.

Every reader of the *New York Sun* during the 'nineties remembers the poker stories by David A. Curtis. They ran for years, and made such an impression that they were ultimately gathered into several volumes—"Old Man Greenhut and His Friends," "Stand Pat," and "Queer Luck." Though Mr. Curtis made no literary pretensions, his narratives are so vivid, and are so much the most colourful pictures of the "national game" (and the human nature it displays) that some of them seem well worth preserving. He knew the reckless gambling life of the Mississippi country as do few writers of history or fiction.

The following letter comes from—South Dakota! Apparently it is not all wide-open spaces out there:

DEAR SIR:

Kindly discontinue my trial subscription to THE GOLDEN BOOK. I cannot conscientiously subscribe to a magazine that caters more to paganism than to Christianity. It may surprise you to learn that very many of the writers are on the "Index" of forbidden books of the Catholic Church.

Next, a pleasant correction of an inexcusable error.

September GOLDEN BOOK refers to "the appearance of 'Quo Vadis?' in 1905." Is it not at least a decade older?

As I recall, two dramatizations flourished on Broadway during 1900's hot summer, one at the New York Theater, the other at the Herald Square. Never shall I forget the latter.

A charming actress, just in from the road, supped with me at the Arena, a most popular restaurant of those days. An imposing gentleman paused at our table, deliberately stared at the lady, and passed on. Indignant, she asked if I knew him. I replied that he was John Blair, actor. "Ah, that explains it!" she cried. "We played together once in a stock company, and he's very near-sighted; he was trying to recognize me. What's he doing now?" I did not know, and we forgot the incident.

Anon, however, she expressed a wish to see "Quo Vadis?" at the Herald Square, so thither we went, to find Mr. Blair heading the cast as the heroic *Vinicius*.

And, the curtain rising, he dashed to the footlights, made a sweeping gesture and exclaimed, "I saw a horrible sight at the Arena to-day!" The rest of the audience must have wondered what in this line struck two young persons as particularly funny.

Thank you for THE GOLDEN BOOK, the only magazine which makes time 'tween publication dates seem so long to an old newspaperman who begs to remain,

Faithfully yours, GEORGE TAGGART.

Mr. Taggart is of course, correct. "Quo Vadis" appeared here in 1897. H. W. L.

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FOR MEN who want to become independent in the NEXT FIVE YEARS

IN the spring of 1931 two men will be sitting in a down-town restaurant.

"I wonder what's going to happen next year," one of them will say. "Business is fine now—but the next five years are going to be hard ones, and we may as well face the facts."

The man across the table will laugh.

"That's just what they said back in 1926," he will answer. "Remember? People were looking ahead apprehensively—and see what happened! Since then there has been the greatest growth in our history—more business done, more fortunes made, than ever before. They've certainly been five good years for *me* . . ."

He will lean back in his chair with the easy confidence and poise that are the hallmark of real prosperity.

The older man will sit quiet a moment and then in a tone of infinite pathos:

"I wish I had those five years back," he will say.

"Since then there has been the greatest growth in our history—more business done, more fortunes made, than ever before."

TODAY the interview quoted above is purely imaginary. But be assured of this—it will come true. Right now, at this very hour, the business men of the United States and Canada are dividing themselves into two groups, represented by the two individuals whose words are quoted. Five years from now there will be ten thousand such luncheons and one of the men will say:

"I have got what I wanted."

And the other will answer:

"I wish I had those years back."

In which class are you putting yourself? The real difference between the two classes is this—one class of men hope vaguely to be independent *sometime;* the other class have convinced themselves that they can do it within the next five years. Do you believe this? Do you care enough about independence to give us a chance to prove it? Will you invest one single evening in reading a book that has put 250,000 men on the road to more rapid progress?

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Hors-d'œuvres from the Newest Books

Some books are to be tasted,
others to be swallowed,
and some few to be chewed
and digested. BACON.

In proportion as Society
refines, new books must
ever become more necessary.
GOLDSMITH.

"THE FOAM AND PULSE OF YOUTH RENEWED"

On our return, he disappeared for a few minutes, and I heard him rumbling in a cellar. The proprietor presently invited me to the dining-room, where, beneath one frugal light, a table had been set with local dishes of renown. There was, too, a bottle beyond most known sizes, marked black on red, with a date. Monsieur Voiron opened it, and we drank to the health of my car. The velvety, perfumed liquor, between fawn and topaz, neither too sweet nor too dry, creamed in its generous glass. But I knew no wine composed of the whispers of angels' wings, the breath of Eden and the foam and pulse of Youth renewed. So I asked what it might be.

"It is champagne," he said gravely.

"Then what have I been drinking all my life?"

"If you were lucky, before the War, and paid thirty shillings a bottle, it is possible you may have drunk one of our better-class *tisanes*."

"And where does one get this?"

"Here, I am happy to say. Elsewhere, perhaps, it is not so easy. We growers exchange these real wines among ourselves."

I bowed my head in admiration, surrender, and joy. There stood the most ample bottle, and it was not yet eleven o'clock. Doors locked and shutters banged throughout the establishment. Some last servant yawned on his way to bed. Monsieur Voiron opened a window and the moonlight flooded in from a small pebbled court outside. One could almost hear the town of Chambres breathing in its first sleep. Presently, there was a thick noise in the air, the passing of feet and hoofs, lowings, and a stifled bark or two. Dust rose over the courtyard wall, followed by the strong smell of cattle.

"They are moving some beasts," said Monsieur Voiron, cocking an ear. "Mine, I think. Yes, I hear Christophe. Our beasts do not like automobiles—so we move at night. You do not know our country—the Crau, here, or the Camargue? I was—I am now, again—of it. All France is good, but this is the best."

Debits and Credits. RUDYARD KIPLING.

CONCERNING "HELIODORA" BY H. D.

It is grotesque that half-educated people who know no Greek should be led to suppose that this funeral march of flies in glue, this parody of a hen drinking, bears any relation to Homer. *Authors Dead and Living.* F. L. LUCAS.

(*Continued on page 14*)

NEW MACMILLAN BOOKS

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(*Continued from page 12*)

Hokku: From the Japanese of Ho Fuj

In the rubber plant the canary
sang lustily to the goldfish,
disporting in a crystal bowl.
Gushi Goo, in an embroidered silk kimono,
listened entranced, saying:
"Lo, I have the soul of a cave woman!
This primitive life
near to nature's heart
satisfies my wild yearnings
for a pioneer existence!"

Orientations of Ho-Hen. T. K. Hedrick.

"Passion in a Palace"

Anthony tipped over the great fiasco of chianti in the cradle-swing, and filled her glass. He said gaily:

"I'm not going to be content, Perella mia, with love in a cottage. I want passion in a palace. I want everything!"

She sighed, with a sense of death in her soul.

"I'm afraid, Anthony dear, my everything"—she marked on the table-cloth a pitiful little circle with her forefinger—"is too small for you." *Perella.* Wm. J. Locke.

The Rich Man's Burden

The butler and second man must be smart-looking men, and a tall slender parlour-maid should be procured if possible. *Blue Book of Cookery.* Isabel Cotton Smith.

Try This on Your Kitchenette

Rictum Chitti

2 tablespoons butter	½ teaspoon paprika
1 onion	1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
1½ lbs. American cheese	Pepper and salt to taste
1 can tomatoes	3 eggs
1 teaspoon dry mustard	

Place the butter in a chafing-dish. Slice the onion very thin, add it to the butter, and let brown. Cut the cheese into very small pieces. Add it to the onion and butter. Add tomatoes, mustard, Worcestershire sauce and seasoning, cook for about fifteen minutes, stirring continually. Beat the eggs and add them to the mixture. Cook for five minutes more and serve on toasted pilot-biscuits. *Blue Book of Cookery.* Isabel Cotton Smith.

In the Aviary

She wheeled him into the next cage and went about her business.

The second aviary was stocked with larger birds—sulphur-crested cockatoos and purple-capped lories from the Moluccas; blue and yellow macaws, green parrots and splendid red and blue macaws from Guiana; rose-tinted cockatoos from Australia, rose-ringed parrakeets from Senegal, and great green macaws from Mexico. On the ground strutted a Thibetan peacock, its bronze wings spotted with iridescent purple eyes, and a Chinese pheasant with a white cowl, spurred like a fighting-cock, its back all of yellow feathers tipped with black, giving the appearance of golden scale-armour. The cage was a riot of living colour, filled with piercing uproar. The blue and yellow macaws croaked hoarsely, the cockatoos shrilled. The Senegal parrot cried "Damn my guts!" Mexican and Guiana

(*Continued on page 16*)

GREAT BOOKS OF 1926

So MANY noteworthy books are being published these days that readers must be alert or treasures they have been awaiting will slip by them. The most popular book of the season thus far is SHOW BOAT ($2.00), a yellow bound novel by Edna Ferber you see everywhere. Kathleen Norris's powerful story of an American Tess, HILDEGARDE ($2.00), though recently published is gaining strong favor with readers every day as is INTRODUCTION TO SALLY, a charming story by "Elizabeth," author of "The Enchanted April." Readers are also finding flashes of the incomparable genius of Rudyard Kipling in his first new book of fiction in ten years, DEBITS AND CREDITS ($2.00), and of Sir Hugh Clifford in his IN DAYS THAT ARE DEAD ($2.00).

The favorite of the critics thus far is Ellen Glasgow's witty novel of a Virginia gentleman THE ROMANTIC COMEDIANS ($2.50). It is the novelist's novel of the year, though Ada and Julian Street's magnificent story of our times TIDES ($2.00), to be published soon, will win wide praise. Robert E. McClure's story of youth, love, and war, SOME FOUND ADVENTURE ($2.00), is receiving fine praise as is a new novel by the author of "An American Idyll," Cornelia Stratton-Parker's A DAUGHTER OF PAN ($2.00).

By far the finest and most sympathetic picture we have of Woodrow Wilson is to be found in David F. Houston's EIGHT YEARS WITH WILSON'S CABINET (2 vols. $10.00). The former Secretary of the Treasury was a trained literary observer in Washington as Ambassador Page was in London. His book should stand beside "The Page Letters" everywhere.

These books are on sale at bookstores everywhere and are published by Doubleday, Page & Company, Garden City, New York.

[ONE]

(*Continued from page 14*)

macaws screamed all together, the lory whistled a bar of "The Jolly Companion." "God bless this house!" said the Amazon parrot.

Burnadick tossed them scraps of biscuit, and again coloured wings whirled about him, flashes of barbaric splendour, hyacinth, scarlet, orange saffron, emerald and electric blue, plumage fit to deck the cloaks of Incas and the fans of Indian queens. They swooped on the scattered delicacies and fluttered back to their perches, squawking, bubbling, screaming, ruffling their gorgeous crests.

The old gray African perched on the left chair arm and stalked up and down it, swearing abominably. The festive parrot perched on the right and (belying its name) muttered benedictions.

"I represent mankind," said Burnadick, with a smirk. "Between heaven and hell."

West Wind. CROSBIE GARSTIN.

THE VALUE OF DOUBT

In historical studies doubt is the beginning of wisdom. Unless one shakes off the credulity of the natural man and the disposition to follow authority—especially the authority of the written or printed word—he can never attain new and independent points of view in history. *The Historian and Historical Evidence.* ALLEN JOHNSON.

SOME GOLF APHORISMS

A putt of an inch counts in this game just as much as a drive of two hundred yards.

An intimate acquaintance with each stick can not be gained by absent treatment.

It was Alex Smith also who first insisted on my visualizing strokes and reproducing the same from the picture I had in my mind.

It is not well to take too seriously all the different parts of the golf stroke.

A golf player is more or less like a tack, in that he can go only so far as his head allows.

It is best to have a point at which we take aim, but it must be fixed in the mind—not in one's eye.

One of my earliest instructors was a "pro" at the Metacomet Club named John Anderson. This teacher of mine had a very fine sense of rhythm, and if I can remember him for nothing else except the fact that he insisted that I swing with musical rhythm, I am quite satisfied. He must have been very fond of "Yankee Doodle Dandy," for I remember that he used to sing to me:

"Mind your music and your step,
And with your clubs be handy."

Golf for Young Players. GLENNA COLLETT.

THE HERO AS CREATOR

All things finally crystallize about the hero, either the brave and highminded (like Achilles and Hector) or the inventive, cunning (like Odysseus): the hero attracts the gods to himself, re-makes them in his image, and thus creates the graphic arts, sculpture, painting, as well as poetry. *Hellas, Travels in Greece.* GEORGE BRANDES.

THE MAMMAL OF MORALITY

Man is the highest mammal, but the very word suggests mothering; and while the success of mammals is undoubtedly due in part to their teeth and claws, their eyes and brains, and so on, it is also due to the maternal care and the parental tutelage. Mammals have succeeded in no small degree because they are good. There has been persistent selection along the line of good lovers and good parents; and man, being an outcome of that line, has in his very blood a momentum towards morality.

Gospel of Evolution. J. ARTHUR THOMSON.

(*Continued on page 18*)

New Scribner Books

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"Personalities lifted from the Mississippi of before the Civil War days. . . . You catch the romance of life on the plantations. . . . More authentic charm than any book we have read in a week of years."—*New York Evening Post.* $2.00

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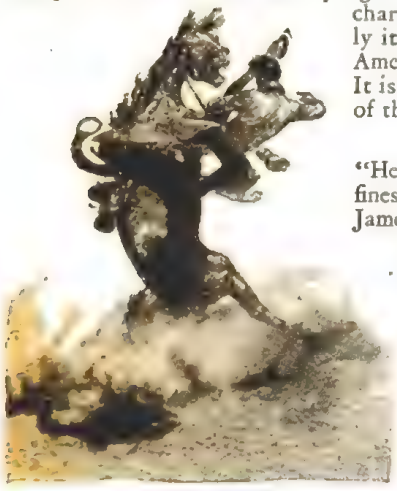
—*Independent.*



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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

(*Continued from page 16*)

Ocean Solitude

The piety of the great darkness buried the earth. Till midnight came I was alone and was nothing; a mere fleck of foam; I was all things; I was the world itself. Then a great fishing-smack drifted to me. I spoke to a dim shadow in the heavy shadow of great sails that hung motionless. I lost that voice again in the drifting of the tide and in a faint light air. Then at last the dawn broke, and the winking lights of land died down, and the day and the land arose, and I was no longer alone.

Jack-all-alone (in *The Lure of the Sea*). Morley Roberts.

Cave Man, 1926 Model

"But Monica has something to say about that."

"You're wrong. She has nothing to say. No woman has the hardihood to withstand a clean, decent gentleman who will not be denied. Don't be civilized, I tell you. Take your woman! Find the mother for your children and then take her. You're the leader of this projected partnership; you're the one to make decisions. Whoever permits the woman to decide is a weakling, and I've noticed he is usually treated as one—by women! The women who are striving for sex equality, who think they are equipped to lead, the lawyer women, the female politicians, the champions of their sex, the defenders of the new faith for women, are flunking women's glorious function. They aren't marrying and having fine healthy, wonderful babies! They are unsexed members of their sex. They make the world neuter!"

The Understanding Heart. Peter B. Kyne.

On the Honour of a Banker

One of the most striking facts about the Athenian banker of the fifth and fourth centuries is that his clients depended entirely upon his honour and honesty in their transactions with him: although it was the invariable practice to have witnesses present at every other business transaction involving the exchange of property or money, however slight the value, witnesses were usually not called in transactions with one's banker. . . .

Another interesting development in Greek banking was the "all-night bank," not a new idea of the modern world, but at least as old as the third century before Christ. Caicus, a banker of some seaport city, probably Alexandria, made the following announcement: "To natives and to strangers this bank gives equal dealing; deposit and withdraw, for the calculation comes to account. Let another make excuses; Caicus pays foreign moneys at request, even by night." This was couched in the form of an elegiac quatrain, and perhaps engraved in neat characters above the portals of his banking house.

Business Life of Ancient Athens. George Calhoun.

The Bronco Meets the "Buster"

"Come on up and stand on your legs," says that cowboy—and Smoky came to life.

He came to life a pawing and rearing and a snorting. His feet was free and he could handle 'em again, he did handle 'em and put in all the strength and action he had a trying to pull away from the cowboy which was holding him with a long rope.—There's some talk of the skill that's showed between the angler and the trout, but the skill that was brought out from that hundred and fifty pound cowboy a holding that eleven hundred pounds of kinky, wild horseflesh was past talking about and beyond the figgering out of any human that's not up to the trade of bronco busting.

Smoky. Will James.

Rama Krishna's Golden Rule

Do three things in conduct. Never lose your taste for God. Respect all sincere devotees of God, no matter where or when. And do not try to be sentimentally kind to others—You, brother-in-law (idiot), smaller than an insect, how dare you humiliate one of His creatures by your pity? The thing that you must do is to see and serve each living being as the Absolute God.

The Face of Silence. Dhan Gopal Mukerji.

(*Continued on page 20*)

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(*Continued from page 18*)

YET THERE WERE GRAND LIARS BEFORE 1914

Mr. Hendry bent down toward her. "What's the curse of our age?" he asked abruptly.

"The curse of—I don't know."

"I do. It's lies. Men have always eaten lies now and then. But our age simply feeds upon them. Lies are our daily bread. The making of lies, the daily bread of man, his main sustenance, began in the war." *The Uncarthly.* ROBERT HICHENS.

THE STERILITY OF REPRESSION

Repression can create or produce nothing. It can not even nourish. It can only keep a variety of plants out of the field while a favourite is encouraged. It cleans the way for the procession that the parade may have the street, but it has not killed off the populace. Severe repression has kept crime under, but it has not eliminated it. In spite of the most forceful repression the seed of crime still flourishes. Religious persecution to the point of death and destruction did not destroy the beliefs that its purpose was to wipe out. Tyranny has been ever a failure in the world. . . . There is a principle in life itself which resists any forcing. *The Escape from the Primitive.* HORACE CARNCROSS.

THE LONGING FOR GREENWICH VILLAGE

With a sudden gasp Martha sat up. What *was* she thinking of!

She wanted to get away. She wanted to be back with the rest of them—her own kind of people. People and places that knew and understood. What if they *were* artificial—what if they *were* liars? They were artificial in an interesting way, at any rate. What if you couldn't trust them? What if you did know they didn't love you? They laughed, didn't they? They knew something, and didn't lie about what they knew—not *that* way. They called spades black and were willing to let it go at that. They didn't try to hide it and say it wasn't so. If they cheated the world, at least they laughed about it, and admitted they were doing folks for all they were worth. She wanted them. Oh, how she wanted them! Oh, how she wanted to lie and laugh and dance while the weary old world wagged round and round! *Wayfarer.* KATHLEEN MILLAY.

TRYING TO ACCOMMODATE

However, the unshaven but courtly old hidalgo who waited upon us, though apparently unfortified by any special gift of repartee or irony, undoubtedly had the best of the contest. In response to George's reiterated demands for a gendarme, he proffered successively a sliced sausage, a banana, and finally George's own stick and sun-helmet, the latter possibly as a delicate intimation that we had his leave to go.

Jimmy and Lila were highly diverted.

"Try Esperanto, old fellow," suggested Jimmy.

"Try drawing a picture of a gendarme on the back of the menu," said Lila.

At this point I intervened—still persevering in my rôle of good mixer.

"That reminds me," I said, "of a story I once heard of a man who was lunching in Madrid. He couldn't get milk for his coffee, and couldn't make the waiter understand. Finally, he drew a picture of a cow on the tablecloth—and the waiter hurried away and brought him back two tickets for a bull-fight!"

"Why?" asked Lila.

"That's a rotten story," said George Bumpstead. *Half a Sovereign.* IAN HAY.

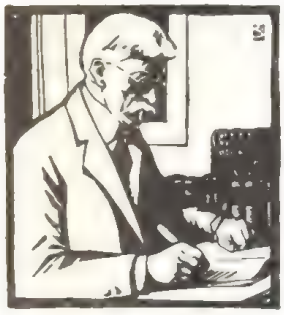
EVOLUTION STILL EVOLVING

I am myself, or endeavour to be a consistent evolutionist; I also undertake the far more difficult task of being a consistent Christian. I believe in the past evolution of man and in the present evolution of man, and I am hopeful of the future evolution of man, unless his conduct leads to his extinction, as it is now doing in many parts of the world.

Evolution and Religion in Education. HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN.

(*Continued on page 22*)

NEW HARPER BOOKS



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(*Continued from page 20*)

Aftermath of War

He turned to his sister and took her in, from the cocky little toque slanted over one eye, to the amber beads on the green silk frock, and down to the high-heeled suède shoes. "You're a queer bird!" he said. "It didn't touch you at all. I wonder why?"

It may have been the remark itself; perhaps it was something in the tone. Whatever it was, Madge interpreted it as contempt, superiority, and rounded on him.

"I suppose you think you have a monopoly, do you?" There was a flush of anger in her cheeks. "I suppose you think I ought to limp round too, like a dying duck in a thunder-storm? Was it my fault that you fools of men wanted to wallow in blood for four years? Do you think I liked the agony of it, and the beastly animalism? . . . I went in knowing nothing and I came out knowing too much—about all of you, about myself! Thanks very much, I'm going to try and forget it, all of it! I've done my crying! I'm going to grab every minute that's left and make it mine! Mine, do you hear."

She broke off short, turned quickly, and ran down the deck.

Labels. A. Hamilton Gibbs.

Phyllis Discusses Marrying Her Child's Father

"Firstly," she said, "I'm not a reformer. I don't believe in 'em, and I don't like 'em. Secondly, I might drive a lad like Leo clean off his nut in a month. You can't alter people, you know, not radically. You can only develop things in them that hardly showed before you took 'em in hand; and I might develop a side of Leo that's better left alone. With luck, he'll get on well enough: make money and that sort of thing; marry respectably, and be faithful to his wife so that it doesn't show. He's that sort. We'd never get on together, and I should be sure to go off with someone else to get out of it. What was that? Secondly? Well, thirdly, I've made up my mind to marry Teddie Williams."

Almost Pagan. J. D. Beresford.

A Glimpse of Commodore Vanderbilt

"I had one evening at *rouge et noir* to please you, Commodore," Ormerod interposed.

"Holy Jude! And you called that dissipation!"

"I called it a waste of time," answered Ormerod, shrugging his shoulders. "It didn't interest me."

"But you want to go to Nicaragua and gamble your immortal soul, mebbe, on a feller who plays Napoleon with thirty-seven toy soldiers!"

Van Ruysdyck burst in, wringing his hands:

"That's it, Commodore! Was there ever such madness? It would be different if I didn't look on Peter almost as a son."

"Never mind that," returned Vanderbilt. "Pete's free, white and twenty-one. And just like I said in the beginnin', he's entitled to his whirl at what he calls adventure or romance or any other highfalutin' name. *I* call it a natural-born itch for hell-raisin', and I think all the more of him for it."

"There's the Transit," protested van Ruysdyck. "Who can tell what complications may come from this man Walker's activities? Your interests may be affected——"

Vanderbilt swung around in his chair, facing Ormerod.

"Ain't fixin' to do me dirt, are you, Pete?"

"Certainly not. How could I?"

"Now, you're askin' the question. Bein' no mind-reader I can't answer. But I ain't worryin' much over that. Walker nor any other squirt of a filibuster can have his needin's whenever he asks 'em from Cornelius Vanderbilt. Go ahead, Pete. Get this p'ison out of your system. I got it out before I was your age, sweating 'round the Harbour; goin' hungry, sailin' through high-water that druv every sensible ferryman ashore, not known' what the next day held for me. That's the sort of stuff to make a man or break him. It made me. Mebbe Walker and Nicaragua can make Pete."

A Manifest Destiny. Arthur D. Howden Smith.

(*Continued on page 24*)

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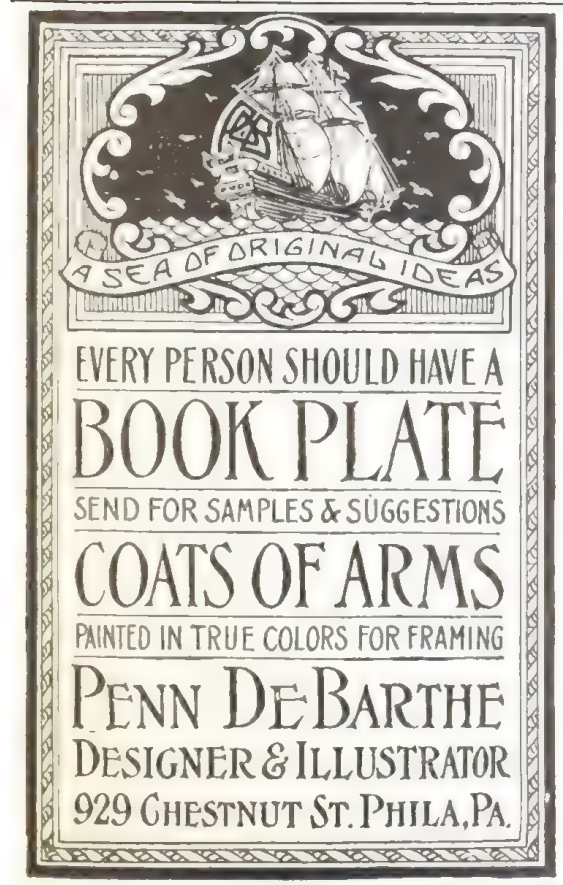

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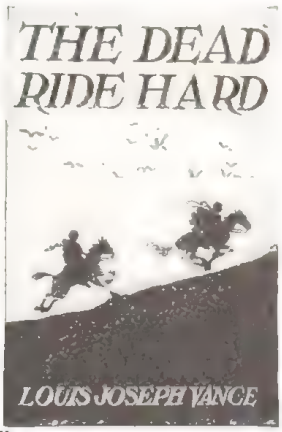

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(*Continued from page 22*)

Pains of Spring at Sixty-five

"You will lead the first march with Amanda, won't you?" she asked now in his ears.

He turned courteously but stiffly. "If she will honour me." Revolt, if it must come to revolt at last, was gathering within his peaceable soul.

For, notwithstanding his profound respect for Amanda, an object of respect, he was beginning to perceive, was far from being the partner with whom you would prefer to dance. Quite shamelessly, he longed to dance with those images of fire and snow, without corsets and without conversation, who melted to wisps of tulle over soft little bones and wisps of gold or brown hair over soft little minds. Not deliberately, for he was a man of conscience and rectitude, would he have harboured such impulses; but, secret, strong, and brooding, this wish, which was more an instinct than a desire, welled up from the deep below the deep in his consciousness. And while it welled up, it seemed to him that the delicious aroma of youth was penetrating his spirit.

As he approached Amanda, he felt her happiness reaching out to him. . . .

She looked at him with a luminous but impenetrable gaze, and he bowed over her hand, which was still the most beautiful hand, though of this he was unaware, that he had ever held in his own. From Amanda herself, grave, stately, self-possessed, confirmed in queenliness, wrapped in her Victorian reserve as in a veil of mystery, he knew that he should have nothing to fear. The women of her generation had known how to suffer in silence. What an inestimable blessing was this knowledge, especially when it had passed into tradition! What suavity, what harmony, it interfused into human relations! What protection, what safety, it afforded the chivalrous impulses!

The Romantic Comedians. Ellen Glasgow.

The Gaiety of Malaysia

Of course she had read novels about the Malay Archipelago and she had formed an impression of a somber land with great ominous rivers and a silent, impenetrable jungle. When the little coasting steamer set them down at the mouth of the river, where a large boat, manned by a dozen Dyaks, was waiting to take them to the station, her breath was taken away by the beauty, friendly rather than awe-inspiring, of the scene. It had a gaiety, like the joyful singing of birds in the trees, which she had never expected. On each bank of the river were mangroves and nipa palms, and behind them the dense green of the forest. In the distance stretched blue mountains, range upon range, as far as the eye could see. She had no sense of confinement nor of gloom, but rather of openness and wide spaces where the exultant fancy could wander with delight. The green glittered in the sunshine and the sky was blithe and cheerful. The gracious land seemed to offer her a smiling welcome.

They rowed on, hugging a bank, and high overhead flew a pair of doves. A flash of colour, like a living jewel, dashed across their path. It was a king-fisher. Two monkeys, with their dangling tails, sat side by side on a branch. On the horizon, over there on the other side of the broad and turbid river, beyond the jungle, was a row of little white clouds, the only clouds in the sky, and they looked like a row of ballet-girls, dressed in white, waiting at the back of the stage, alert and merry, for the curtain to go up. Her heart was filled with joy; and now, remembering it all, her eyes rested on her husband with a grateful, assured affection.

The Casuarina Tree. W. Somerset Maugham.

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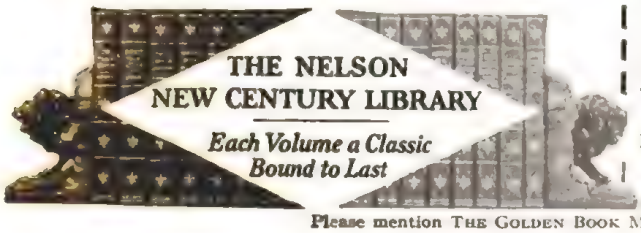

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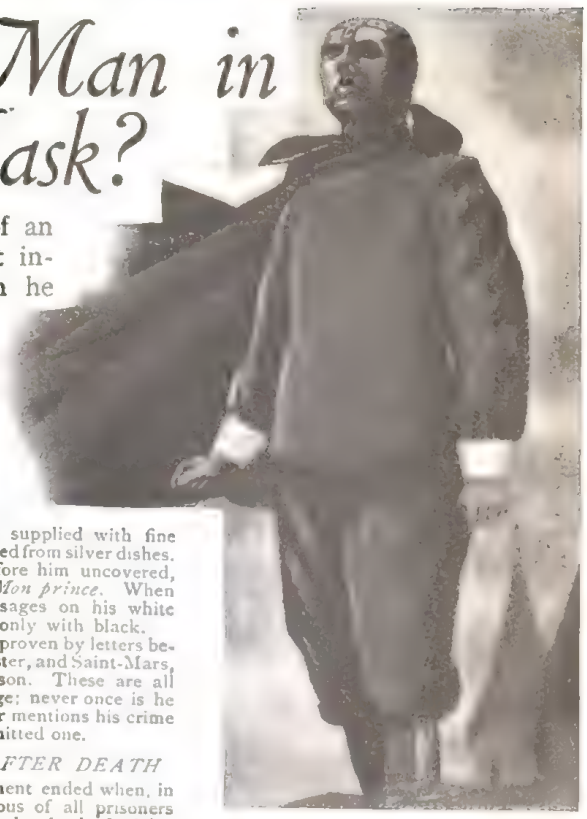

THIS mysterious prisoner on the ramparts of an island prison has always excited the most intense interest. What was the life which he exchanged for one silent as the grave? What had he done? Who was he? What was his past? The dissolute life of a courtier? Or the devious ways of an intriguing diplomat? Had some fair one in the hallowed circle of royalty loved not wisely but too well? Why during all these years has he remained the greatest of all mysteries?

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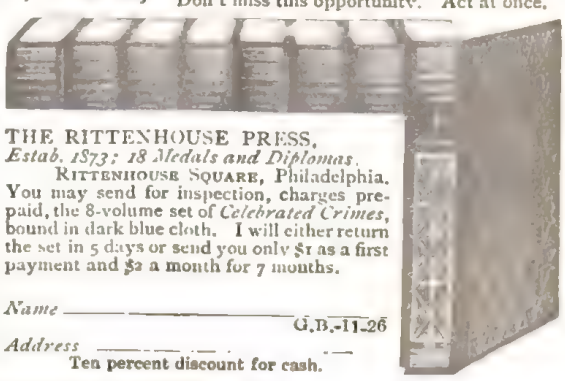

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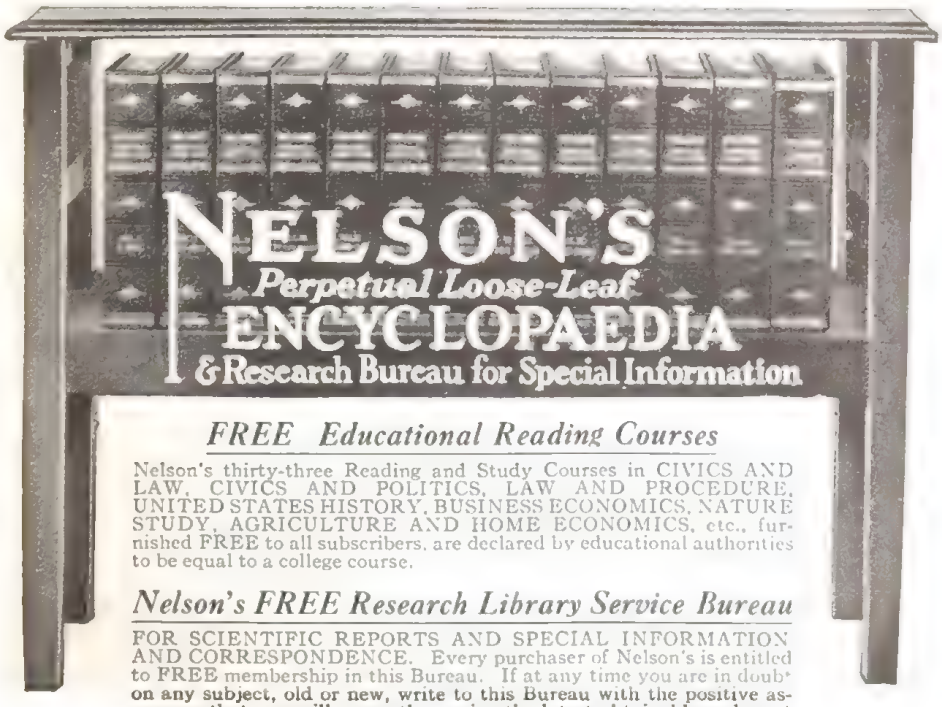

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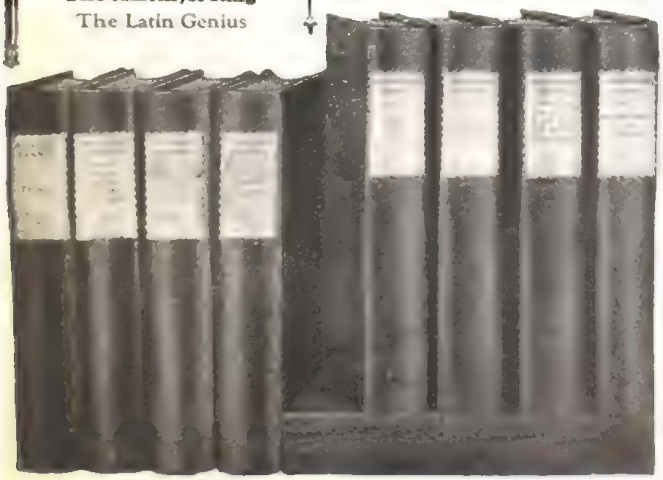

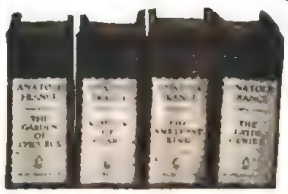

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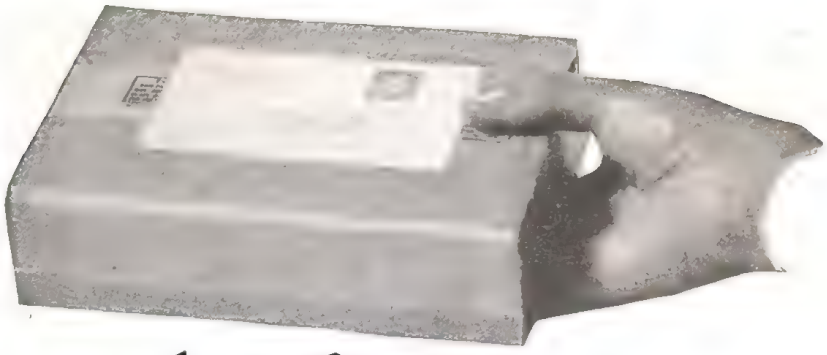

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There are hundreds of thousands of intelligent people in this country who are really anxious to keep abreast of outstanding new books, as they appear. But the average person *fails to read* most of these important books. He misses them because he is either *too busy* or *too neglectful* to go out and buy them. How often has this happened to you? "I certainly want to read *that* book!" you say to yourself, when you see a review or hear a book praised highly, by someone whose taste you respect. But, in most cases, you never "get around to it."

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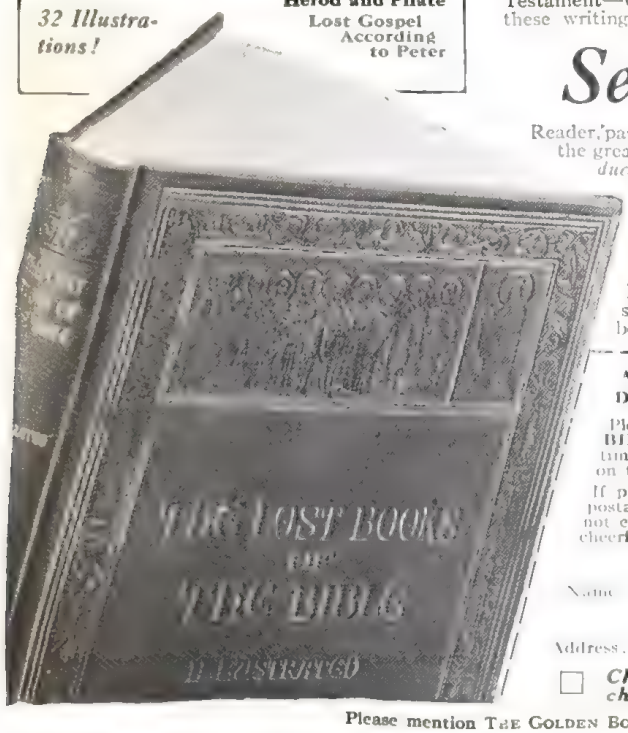

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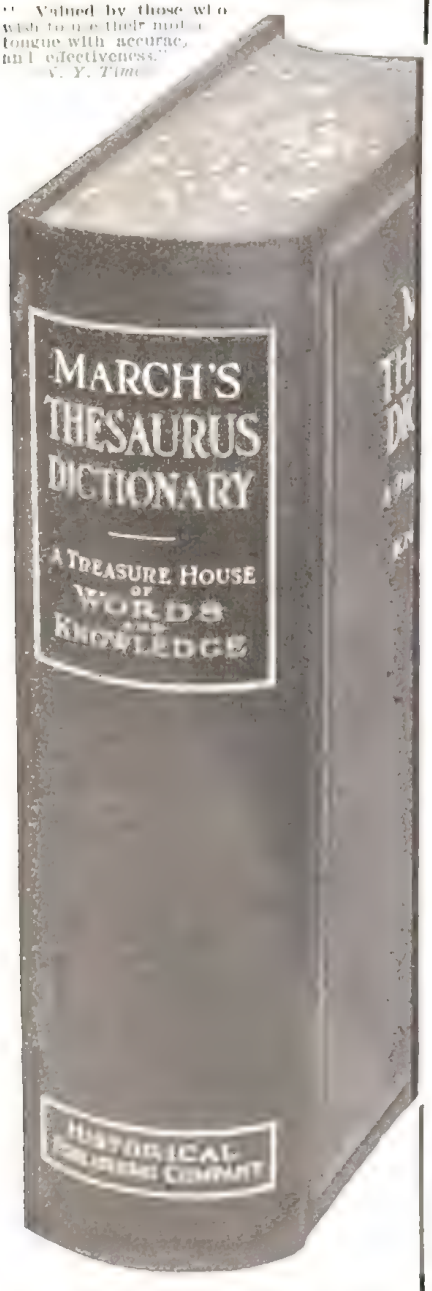

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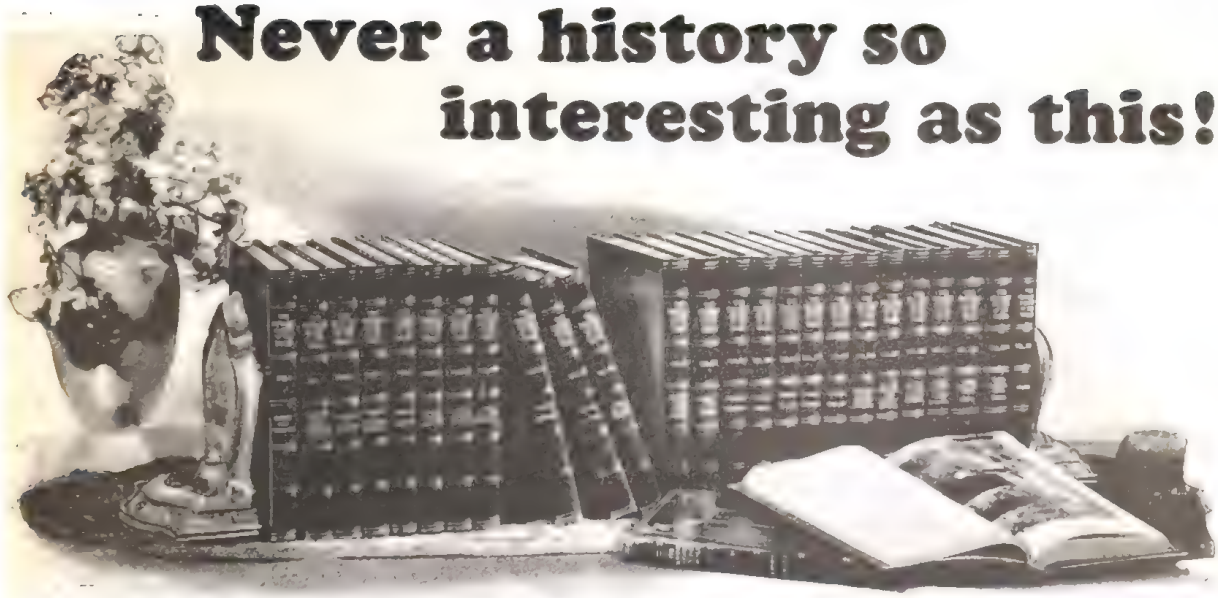

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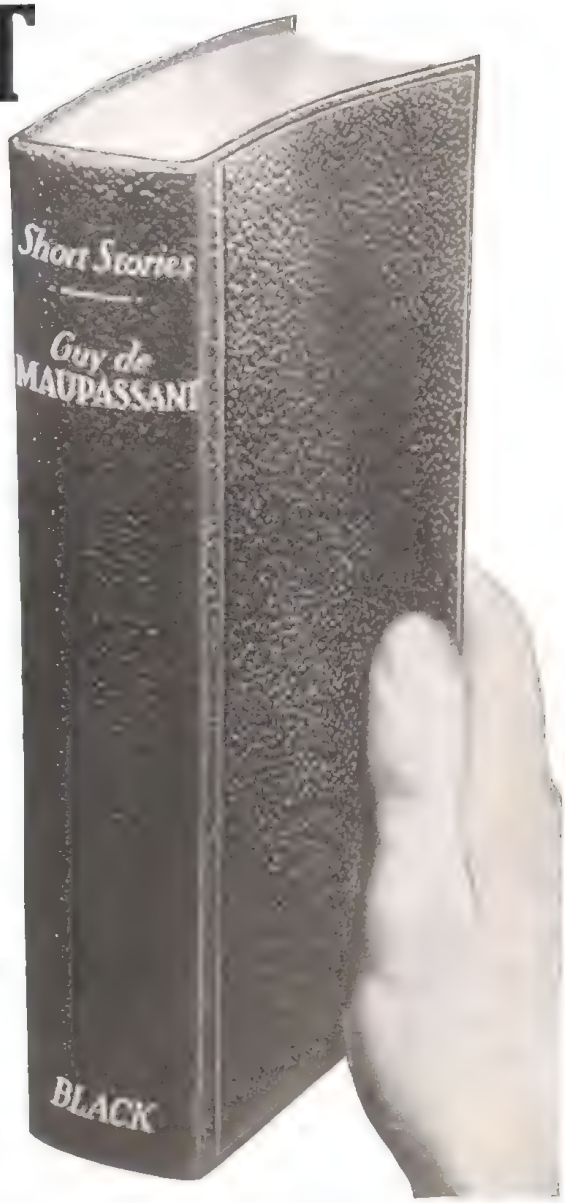

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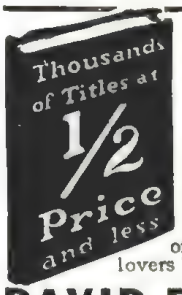

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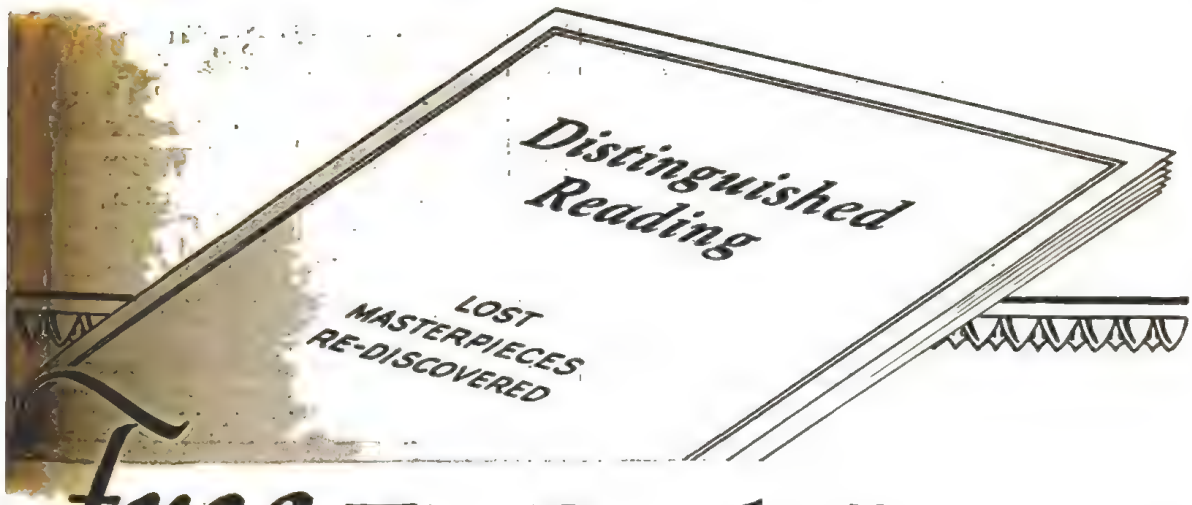

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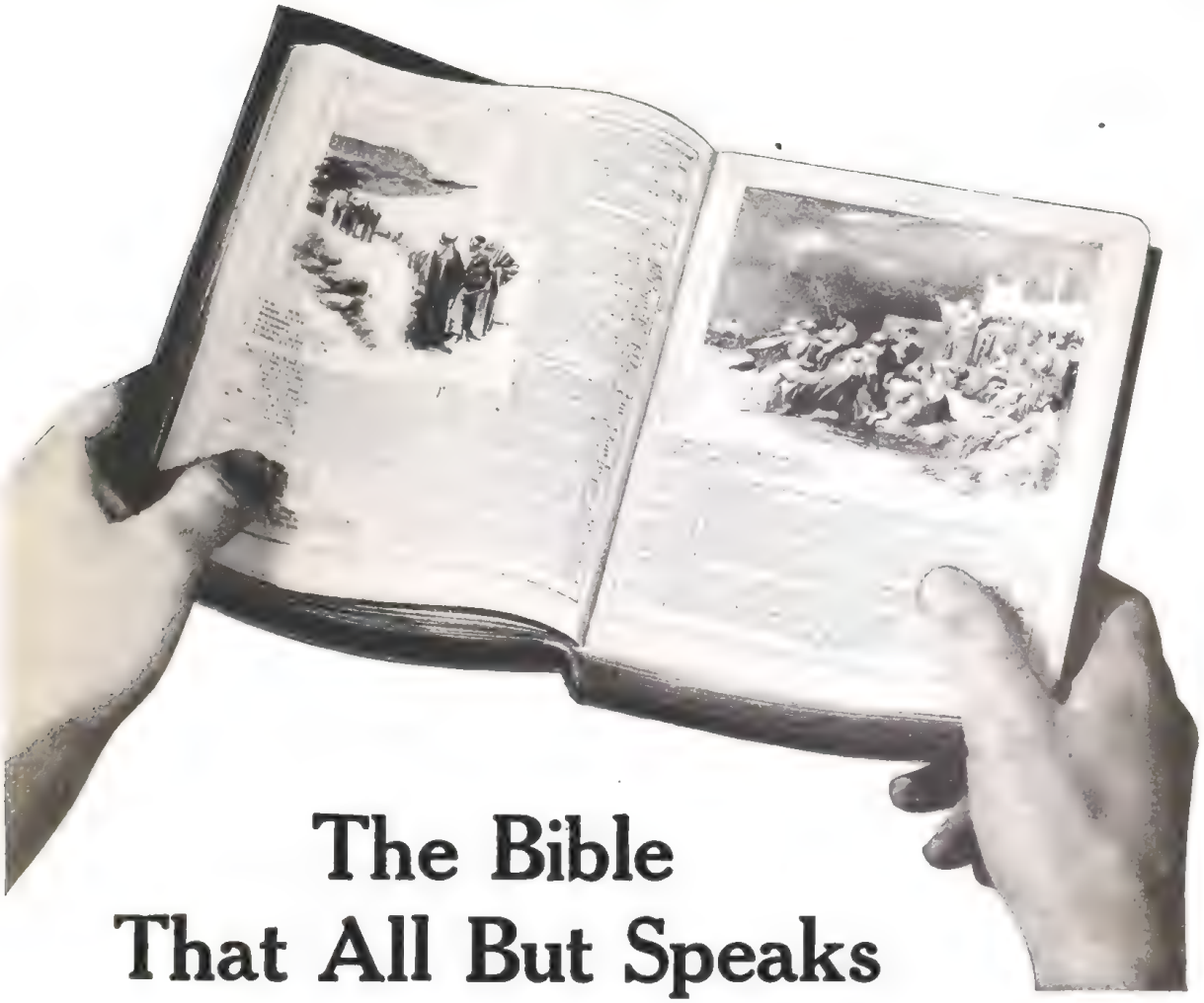

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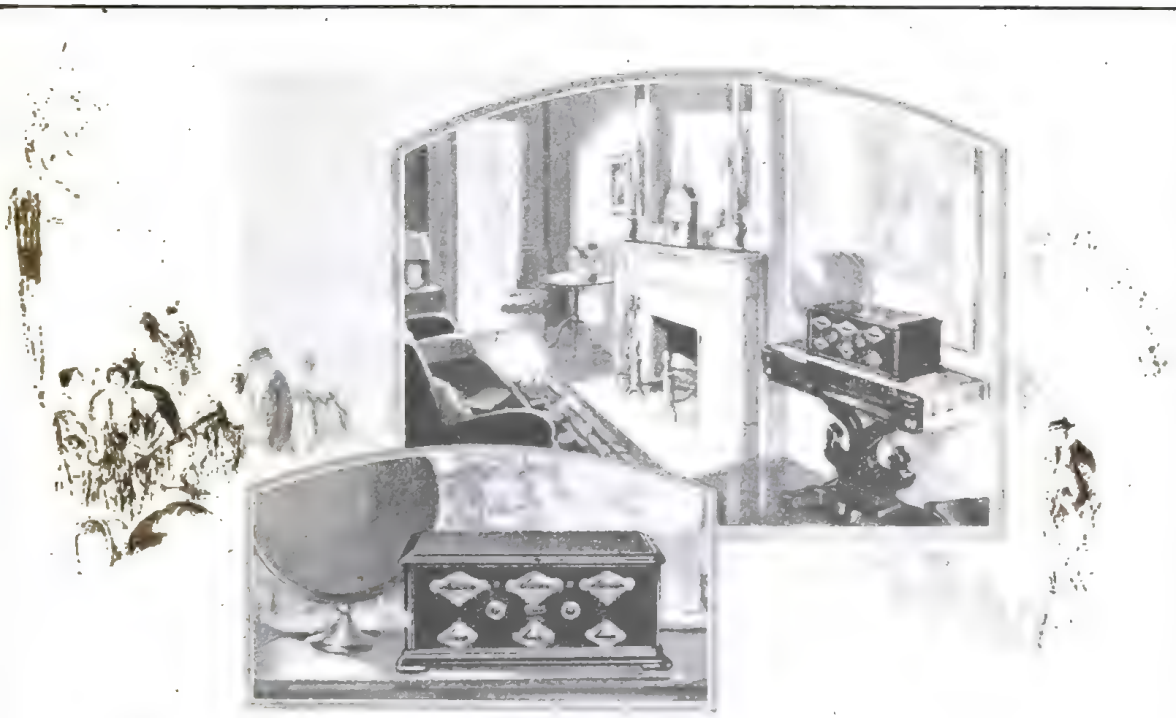

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"He who possesses the secret of life has no spot where death can enter."
Lao Tzu

The man who possesses a Synchrophase holds the secret of true radio enjoyment.

Proctor Tully

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A bit of chocolate history

Back in 1906 Whitman's selected from the various chocolates they had been making since 1842 those particular nut centers, caramels, nougats and other firm and "chew-y" kinds that were preferred by a large class of candy buyers.

These selected chocolates were packed in a green and gold box and because they were an offering to particular people the box was named the FUSSY PACKAGE FOR FASTIDIOUS FOLKS.

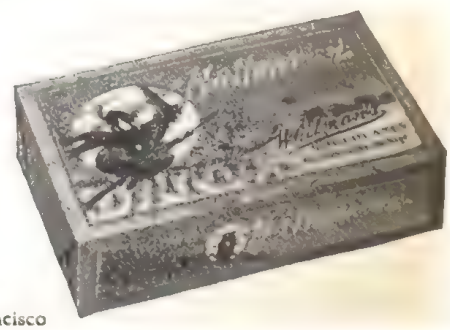
The Fussy Package made an immediate hit, and ever since has been the favorite candy of a growing circle. Also it has been a distinguished gift package.

The Fussy Package was the pioneer in the line of special assortments originated by Whitman's which now includes the SAMPLER, SALMAGUNDI, PLEASURE ISLAND, BONNYBROOK, and other packages, each catering to a real candy taste and preference.

Fussy Packages are in sizes from half pound to five pounds.

For Hallowe'en

We have dressed up the Fussy Package in a special wrap for Hallowe'en which will make it fit perfectly in the Hallowe'en party.



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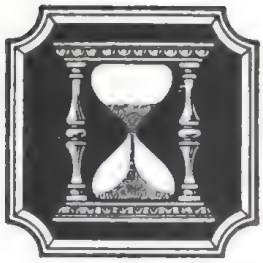


The Plumber's Secret

By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

Chas. Dudley Warner

The shifting hour flies with doubtful wings. SENECA

SPEAKING of the philosophical temper, there is no class of men whose society is more to be desired for this quality than that of plumbers. They are the most agreeable men I know; and the boys in the business begin to be agreeable very early. I suspect the secret of it is, that they are agreeable by the hour.

In the dryest days my fountain became disabled: the pipe was stopped up. A couple of plumbers, with the implements of their craft, came out to view the situation. There was a good deal of difference of opinion about where the stoppage was. I found the plumbers perfectly willing to sit down and talk about it—talk by the hour.

Some of their guesses and remarks were exceedingly ingenious; and their general observations on other subjects were excellent in their way, and could hardly have been better if they had been made by the job. The work dragged a little—as it is apt to do by the hour.

The plumbers had occasion to make me several visits. Sometimes they would find, upon arrival, that they had forgotten some indispensable tool, and one would go back to the shop, a mile and a half, after it, and his companion would await his return with the most exemplary patience, and sit down and talk—always by the hour.

I do not know but it is a habit to have something wanted at the shop. They seemed to me very good workmen, and always willing to stop and talk about the job, or anything else, when I went near them. Nor had they any of that impetuous hurry that is said to be the bane of our American civilization. To their credit be it said, that I never observed anything of it in them. They can afford to wait. Two of them will sometimes wait nearly half a day while a comrade goes for a tool. They are patient and philosophical. It is a great pleasure to meet such men. One only wishes there was some work he could do for *them* by the hour.

There ought to be reciprocity.

I think they have very nearly solved the problem of Life: it is to work for other people, never for yourself, and get your pay by the hour.

You then have no anxiety, and little work. If you do things by the job you are perpetually driven: the hours are scourges. If you work by the hour, you sail gently on the stream of Time, which is always bearing you on to the haven of Pay, whether you make any effort or not.

Working by the hour tends to make one moral. A plumber working by the job, trying to unscrew a rusty, refractory nut in a cramped position, where the tongs continually slipped off, would swear; but I never heard one of them swear, or exhibit the least impatience at such a vexation, working by the hour.

Nothing can move a man who is paid by the hour.

How sweet the flight of time seems to his calm mind!

november Knowledge

By MAARTEN MAARTENS (J. M. W. van der Poorten Schwartz)

Maarten Maartens.

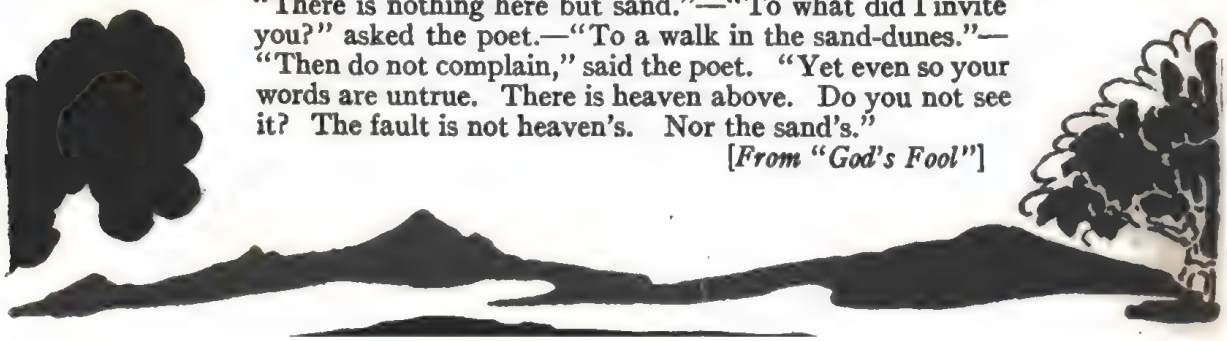
THERE was a man once—a satirist. In the natural course of time his friends slew him, and he died. And the people came and stood about his corpse. "He treated the whole round world as his football," they said, indignantly, "and he kicked it." The dead man opened one eye. "But always toward the Goal," he said.

THERE was a man once—a naturalist. And one day he found a lobster upon the sands of time. Society is a lobster: it crawls backward. "How black it is!" said the naturalist. And he put it in a little pan over the hot fire of his wit. "It will turn red," he said. But it didn't. That was its shamelessness.

THERE was a man once—a logician. He picked up a little clay ball upon the path of life. "It is a perfect little globe," said his companions. But the logician saw that it was not perfectly, mathematically round. And he took it in his hands and rubbed it between them, softly. "Don't rub so hard," said his companions. And at last he desisted, and looked down upon it. It was not a bit rounder, only pushed out of shape. And he looked at his hands. They were very dirty.

THERE was a man once—a poet. He went wandering through the streets of the city, and he met a disciple. "Come out with me," said the poet, "for a walk in the sand-dunes." And they went. But ere they had progressed many stages, said the disciple, "There is nothing here but sand."—"To what did I invite you?" asked the poet.—"To a walk in the sand-dunes."—"Then do not complain," said the poet. "Yet even so your words are untrue. There is heaven above. Do you not see it? The fault is not heaven's. Nor the sand's."

[*From "God's Fool"*]



1 On All Saints' day hard is the grain,
The leaves are dropping, the puddle is full.
At setting off in the morning
Woe to him that will trust a stranger.
LLYWARCH HÊN.

2 Nothing quieted doubt so completely as the mental calm of the Unitarian clergy. . . . For them, difficulties might be ignored; doubts were waste of thought; nothing exacted solution. Boston had solved the universe; or had offered and realized the best solution yet tried. The problem was worked out. HENRY ADAMS.

3 It has come to be regarded by many as if it were an essential part of morals to get up early in the morning. . . . Misers get up early in the morning; and burglars, I am informed, get up the night before.
G. K. CHESTERTON.

4 The things that claw, and the things that gore
Are unreliable things;
And so is a man with a sword in his hand,
And rivers and women and kings.
The Panchatantra (RYDER).

5 Every woman must admit, and every man with as much sense as a woman, that it's very hard to make a home for any man if he is always in it.
WINIFRED KIRKLAND.

6 Tread lightly where the dainty violets blew,
Where the spring winds their soft eyes open flew;
Safely they sleep the churlish winter through.
ANON.

7 I was sorry to have my name mentioned as one of the great authors, because they have a sad habit of dying off. Chaucer is dead, Spenser is dead, so is Milton, so is Shakespeare, and I am not feeling over well myself. MARK TWAIN.

8 A last remains of sunset dimly burned
O'er the far forests, like a torch-flame turned
By the wind back upon its bearer's hand
In one long flare of crimson.
BROWNING.

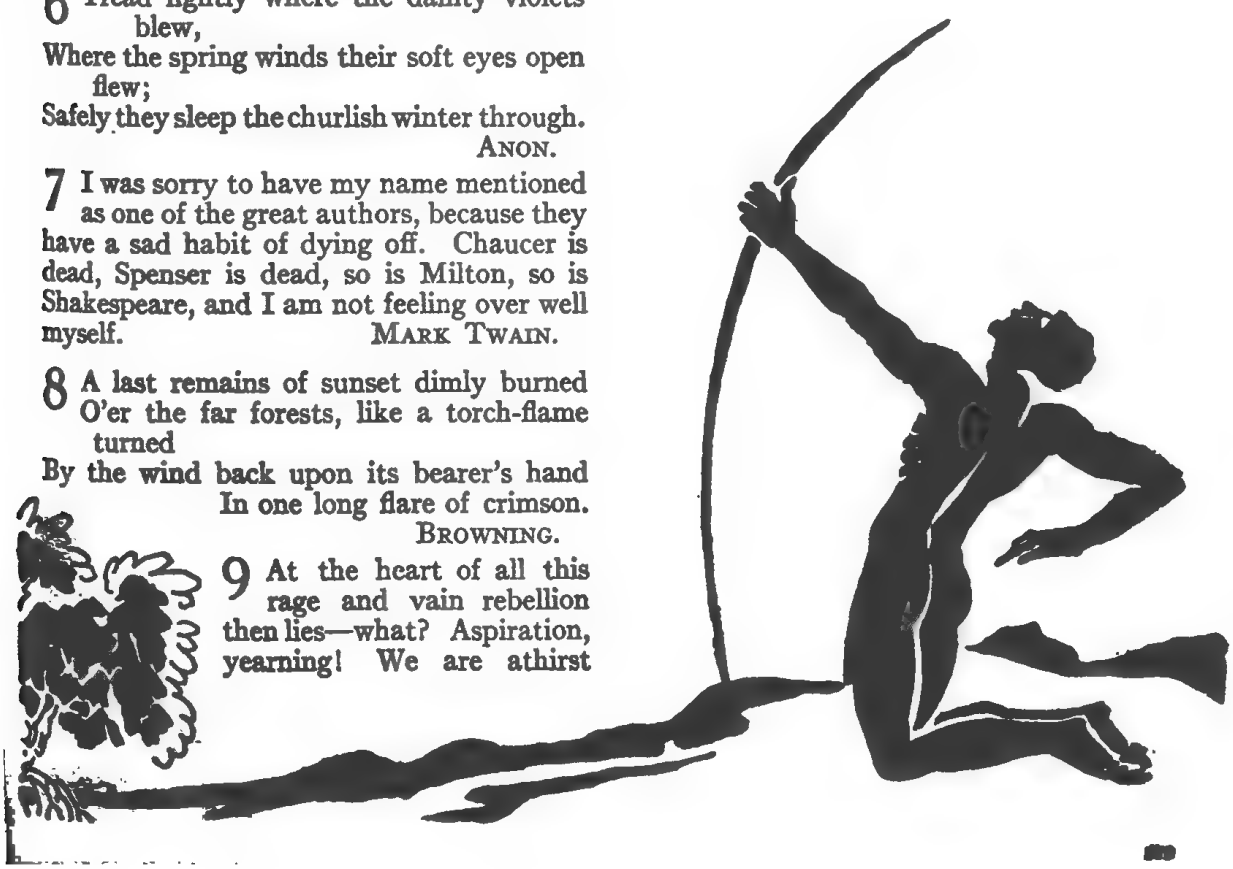
9 At the heart of all this rage and vain rebellion then lies—what? Aspiration, yearning! We are athirst for the infinite—for love—for I know not what. It is the instinct of happiness, which, like some wild animal, is restless for its prey. It is God calling—God avenging himself. AMIEL.

10 Jones said he had not much conscience, and what little he had was guilty.
SAMUEL BUTLER.

11 My father and I took occasion to go forth, and went and drank at Mr. Standing's, and then discoursed seriously about my sister's coming to live with me, which I have much mind for her good to have, and yet I am much afeard of her ill-nature. Coming home again, he and I, and my wife, my mother and Poll, went all together into the little room, and there I told her plainly what my mind was, to have her come not as a sister in any respect, but as a servant, which she promised me that she would, and with many thanks did weep for joy, which did give me and my wife some content and satisfaction. PEPYS.

12 There is a roaring in the bleak-grown pines
When Winter lifts his voice. KEATS.

13 If you want to be happy you must do it now,
There is no waiting till an after-time.
CHINESE.



14 Beautiful Nature, which man has exploited—which you look out upon from pea-green arbours, which you dawdle about in on the backs of donkeys—I do declare it to be the greatest of bores, and I would rather spend my days amidst acknowledged brick houses and paved streets, than in any such fool's paradise. JANE CARLYLE.

15 It would be interesting to figure out just how many foot-pounds of energy men have saved themselves, since the creation of the world, by keeping up the pretense that a special knack is required for washing dishes and for dusting, and that the knack is wholly feminine.
HEYWOOD BROUN.

16 The night before last night
I heard that to make songs to girls
And to make prayers to God
Were of equal value
In the eye of time;
Provided, that is,
That the prayers
Are sufficientlv beautiful.
BURMESE (MATHERS).

17 When my cat and I entertain each other with mutual apish tricks, as playing with a garter, who knows but I make her more sport than she makes me? . . . Who knows but she laughs at, and censures my folly . . . and pities me for understanding her no better? MONTAIGNE.

18 Nature makes no noise. The howling storm, the rustling leaf, the pattering rain are no disturbance. There is an essential and unexplored harmonv in them.
THOREAU.

19 Of all people, girls and servants are the most difficult to behave to. If you are familiar with them, they lose their humility. If you maintain a reserve toward them, they are discontented. CONFUCIUS.

20 Said Zeus to Love: "I will take away all your darts."
Said the Winged Boy: "Thunder at me if you dare, and I wil' make a swan of you again.'
Greek Anthology.

21 Though America be discovered, the Cathays of the deep are unknown. . . . Moles and bats alone should be skeptics; and the only true infidelity is for a live man to vote himself dead. MELVILLE.

22 It is for me to have demonstrated that a woman who wears blue gowns is a coquette, and poses as a sentimentalist.
MÉRIMÉE.

23 Who has not at one time or another—sacrificed himself for the sake of his good name? NIETZSCHE.

24 No man is the wiser for his Learning: it may administer Matter to work in, or Objects to work upon; but Wit and Wisdom are born with a Man. SELDEN.

25 Forbidden fruit a flavour has
That lawful orchards mocks;
How luscious lies the pea within
The pea that Duty locks!
EMILY DICKINSON.

26 It was a strange decree of the overruling Providence that, in the course of my singular history, I should also have experienced the feelings of one who is betrothed. I may venture to assert, that, for a truly moral man, it is the most agreeable of all recollections. GOETHE.

27 On this little boat, rocked by the sea, that a wave could fill and upset, I know, I feel, how true it is that nothing we know exists. DE MAUPASSANT.

28 Nor can belief touch, kindle, smite, reprieve
His heart who has not heart to disbelieve.
SWINBURNE.

29 I have gone to many séances, been to famous mediums. . . . Once, it seemed we were in communication with Victor Hugo. The most remarkable thing in his answers was that he seemed totally ignorant of his own work: *Hernani* and *Ruy Blas* were noble words that meant nothing to him. . . . That is the one remarkable thing I ever saw in the course of these meetings. ANATOLE FRANCE.

30 Before you love,
Learn to run
through snow
Leaving no footprint.
Turkish (MATHERS).

The Golden Book Magazine

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Molly

By GEORGE PATTULLO

IT MAY be there are persons who will scoff at the assertion that there is more of sentiment in a cow than in any creature of four legs that walks the earth. Cavilers, these—hard-shelled individuals who look at the gentle bovine through the eye of commercialism, not gifted to see beyond her barnyard activities toward the nourishment of mankind. It is reasonably established that one may approach a horse in comradely security, confident of fair play. The rules as to hybrids are these: you walk up to a mule in a spirit of veneration and religious preparedness, wearing a sickly aspect of confidence. And you quaver soothing words and carry a club behind your back.

But toward a cow—ah, that is different. Here is a mainstay of life, a pillar and prop of civilization. Here is—well, a cow is a cow. Why, there was the time when three hundred furiously anxious, bawling mothers smashed out of a stout wooden corral on the Turkey Track range and laid a straight course across seven leagues of territory, in quest of their helpless progeny, mercilessly cooped in cars at a railroad siding, awaiting shipment to an Arizona butcher. They kept two well-grown men atop a water-tank for five hours, and—but to attempt a citation of cases would be idle. This is the simple tale of Molly.

She was not an especially pretty animal, Molly—just plain cow, dun in colour, with a Jersey strain somewhere among her remote forbears. Yet one could not gaze on Molly for long without a feeling of profound respect pervading his soul. It was not because one could see with half an eye that she gave large quantities of milk; that was merely the performance of her natural functions. Nor was it that her wistful regard suggested all the sorrows of her sex. Molly in some way made a subtle appeal to sympathy that cannot be voiced.

As a matter of fact, she ought to have been the pampered occupant of a clover field by day and of a stall by night. Instead,

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she was roaming the zacaton flats of the Tumbling K and losing herself among the blackbrush ridges, in vague wonder that the world was grown so large. Designed to be a respectable milch-cow on a dairy farm, here she was in the heart of a wilderness, and all because of a boy.

He came among us, pink and white and fearfully clean; and he was the owner's son. There were eleven thousand cows in our domain, but milk had been a thing of rumor to the outfit, perhaps because it is inconvenient to milk on horseback. Now, however, Vance shoved his legs under the boards at the bunk-house and objected to clear, biting coffee. So, when he departed blacker than a Mexican, with a two months' beard and overalls sustained by a strand of rope—babbling wild things of a bath he would take, a bath that would endure for a day and a night—we still had Molly.

"That cow's got a mind, I tell you," Uncle Henry assured the outfit at supper. "She's got a mind jist like you or me, Dave, only better than yourn. Pass them frijoles."

Perhaps Molly did have a mind. At any rate, she was humanly lonesome. To be the only one of her kind in a tract of five thousand acres—they kept her in the horse pasture—was depressing to a companionable disposition. The bronchos on the river flats and mesquite-clothed hills were shy, wild creatures, subject to alarms and foolish panic. With mild wonder she would watch them break into a run at a sound or a strange scent. They were masterful, too, always driving her away from the water-holes and the salt until they had had their fill. Instinctively she was afraid when one of them approached with careless confidence that she would give place. Yet, though unhappy, Molly never overlooked her duty, and each morning and each evening she stood quiet while Uncle Henry milked her, occasionally rumbling a note of satisfaction or sweeping at a fly with cautious backward swings of her head. Uncle Henry was becoming too stiff for hard riding, and now spent most of his time trying to persuade himself and others that the odd jobs he applied himself to were of his own choosing.

One morning Molly awoke to turmoil. Wondrous noises came to her on the west wind, and she arose and walked to the imprisoning fence. Truly the Tumbling K was become a Babel. In the wide, browned valleys, on the mesas, and far into the fastnesses of the mules, bulls and cows and clumsy calves were on the march, with riders hanging in rear. Molly could hear the churning of the hosts on the round-up ground, and to her nostrils was wafted the taint of the dust belching heavenward in clouds. For the Tumbling K range was to be divided, and eight thousand head must be turned over to the retiring partner.

Where did all the cattle come from? Molly had never dreamed there were such hordes of her kind in the world. Armies of them filed by in long lines, the cowboys on flank and in rear shouting, whistling, spurring into the press in their efforts to urge the herds forward. Molly stood at the barb-wire fence most of the day, staring at this rally of her species. Sometimes she bawled a troubled greeting.

And the little calves! Many a toddling new-born, strayed from its mother and solicitous of protection, staggered out to sniff at the kindly disposed creature that nosed it so tenderly from the other side of a four-strand barrier. All night the trampling of sleepless thousands and the bawling of steers and worried cows came to disturb Molly's slumbers. The bed-ground for the herds was not four hundred yards distant from the pasture fence. She could see tiny intermittent lights move slowly about them in a wide circle, where the men on guard smoked as they rode their rounds.

Next day her heart was filled with forebodings and uneasiness. Hundreds of cattle were driven into an extensive corral within the confines of her pasture, and thence, in small groups, they went into a chute, propelled by the whoops and outcries of sundry reckless horsemen who crowded their rear. Molly watched and wondered. She saw these cattle forced singly into a narrow runway; she saw them caught fast in a squeezer, heard their bellows of consternation and fright; and then there reached her the stinging odour of burned hair, when the branding irons seared the flesh. Upon which Molly would flip her tail in the air and lope away. But she always returned; much as she feared it, she could not leave this anguished assemblage.

It was Uncle Henry who discovered that the arrival of the herds was demoralizing our faithful benefactor. She no longer grazed sedately; even the succulent grama-grass of the creek-bottom failed to hold her, and she walked the barb-wire ceaselessly day and night. Her weight fell off in alarming fashion, and when, on the third evening, Uncle Henry approached with

outstretched hand and honeyed speech, and the milk-pail cunningly concealed, she shook her big, patient head and moved off. He followed, and she quickened her pace.

"Consarn your fat haid!" roared Uncle Henry, never a patient man. "Hold still or I'll take the hide off'n you."

He tore after Molly, threatening dire visitations. Now, it takes an extremely clever person to circumvent a determined cow, when he is on foot and she has five thousand acres in which to manœuver, and Uncle Henry returned to headquarters, howling for somebody to lend him a horse and he would drag that old fool clear to Texas. We went without milk that night, and grumbled and swore precisely as if we had had nothing else all our lives.

. . . . .

"Hi-yi! Bear down on him, cowboys. More frijoles here!"

With a yell, Big John sprang to the lever of the squeezer and threw all his strength on it, gripping a plunging steer about the middle as he strove to win through the chute.

"Hot iron! Hot iron!" the wagon boss shrieked. "Somebody build that fire up. All right. That's got him, Cas."

Molly hung about near the corral, gazing on these frenzied activities in consternation. It was early morning and low-hanging mists were shredding before the sun.

Some calves passed through the chute by inadvertence. Being too small for the squeezer to hold, they were noosed as they came out, and branded on the ground. One was so tiny that the men at work beside the runway, idly rolling cigarettes during a halt in the operations, failed altogether to perceive him above the heavy lower boarding. As a result, he sauntered into the open, and there was no noose ready to snare. His ears were twitching with curiosity, and he moved his legs as if they were stiff and his feet hurt, as indeed they did, because he had come many weary miles and he was not three days old.

"Hi-yi! There goes a calf!" yelled the punchers. "Go to him, John. He's just your size."

Big John grinned, spat on his hands, and made a dive for the fugitive. "The li'l' rascal," he chuckled, grabbing for its tail. Instead of taking to the open and falling a prey to a roper, the calf lunged sideways and went under the horse-pasture fence. He was so short that he easily bowed his back and slid beneath the wire. The outfit sent up a shout of laughter, and exhorted John to stay with him; but the giant remained where he was, gazing fixedly at the fugitive. Molly was on the other side of the fence.

To her side the white-face bolted, confident of sanctuary. For a cow, Molly was terribly agitated. She turned about and about, trying to obtain a really good look at this forward baby who greeted her as his mother. The calf, on his part, kept close in an endeavour to secure his supper, being very hungry and properly careless as to where he got it. Molly smelled and sniffed at him, and edged off in intense nervousness. Evidently quite positive in his own mind that he had found what he had been seeking, the calf gave over all useless fuss and set himself resolutely to obtain a meal.

"Let him go, John," the boss called. "We lost his mother over on the Magayan. Molly'll look after him. Look out! Bear down on him, cowboys! It's that big ol' bull."

Molly was thrilling to long-pent yearnings, and the vapours of self-delusion welled up to befog her instincts. After five minutes of nosing, the Jersey came to the conclusion that this must be her son, and yielded to his hungry importunities. With a deep murmur of content, she walked away, followed by her adopted baby. And behind a sage-brush, safe from interference, she fed him. The outfit watched them go in amazement, prophesying many things.

One of the few things they did not foretell came to pass next morning. Molly had hidden the calf behind some soap-weed while she went to graze a few rods off, and, the dawn being still gray and the air stinging cold, we picked that particular bunch of weed for a bonfire to provide warmth while the wrangler was bringing up the horses. When the match flared, the calf on the other side of the shooting sparks staggered to his feet.

Ba-a-a-a-aw!

"It's the little 'un," John whooped.

He said no more, because at that moment came the dull pounding of hoofs on grass, and there was Molly, her head held high, turning her gaze jerkily from one to another, after the manner of cows when preparing to charge. We forgot about the fire for the moment and headed for the corral fence, streaming across country twenty strong, with Molly in hot pursuit. Big John eluded her by dodging dexterously behind a bush, leaving a portion of his overalls with the cow, and she abandoned the chase at once, returning to her charge. Him she licked

and caressed with many mumbled endearments, making sure that he was unhurt. The calf took all this stoically and as a matter of course, considering it his due, and fell to breakfast. Molly gazed across at her late friends sitting spectrally astride the fence, and all the anger was gone from her eyes. They were large and melting with tenderness.

A crippled horse was shot that day—the broncho-buster threw him too hard, breaking a leg—and to the carcass a coyote skulked when night shut down. About eleven o'clock Molly got to her knees, in which position she remained a few seconds, meditating; then rose to walk about, nibbling at the grass. All cattle get up in this manner between eleven o'clock and midnight to graze for a few minutes and then lie down on the other side. This may be the basis of an old superstition that "good cows say their prayers."

Molly, with the warmth of the snuggling calf still on her side, wandered farther than she intended. Abruptly she thrust her nose into the wind and sniffed. It was a stale, penetrating stench, and inherited knowledge warned her there was danger. Back ran Molly in a tremor of anxiety, her head wagging from side to side in her efforts to glimpse the marauder. Behind a clump of bear-grass crouched a coyote, his foxlike nose pointed toward the spot where snoozed her unprotected son. Inch by inch he slunk forward; now his muscles grew taut for the leap.

Whoo-oo-oo-huh! snorted Molly, smashing down upon him.

The wolf straightened and wheeled with a flash of gray, and sprang, all in one movement. So marvelously quick was he that escape would have been certain ninety-nine times in a hundred. A bull would have borne down on him with lowered head and eyes shut, like a runaway freight train; a cow charges with eyes open, and Molly, consumed with mother-wrath, ripped sideways with her sharp horns as the hunter swerved. A shapeless bundle of brown-gray fur was tossed into the air, and when it struck the ground and rebounded, Molly went at it again. This time she caught him full with her horns, and, quite by chance, followed stumblingly on his ribs with her forefeet. The coyote squirmed away from this terrible avenger, snapping futilely at her muzzle, and a cry from the calf distracted the Jersey from a burning desire to complete the good work. When she abandoned him to run to her adopted son, the wolf made as if to flee; but he was hurt unto death, and sank down miserably under a mesquite, his glinting eyes searching the brush for foes. And through the long night he panted out his life, until at dawn the last spark flickered.

"It's a big ol' ki-yote"—John stirred the carcass with his boot—"A bull done ripped him."

"There aren't any bulls in the horse pasture," the boss retorted. "Only Molly."

By one impulse the outfit turned in their saddles to look for her. There stood the Jersey a hundred paces off, feeding tranquilly on mesquite pods. Toddling at her heels was a red, white-faced calf of sturdy frame and curly coat. Molly was behaving as if she had never done anything more exciting in her life than eat bran mash.

"Good ol' Molly," they called back, as they rode to the bunk-house for dinner. Molly, hearing the familiar name, lifted her head to regard the cavalcade soberly.

We went without milk cheerfully enough now and speculated at every meal as to the probable course Molly would pursue as the calf grew. There was little else to talk about. Some vowed she would get over her hallucination quickly and abandon the youngster. Uncle Henry thought differently.

"She's a better mother to him than his own would have been. I never done saw a range cow look after her calf like Molly does that rascal. And ain't he fat!" he exclaimed.

The wagon boss conceived it to be in the line of his duty to brand the calf. A man was despatched to rope him. He returned presently to say that Molly would not permit him to get near. "She went on the peck and gored my horse." He exhibited a red wale along his mount's flank.

"You can't rope a calf away from its mother?" the boss exclaimed, dumfounded. "Pshaw! You'd better go back to cotton-pickin', Cas."

He spurred away to bring in the culprit himself. What were cowboys coming to nowadays? He would show them! We mounted the corral fence the better to view proceedings, and waxed merry of spirit when Molly chased the boss six separate times. Molly would not be frightened or enticed away from her son, but turned to confront this unexpected enemy when he galloped at her. As for the calf, he glued himself to Molly's side and would not budge therefrom.

"Will we stretch her out, Pink?" we shouted.

"No," the boss roared.

He made another try and almost got his rope over the calf; but the Jersey went at him just then and gave him something else to do. So the boss ambled back, grinning sheepishly behind his sandy mustache.

"I reckon"—he cleared his throat—"I reckon that's one on me, boys. Let him go just now. We'll get him in the spring."

Uncle Henry was the only human being that the Jersey would permit within five yards of her baby. He entertained a sort of proprietary affection for the cow, and she reciprocated save when such cordial relationship clashed with her love for the adopted one. At such moments Uncle Henry was not to be considered, of course, and she was as ready to put him on the fence or speed him round a bush as any other member of the Tumbling K outfit.

Upon a day in September, he was on his way back from patching the line fence, when he espied Molly trotting distractedly about a narrow draw. She stopped to stare as he approached, then resumed her agitated run. From time to time she dashed to the brink of an arroyo to gaze down. Uncle Henry watched her, surmising from the stores of his experience what had happened.

"She'll jist about go on the prod and rip me if I try to git him out."

Molly took a few steps toward him, lowed pitifully, and returned to look down at the unfortunate calf. He advanced with caution anticipating a rush; but Molly only lowed again and made way for him.

"I swan, she wants me to pull him out," said Uncle Henry in a reverent tone. "If that don't beat every——"

He alighted and walked to the arroyo's rim. Ten feet below, on the sandy bottom of a hole whose precipitous sides prevented him climbing out, lay the white-face. Uncle Henry deftly dropped a noose over its head, and dragged the kicking youngster to safety. When he went to remove the rope, Molly suffered him to handle her son, though she glared in swift suspicion when Uncle Henry threw him to the ground and knelt on his body to free the loop from his neck.

"Boys," said the boss at supper one night, "Molly has got to go."

"Oh-ho! Ho, indeed!" Uncle Henry retorted with fine sarcasm. "Oh, yes," he added, unable to think of anything better to say.

The boss shook his head sadly over the clamour that ensued. He spoke of the matter as a man of feeling would acquaint a wife of her husband's taking-off; but it had to be. An order had come to deliver Molly to Bockus, the butcher at Blackwater.

What! Lose Molly? The boss was locoed, or worse. Had he by any chance secured a bottle, of whose whereabouts we were in ignorance? We would buy the cow ourselves first.

It was an off-day. The branding was done, and the Tumbling K outfit was awaiting the arrival of a purchase of four thousand steers from the South. Thus it came about that twelve of us rode into Blackwater, and Big John was spokesman. John was not much of a speaker, being given to profanity when a congestion of language threatened, but he had a grand theme, and talked about Molly in a way that made us cough.

"Bless my heart," cried the owner of the Tumbling K, when the nub of the matter was revealed. "Bless my heart!"

He gaped, then squeezed the mighty muscles of Big John's shoulder and laughed. All this fuss about a cow—one forlorn dun cow. The puncher grinned in his turn, shuffling his feet; for they knew and understood each other, these two, having been associated for eighteen years. That is why Bockus received the strange explanation he did when he called to protest against the delay in delivering Molly.

"It's just this way," the cattleman observed, slipping an elastic band about his tally-book. "If I let you have that cow for thirty, I lose precisely nine hundred and thirty-seven dollars. No; Molly stays."

"Nine hundred and—Why, man, you're crazy! How's that?"

"Ask those strikers of mine," came the answer, accompanied by a chuckle. "Great weather isn't it? How is veal selling today?"

"But look a-here, Vance, let me have the calf, anyway. You owe me that much," the fat Bockus protested.

"All right. Send out for him, though," said the cattleman.

It happened that Bockus despatched a youth with a pair of mules hitched to a wagon, for the calf. He was a wily urchin, and a glance satisfied him that Molly's son could be taken from her only by craft. Accordingly he loafed all of one forenoon in the horse pasture with his wagon close at

hand, and when the unsuspecting Jersey strayed off some hundreds of yards to secure better grazing, he made a sudden scent upon the white-face, locked his fingers about its nose so that the calf could not utter a sound, threw and tied him, then heaved the outraged victim into the wagon and made off. Molly returned shortly, and missing the apple of her eye, set out on a search of the immediate vicinity. In the distance a wagon raised the dust of the Blackwater trail, going rapidly. The boy did not feel any too secure even with a fence between them, and lashed his mules, shrilling oaths at the gawky beasts.

The cow brought up at the fence, every sense on the alert to detect the presence of the calf in the fast-disappearing vehicle. Some subtle intuition told Molly he was there, and she retreated a few steps. Then, with a crash, she went through the four strands of wire, and, with a long gash in her left shoulder dripping blood, started after them at a swinging trot.

Brother Ducey was conducting an open-air revival service among the mining population of Blackwater. He was a powerful exhorter, was the brother, and, as most of his congregation were women, with a sprinkling of men who would presently go on the night shift six hundred feet into the bowels of the earth, his picture of a lurid, living perdition had them swaying and rocking on the benches. Their groans and lamentations rolled up the street.

"You're all a-going to hell!" he shouted. "Your feet are on the hot bricks now. Hell is—" And again— "Hell—"

Brother Ducey broke off and glared wrathfully at an imp of a boy who drove a clanking wagon at top speed completely around the meeting-place, making for the slaughter-house beyond.

Then Molly arrived and took no such devious route. She went straight through the congregation, overturning the mourners' bench, and, unable to differentiate between friends and foes, headed for the rostrum. Brother Ducey waved his arms wildly and squalled "Shoo!" But, as Molly would not "shoo," he scaled a tree with the speed of a lizard, from which vantage-point he besought somebody to shoot the animal.

The Jersey did not pause to trifle with these hysterical worshipers. Her business was to find her baby, and she was almost up with him. In truth, the cow was an awesome sight as she charged anew after the wagon, the blood trailing from her shoulder, froth flaking her muzzle. Evidently the butcher's assistant found her so.

"I can't beat her to the gate!" he gasped, with a glance backward.

Whereupon he wheeled again and galloped his team in front of Bockus' store. There he abandoned them, springing through the door just as Molly swept down the road. The calf bawled a greeting and the Jersey began to circle the wagon, occasionally prodding at the mules just to be on the safe side in the event of their having had anything to do with this theft. They kicked at her in return, but did not offer to run away.

"Somebody rope her! Somebody rope her!" Bockus cried, dancing up and down in his shop. "No, don't shoot. Them locoed Tumbling K's will wipe out the town if you do."

Alas, there was nobody in Blackwater competent to do it. They were a peaceful, industrious mining folk, and a cow was a dubious thing to them, to be handled respectfully in the best of moods. And an enraged animal like Molly! Blackwater suspended business, shut up shop, and hid indoors or took refuge on the roof.

From time to time Molly abandoned the wagon temporarily to seek revenge where it might be given to her. In this way she made forays over half the town, and put Bill Terry, the postmaster, through a new plate-glass window that Tom Zeigler had imported at enormous expense. Tom swore that Vance would have to pay for it.

"Send for one of them fool cowboys!" Bockus screamed, after an hour of this.

His boy stole forth on an emaciated pony, and, eluding the cow by a burst of speed, brought Blackwater's prayerful appeal to the Tumbling K headquarters.

We rode in and roped Molly. Then certain of us did some trafficking with Bockus, Big John laying down the terms, with the result that the cord around the calf's legs was loosed and he was restored to his mother.

All the blind savagery was departed from Molly now. She sauntered over to a patch of grass and began to eat, with the calf at her heels, and the stare she turned on the citizens of Blackwater was noncommittal, even kindly.

Her departure took on something of the character of a pageant. Brother Ducey was induced to make an oration—or he could not be restrained—at any rate, Brother Ducey delivered a speech setting forth the extraordinary qualities of the cow. It was really a remarkable tribute, but all the

notice Molly took was to flick one ear as she masticated a bunch of grass.

"And, brethren and sisters, what does this brave creature teach us? Hey?" he demanded, in conclusion

"I dunno," mumbled a gentleman at whom he was staring, in a hopeless tone.

"I ask you-all ag'in, what she done taught us when she come a-seeking of her young in the very heart of our meetin'? Why, it's plain as the mole on Lon Rainey's face," cried Brother Ducey. "I forgive her a-chasing of me up that cottonwood,—it's a right good thing it was so handy,—and Miz Ducey kin sew the pants. But what did this noble animal show? Jist what I was praying of you-all to reveal, brethern and sisters. She showed love and devotion, and a generous sacrifice for somebody else besides her own self. That's what she done showed. You-all do likewise. Brother Perry will now pass the hat."

We took Molly back to the Tumbling K and turned her into the horse pasture. She came peaceably enough, six of us acting as escort of honour. She is there now, followed everywhere she goes by a husky red calf with a white face. Molly is firmly persuaded that he is her son and the pride of the range.

An Old Tale of Three

By UNA URQUHART

AH, bonnie darling, lift your dark eyes dreaming!
See, the firelight fills the gloaming, though deep darkness grows without—

Hush, dear, hush, I hear the sea-birds screaming,
And down beyond the haven the tide comes with a shout!

Ah, birdeen, sweetheart, sure he is not coming,
He who has your hand in fee, while I have all your heart—

Hush, dear, hush, I hear the wild bees humming
Far away in the underworld, where true love shall not part!

Darling, darling, darling, all the world is singing,
Singing, singing, singing a song of joy for me!

Hush, dear, hush, what wild sea-wind is bringing
Gloom o' the sea about thy brow, athwart the eyes of thee?

Ah, heart o' me, darling, darling, all my heart's aflame!
Sure, at the last we are all in all, all in all, we two!

At the Door, A VOICE:

This is the way I take my own, this is the boon I claim!

(*Later, in the dark, the living brooding beside the dead:*—)

Sure, at the last, ye are all in all, all in all, ye two—
Ah, hell of my heart! Ye are dust to me—and dust with dust may woo!

The Last Leaf

By O. HENRY

O. Henry

IN a little district west of Washington Square the streets have run crazy and broken themselves into small strips called "places." These "places" make strange angles and curves. One street crosses itself a time or two. An artist once discovered a valuable possibility in this street. Suppose a collector with a bill for paints, paper and canvas should, in traversing this route, suddenly meet himself coming back, without a cent having been paid on account!

So, to quaint old Greenwich Village the art people soon came prowling, hunting for north windows and eighteenth-century gables and Dutch attics and low rents. Then they imported some pewter mugs and a chafing dish or two from Sixth avenue, and became a "colony."

At the top of a squatty, three-story brick Sue and Johnsy had their studio. "Johnsy" was familiar for Joanna. One was from Maine; the other from California. They had met at the *table d'hôte* of an Eighth street "Delmonico's," and found their tastes in art, chicory salad and bishop sleeves so congenial that the joint studio resulted.

That was in May. In November a cold, unseen stranger, whom the doctors called Pneumonia, stalked about the colony, touching one here and there with his icy fingers. Over on the east side this ravager strode boldly, smiting his victims by scores, but his feet trod slowly through the maze of the narrow and moss-grown "places."

Mr. Pneumonia was not what you would call a chivalric old gentleman. A mite of a little woman with blood thinned by California zephyrs was hardly fair game for the red-fisted, short-breathed old duffer. But Johnsy he smote; and she lay, scarcely moving, on her painted iron bedstead, looking through the small Dutch window-panes at the blank side of the next brick house.

One morning the busy doctor invited Sue into the hallway with a shaggy, gray eyebrow.

"She has one chance in—let us say, ten," he said, as he shook down the mercury in his clinical thermometer. "And that chance is for her to want to live. This way people have of lining up on the side of the undertaker makes the entire pharmacopœia look silly. Your little lady has made up her mind that she's not going to get well. Has she anything on her mind?"

"She—she wanted to paint the Bay of Naples some day," said Sue.

"Paint?—bosh! Has she anything on her mind worth thinking about twice—a man, for instance?"

"A man?" said Sue, with a jew's-harp twang in her voice. "Is a man worth—but, no, doctor; there is nothing of the kind."

"Well, it is the weakness, then," said the doctor. "I will do all that science, so far as it may filter through my efforts, can accomplish. But whenever my patient begins to count the carriages in her funeral procession I subtract 50 per cent. from the curative power of medicines. If you will get her to ask one question about the new winter styles in cloak-sleeves, I will promise you a one-in-five chance for her, instead of one in ten."

After the doctor had gone Sue went into the workroom and cried a Japanese napkin to a pulp. Then she swaggered into Johnsy's room with her drawing board, whistling ragtime.

Johnsy lay, scarcely making a ripple under the bedclothes, with her face toward the window. Sue stopped whistling, thinking she was asleep.

She arranged her board and began a pen-and-ink drawing to illustrate a magazine story. Young artists must pave their way to Art by drawing pictures for magazine stories that young authors write to pave their way to Literature.

As Sue was sketching a pair of elegant

horse-show riding trousers and a monocle on the figure of the hero, an Idaho cowboy, she heard a low sound, several times repeated. She went quickly to the bedside.

Johnsy's eyes were open wide. She was looking out the window and counting—counting backward.

"Twelve," she said, and a little later "eleven"; and then "ten," and "nine"; and then "eight" and "seven," almost together.

Sue looked solicitously out the window. What was there to count? There was only a bare, dreary yard to be seen, and the blank side of the brick house twenty feet away. An old, old ivy vine, gnarled and decayed at the roots, climbed half-way up the brick wall. The cold breath of autumn had stricken its leaves from the vine until its skeleton branches clung, almost bare, to the crumbling bricks.

"What is it, dear?" asked Sue.

"Six," said Johnsy, in almost a whisper. "They're falling faster now. Three days ago there were almost a hundred. It made my head ache to count them. But now it's easy. There goes another one. There are only five left now."

"Five what, dear. Tell your Sudie."

"Leaves. On the ivy vine. When the last one falls I must go, too. I've known that for three days. Didn't the doctor tell you?"

"Oh, I never heard of such nonsense," complained Sue, with magnificent scorn. "What have old ivy leaves to do with your getting well? And you used to love that vine so, you naughty girl. Don't be a goosey. Why, the doctor told me this morning that your chances for getting well real soon were—let's see exactly what he said—he said the chances were ten to one! Why, that's almost as good a chance as we have in New York when we ride on the street cars or walk past a new building. Try to take some broth now, and let Sudie go back to her drawing, so she can sell the editor man with it, and buy port wine for her sick child, and pork chops for her greedy self."

"You needn't get any more wine," said Johnsy, keeping her eyes fixed out the window. "There goes another. No, I don't want any broth. That leaves just four. I want to see the last one fall before it gets dark. Then I'll go, too."

"Johnsy, dear," said Sue, bending over her, "will you promise me to keep your eyes closed, and not look out the window until I am done working? I must hand those drawings in by to-morrow. I need the light, or I would draw the shade down."

"Couldn't you draw in the other room?" asked Johnsy, coldly.

"I'd rather be here by you," said Sue. "Besides, I don't want you to keep looking at those silly ivy leaves."

"Tell me as soon as you have finished," said Johnsy, closing her eyes, and lying white and still as a fallen statue, "because I want to see the last one fall. I'm tired of waiting. I'm tired of thinking. I want to turn loose my hold on everything, and go sailing down, down, just like one of those poor, tired leaves."

"Try to sleep," said Sue. "I must call Behrman up to be my model for the old hermit miner. I'll not be gone a minute. Don't try to move till I come back."

Old Behrman was a painter who lived on the ground floor beneath them. He was past sixty and had a Michael Angelo's Moses beard curling down from the head of a satyr along the body of an imp. Behrman was a failure in art. Forty years he had wielded the brush without getting near enough to touch the hem of his Mistress's robe. He had been always about to paint a masterpiece, but had never yet begun it. For several years he had painted nothing except now and then a daub in the line of commerce or advertising. He earned a little by serving as a model to those young artists in the colony who could not pay the price of a professional. He drank gin to excess, and still talked of his coming masterpiece. For the rest he was a fierce little old man, who scoffed terribly at softness in any one, and who regarded himself as especial mastiff-in-waiting to protect the two young artists in the studio above.

Sue found Behrman smelling strongly of juniper berries in his dimly-lighted den below. In one corner was a blank canvas on an easel that had been waiting there for twenty-five years to receive the first line of the masterpiece. She told him of Johnsy's fancy, and how she feared she would, indeed, light and fragile as a leaf herself, float away when her slight hold upon the world grew weaker.

Old Behrman, with his red eyes plainly streaming, shouted his contempt and derision for such idiotic imaginings.

"Vass!" he cried. "Is dere people in de world mit der foolishness to die because leafs dey drop off from a confounded vine? I haf not heard of such a thing. No, I will not bose as a model for your fool hermit-dunderhead. Vy do you allow dot silly

pusiness to come in der prain of her? Ach, dot poor lettle Miss Johnsy."

"She is very ill and weak," said Sue, "and the fever has left her mind morbid and full of strange fancies. Very well, Mr. Behrman, if you do not care to pose for me, you needn't. But I think you are a horrid old—old flibbertigibbet."

"You are just like a woman!" yelled Behrman. "Who said I vill not bose? Go on. I come mit you. For half an hour I haf peen trying to say dot I am ready to bose. Gott! dis is not any blace in which one so goot as Miss Yohnsy shall lie sick. Some day I vill baint a masterpiece, and ve shall all go away. Gott! yes."

Johnsy was sleeping when they went upstairs. Sue pulled the shade down to the window-sill, and motioned Behrman into the other room. In there they peered out the window fearfully at the ivy vine. Then they looked at each other for a moment without speaking. A persistent, cold rain was falling, mingled with snow. Behrman, in his old blue shirt, took his seat as the hermit-miner on an upturned kettle for a rock.

When Sue awoke from an hour's sleep the next morning she found Johnsy with dull, wide-open eyes staring at the drawn green shade.

"Pull it up; I want to see," she ordered, in a whisper. Wearily Sue obeyed.

But, lo! after the beating rain and fierce gusts of wind that had endured through the livelong night, there yet stood out against the brick wall one ivy leaf. It was the last on the vine. Still dark green near its stem, but with its serrated edges tinted with the yellow of dissolution and decay, it hung bravely from a branch some twenty feet above the ground.

"It is the last one," said Johnsy. "I thought it would surely fall during the night. I heard the wind. It will fall today, and I shall die at the same time."

"Dear, dear!" said Sue, leaning her worn face down to the pillow, "think of me, if you won't think of yourself. What would I do?"

But Johnsy did not answer. The lonesomest thing in all the world is a soul when it is making ready to go on its mysterious, far journey. The fancy seemed to possess her more strongly as one by one the ties that bound her to friendship and to earth were loosed.

The day wore away, and even through the twilight they could see the lone ivy leaf clinging to its stem against the wall. And then, with the coming of the night the north wind was again loosed, while the rain still beat against the windows and pattered down from the low Dutch eaves.

When it was light enough, Johnsy, the merciless, commanded that the shade be raised.

The ivy leaf was still there.

Johnsy lay for a long time looking at it. And then she called to Sue, who was stirring her chicken broth over the gas stove.

"I've been a bad girl, Sudie," said Johnsy. "Something has made that last leaf stay there to show me how wicked I was. It is a sin to want to die. You may bring me a little broth now, and some milk with a little port in it, and—no; bring me a hand-mirror first, and then pack some pillows about me, and I will sit up and watch you cook."

An hour later she said.

"Sudie, some day I hope to paint the Bay of Naples."

The doctor came in the afternoon, and Sue had an excuse to go into the hallway as he left.

"Even chances," said the doctor, taking Sue's thin, shaking hand in his. "With good nursing you'll win. And now I must see another case I have downstairs. Behrman, his name is—some kind of an artist, I believe. Pneumonia, too. He is an old, weak man, and the attack is acute. There is no hope for him; but he goes to the hospital to-day to be made more comfortable."

The next day the doctor said to Sue: "She's out of danger. You've won. Nutrition and care now—that's all."

And that afternoon Sue came to the bed where Johnsy lay, contentedly knitting a very blue and very useless woolen shoulder scarf, and put one arm around her, pillows and all.

"I have something to tell you, white mouse," she said. "Mr. Behrman died of pneumonia to-day in the hospital. He was ill only two days. The janitor found him on the morning of the first day in his room downstairs helpless with pain. His shoes and clothing were wet through and icy cold. They couldn't imagine where he had been on such a dreadful night. And then they found a lantern, still lighted, and a ladder that had been dragged from its place, and some scattered brushes, and a palette with green and yellow colors mixed on it, and—look out the window, dear, at the last ivy leaf on the wall. Didn't you wonder why it never fluttered or moved when the wind blew? Ah, darling, it's Behrman's masterpiece—he painted it there the night that the last leaf fell."

Coming, Aphrodite!

By WILLA CATHER

I

EON HEDGER had lived for four years on the top floor of an old house on the south side of Washington Square, and nobody had ever disturbed him. He occupied one big room with no outside exposure except on the north, where he had built in a many-paned studio window that looked upon a court and upon the roofs and walls of other buildings. His room was very cheerless, since he never got a ray of direct sunlight; the south corners were always in shadow. In one of the corners was a clothes closet, built against the partition, in another a wide divan, serving as a seat by day and a bed by night. In the front corner, the one farther from the window, was a sink, and a table with two gas-burners where he sometimes cooked his food. There, too, in the perpetual dusk, was the dog's bed, and often a bone or two for his comfort.

The dog was a Boston bull-terrier, and Hedger explained his surly disposition by the fact that he had been bred to the point where it told on his nerves. His name was Caesar III, and he had taken prizes at very exclusive dog shows. When he and his master went out to prowl about University Place or to promenade along West Street, Caesar III was invariably fresh and shining. His pink skin showed through his mottled coat, which glistened as if it had just been rubbed with olive oil, and he wore a brass-studded collar, bought at the smartest saddler's. Hedger, as often as not, was hunched up in an old striped blanket coat, with a shapeless felt hat pulled over his bushy hair, wearing black shoes that had become gray, or brown ones that had become black, and he never put on gloves unless the day was biting cold.

Early in May, Hedger learned that he was to have a new neighbour in the rear apartment—two rooms, one large and one small, that faced the west. His studio was shut off from the larger of these rooms by double doors, which, though they were fairly tight, left him a good deal at the mercy of the occupant. The rooms had been leased, long before he came there, by a trained nurse who considered herself knowing in old furniture. She went to auction sales and bought up mahogany and dirty brass and stored it away here, where she meant to live when she retired from nursing. Meanwhile, she sub-let her rooms, with their precious furniture, to young people who came to New York to "write" or to "paint"—who proposed to live by the sweat of the brow rather than of the hand, and who desired artistic surroundings. When Hedger first moved in, these rooms were occupied by a young man who tried to write plays,—and who kept on trying until a week ago, when the nurse had put him out for unpaid rent.

A few days after the playwright left, Hedger heard an ominous murmur of voices through the bolted double doors: the lady-like intonation of the nurse—doubtless exhibiting her treasures—and another voice, also a woman's, but very different; young, fresh, unguarded, confident. All the same it would be very annoying to have a woman in there. The only bath room on the floor was at the top of the stairs in the front hall, and he would always be running into her as he came or went from his bath. He would have to be more careful to see that Caesar didn't leave bones about the hall, too; and she might object when he cooked steak and onions on his gas-burner.

As soon as the talking ceased and the women left, he forgot them. He was absorbed in a study of paradise fish at the Aquarium, staring out at people through the glass and green water of their tank. It was a highly gratifying idea; the incommunicability of one stratum of animal life with another—though Hedger pretended it was only an experiment in unusual lighting. When he heard trunks knocking against the sides of the narrow hall, then he realized that she was moving in at once. Toward noon, groans and deep gasps and the creak-

ing of ropes, made him aware that a piano was arriving. After the tramp of the movers died away down the stairs, somebody touched off a few scales and chords on the instrument, and then there was peace. Presently he heard her lock her door and go down the hall humming something; going out to lunch, probably. He stuck his brushes in a can of turpentine and put on his hat, not stopping to wash his hands. Caesar was smelling along the crack under the bolted doors; his bony tail stuck out hard as a hickory withe, and the hair was standing up about his elegant collar.

Hedger encouraged him. "Come along, Caesar. You'll soon get used to a new smell."

In the hall stood an enormous trunk, behind the ladder that led to the roof, just opposite Hedger's door. The dog flew at it with a growl of hurt amazement. They went down three flights of stairs and out into the brilliant May afternoon.

Behind the Square, Hedger and his dog descended into a basement oyster house where there were no tablecloths on the tables and no handles on the coffee-cups, and the floor was covered with sawdust, and Caesar was always welcome—not that he needed any such precautionary flooring. All the carpets of Persia would have been safe for him. Hedger ordered steak and onions absent-mindedly, not realizing why he had an apprehension that this dish might be less readily at hand hereafter. While he ate, Caesar sat beside his chair, gravely disturbing the sawdust with his tail.

After lunch Hedger strolled about the Square for the dog's health and watched the stages pull out;—that was almost the very last summer of the old horse stages on Fifth Avenue. The fountain had but lately begun operations for the season and was throwing up a mist of rainbow water which now and then blew south and sprayed a bunch of Italian babies that were being supported on the outer rim by older, very little older, brothers and sisters. Plump robins were hopping about on the soil; the grass was newly cut and blindingly green. Looking up the Avenue through the Arch, one could see the young poplars with their bright, sticky leaves, and the Brevoort glistening in its spring coat of paint, and shining horses and carriages,—occasionally an automobile, misshapen and sullen, like an ugly threat in a stream of things that were bright and beautiful and alive.

While Caesar and his master were standing by the fountain, a girl approached them, crossing the Square. Hedger noticed her because she wore a lavender cloth suit and carried in her arms a big bunch of fresh lilacs. He saw that she was young and handsome,—beautiful, in fact, with a splendid figure and good action. She, too, paused by the fountain and looked back through the Arch up the Avenue. She smiled rather patronizingly as she looked, and at the same time seemed delighted. Her slowly curving upper lip and half-closed eyes seemed to say: "You're gay, you're exciting, you are quite the right sort of thing; but you're none too fine for me!"

In the moment she tarried, Caesar stealthily approached her and sniffed at the hem of her lavender skirt, then, when she went south like an arrow, he ran back to his master and lifted a face full of emotion and alarm, his lower lip twitching under his sharp white teeth and his hazel eyes pointed with a very definite discovery. He stood thus, motionless, while Hedger watched the lavender girl go up the steps and through the door of the house in which he lived.

"You're right, my boy, it's she! She might be worse looking, you know."

When they mounted to the studio, the new lodger's door, at the back of the hall, was a little ajar, and Hedger caught the warm perfume of lilacs just brought in out of the sun. He was used to the musty smell of the old hall carpet. (The nurse-lessee had once knocked at his studio door and complained that Caesar must be somewhat responsible for the particular flavour of that mustiness, and Hedger had never spoken to her since.) He was used to the old smell, and he preferred it to that of the lilacs, and so did his companion, whose nose was so much more discriminating. Hedger shut his door vehemently, and fell to work.

Most young men who dwell in obscure studios in New York have had a beginning, come out of something, have somewhere a home town, a family, a paternal roof. But Don Hedger had no such background. He was a foundling, and had grown up in a school for homeless boys, where book-learning was a negligible part of the curriculum. When he was sixteen, a Catholic priest took him to Greensburg, Pennsylvania, to keep house for him. The priest did something to fill in the large gaps in the boy's education,—taught him to like "Don Quixote" and "The Golden Legend," and encouraged him to mess with paints and crayons in his room up under the slope of the mansard. When Don wanted to go to New York to study at the Art League, the priest got him a night

job as packer in one of the big department stores. Since then, Hedger had taken care of himself; that was his only responsibility. He was singularly unencumbered; had no family duties, no social ties, no obligations toward any one but his landlord. Since he traveled light, he had traveled rather far. He had got over a good deal of the earth's surface, in spite of the fact that he never in his life had more than three hundred dollars ahead at any one time, and he had already outlived a succession of convictions and revelations about his art.

Though he was now but twenty-six years old, he had twice been on the verge of becoming a marketable product; once through some studies of New York streets he did for a magazine, and once through a collection of pastels he brought home from New Mexico, which Remington, then at the height of his popularity, happened to see, and generously tried to push. But on both occasions Hedger decided that this was something he didn't wish to carry further,—simply the old thing over again and got nowhere,—so he took enquiring dealers' experiments in a "later manner," that made them put him out of the shop. When he ran short of money, he could always get any amount of commercial work; he was an expert draughtsman and worked with lightning speed. The rest of his time he spent in groping his way from one kind of painting into another, or traveling about without luggage, like a tramp, and he was chiefly occupied with getting rid of ideas he had once thought very fine.

Hedger's circumstances, since he had moved to Washington Square, were affluent compared to anything he had ever known before. He was now able to pay advance rent and turn the key on his studio when he went away for four months at a stretch. It didn't occur to him to wish to be richer than this. To be sure, he did without a great many things other people think necessary, but he didn't miss them, because he had never had them. He belonged to no clubs, visited no houses, had no studio friends, and he ate his dinner alone in some decent little restaurant, even on Christmas and New Year's. For days together he talked to nobody but his dog and the janitress and the lame oysterman.

After he shut the door and settled down to his paradise fish on that first Tuesday in May, Hedger forgot all about his new neighbour. When the light failed, he took Caesar out for a walk. On the way home he did his marketing on West Houston Street, with a one-eyed Italian woman who always cheated him. After he had cooked his beans and scallopini, and drunk half a bottle of Chianti, he put his dishes in the sink and went up on the roof to smoke. He was the only person in the house who ever went to the roof, and he had a secret understanding with the janitress about it. He was to have "the privilege of the roof," as she said, if he opened the heavy trap-door on sunny days to air out the upper hall, and was watchful to close it when rain threatened. Mrs. Foley was fat and dirty and hated to climb stairs,—besides, the roof was reached by a perpendicular iron ladder, definitely inaccessible to a woman of her bulk, and the iron door at the top of it was too heavy for any but Hedger's strong arm to lift. Hedger was not above medium height, but he practised with weights and dumb-bells, and in the shoulders he was as strong as a gorilla.

So Hedger had the roof to himself. He and Caesar often slept up there on hot nights, rolled in blankets he had brought home from Arizona. He mounted with Caesar under his left arm. The dog had never learned to climb a perpendicular ladder, and never did he feel so much his master's greatness and his own dependence upon him, as when he crept under his arm for this perilous ascent. Up there was even gravel to scratch in, and a dog could do whatever he liked, so long as he did not bark. It was a kind of Heaven, which no one was strong enough to reach but his great, paint-smelling master.

On this blue May night there was a slender, girlish looking young moon in the West, playing with a whole company of silver stars. Now and then one of them darted away from the group and shot off into the gauzy blue with a soft little trail of light, like laughter. Hedger and his dog were delighted when a star did this. They were quite lost in watching the glittering game, when they were suddenly diverted by a sound,—not from the stars, though it was music. It was not the Prologue to Pagliacci, which rose ever and anon on hot evenings from an Italian tenement on Thompson Street, with the gasps of the corpulent baritone who got behind it; nor was it the hurdy-gurdy man, who often played at the corner in the balmy twilight. No, this was a woman's voice, singing the tempestuous, over-lapping phrases of Signor Puccini, then comparatively new in the world, but already so popular that even Hedger recognized his unmistakable gusts of breath. He looked about over the roofs; all was blue and still, with the well-built chimneys that were never used now

standing up dark and mournful. He moved softly toward the yellow quadrangle where the gas from the hall shone up through the half-lifted trap-door. Oh yes! It came up through the hole like a strong draught, a big, beautiful voice, and it sounded rather like a professional's. A piano had arrived in the morning, Hedger remembered. This might be a very great nuisance. It would be pleasant enough to listen to, if you could turn it on and off as you wished; but you couldn't. Caesar, with the gaslight shining on his collar and his ugly but sensitive face, panted and looked up for information. Hedger put down a reassuring hand.

"I don't know. We can't tell yet. It may not be so bad."

He stayed on the roof until all was still below, and finally descended, with quite a new feeling about his neighbour. Her voice, like her figure, inspired respect,—if one did not choose to call it admiration. Her door was shut, the transom was dark; nothing remained of her but the obtrusive trunk, unrightfully taking up room in the narrow hall.

II

For two days Hedger didn't see her. He was painting eight hours a day just then, and only went out to hunt for food. He noticed that she practised scales and exercises for about an hour in the morning; then she locked her door, went humming down the hall, and left him in peace. He heard her getting her coffee ready at about the same time he got his. Earlier still, she passed his room on her way to her bath. In the evening she sometimes sang, but on the whole she didn't bother him. When he was working well he did not notice anything much. The morning paper lay before his door until he reached out for his milk bottle, then he kicked the sheet inside and it lay on the floor until evening. Sometimes he read it and sometimes he did not. He forgot there was anything of importance going on in the world outside of his third floor studio. Nobody had ever taught him that he ought to be interested in other people; in the Pittsburgh steel strike, in the Fresh Air Fund, in the scandal about the Babies' Hospital. A gray wolf, living in a Wyoming canyon, would hardly have been less concerned about these things than was Don Hedger.

One morning he was coming out of the bathroom at the front end of the hall, having just given Caesar his bath and rubbed him into a glow with a heavy towel. Before the door, lying in wait for him, as it were, stood a tall figure in a flowing blue silk dressing gown that fell away from her marble arms. In her hands she carried various accessories of the bath.

"I wish," she said distinctly, standing in his way, "I wish you wouldn't wash your dog in the tub. I never heard of such a thing! I've found his hair in the tub, and I've smelled a doggy smell, and now I've caught you at it. It's an outrage!"

Hedger was badly frightened. She was so tall and positive, and was fairly blazing with beauty and anger. He stood blinking, holding on to his sponge and dog-soap, feeling that he ought to bow very low to her. But what he actually said was:

"Nobody has ever objected before. I always wash the tub,—and, anyhow, he's cleaner than most people."

"Cleaner than me?" her eyebrows went up, her white arms and neck and her fragrant person seemed to scream at him like a band of outraged nymphs. Something flashed through his mind about a man who was turned into a dog, or was pursued by dogs, because he unwittingly intruded upon the bath of beauty.

"No, I didn't mean that," he muttered, turning scarlet under the bluish stubble of his muscular jaws. "But I know he's cleaner than I am."

"That I don't doubt!" Her voice sounded like a soft shivering of crystal, and with a smile of pity she drew the folds of her voluminous blue robe close about her and allowed the wretched man to pass. Even Caesar was frightened; he darted like a streak down the hall, through the door and to his own bed in the corner among the bones.

Hedger stood still in the doorway, listening to indignant sniffs and coughs and a great swishing of water about the sides of the tub. He had washed it; but as he had washed it with Caesar's sponge, it was quite possible that a few bristles remained; the dog was shedding now. The playwright had never objected, nor had the jovial illustrator who occupied the front apartment,—but he, as he admitted, "was usually pye-eyed, when he wasn't in Buffalo." He went home to Buffalo sometimes to rest his nerves.

It had never occurred to Hedger that any one would mind using the tub after Caesar; —but then, he had never seen a beautiful girl caparisoned for the bath before. As soon as he beheld her standing there, he realized the unfitness of it. For that matter, she ought not to step into a tub that any

other mortal had bathed in; the illustrator was sloppy and left cigaret ends on the moulding.

All morning as he worked he was gnawed by a spiteful desire to get back at her. It rankled that he had been so vanquished by her disdain. When he heard her locking her door to go out for lunch, he stepped quickly into the hall in his messy painting coat, and addressed her.

"I don't wish to be exigent, Miss,"—he had certain grand words that he used upon occasion—"but if this is your trunk, it's rather in the way here."

"Oh, very well!" she exclaimed carelessly, dropping her keys into her handbag. "I'll have it moved when I can get a man to do it," and she went down the hall with her free, roving stride.

Her name, Hedger discovered from her letters, which the postman left on the table in the lower hall, was Eden Bower.

III

In the closet that was built against the partition separating his room from Miss Bower's, Hedger kept all his wearing apparel, some of it on hooks and hangers, some of it on the floor. When he opened his closet door now-a-days, little dust-coloured insects flew out on downy wing, and he suspected that a brood of moths were hatching in his winter overcoat. Mrs. Foley, the janitress, told him to bring down all his heavy clothes and she would give them a beating and hang them in the court. The closet was in such disorder that he shunned the encounter, but one hot afternoon he set himself to the task. First he threw out a pile of forgotten laundry and tied it up in a sheet. The bundle stood as high as his middle when he had knotted the corners. Then he got his shoes and overshoes together. When he took his overcoat from its place against the partition, a long ray of yellow light shot across the dark enclosure—a knot-hole, evidently, in the high wainscoating of the west room. He had never noticed it before, and without realizing what he was doing, he stooped and squinted through it.

Yonder, in a pool of sunlight, stood his new neighbour, wholly unclad, doing exercises of some sort before a long gilt mirror. Hedger did not happen to think how unpardonable it was of him to watch her. Nudity was not improper to any one who had worked so much from the figure, and he continued to look, simply because he had never seen a woman's body so beautiful as this one,—positively glorious in action. As she swung her arms and changed from one pivot of motion to another, muscular energy seemed to flow through her from her toes to her finger-tips. The soft flush of exercise and the gold of afternoon sun played over her flesh together, enveloped her in a luminous mist which, as she turned and twisted, made now an arm, now a shoulder, now a thigh, dissolve in pure light and instantly recover its outline with the next gesture. Hedger's fingers curved as if he were holding a crayon; mentally he was doing the whole figure in a single running line, and the charcoal seemed to explode in his hand at the point where the energy of each gesture was discharged into the whirling disc of light, from a foot or shoulder, from the up-thrust chin or the lifted breasts.

He could not have told whether he watched her for six minutes or sixteen. When her gymnastics were over, she paused to catch up a lock of hair that had come down, and examined with solicitude a little reddish mole that gew under her left armpit. Then, with her hand on her hip, she walked unconcernedly across the room and disappeared through the door into her bedchamber.

Disappeared—Don Hedger was crouching on his knees, staring at the golden shower which poured in through the west windows, at the lake of gold sleeping on the faded Turkish carpet. The spot was enchanted; a vision out of Alexandria, out of the remote pagan past, had bathed itself there in Helianthine fire.

When he crawled out of his closet, he stood blinking at the gray sheet stuffed with laundry, not knowing what had happened to him. He felt a little sick as he contemplated the bundle. Everything here was different; he hated the disorder of the place, the gray prison light, his old shoes and himself and all his slovenly habits. The black calico curtains that ran on wires over his big window were white with dust. There were three greasy frying-pans in the sink, and the sink itself— He felt desperate. He couldn't stand this another minute. He took up an armful of winter clothes and ran down four flights into the basement.

"Mrs. Foley," he began, "I want my room cleaned this afternoon, thoroughly cleaned. Can you get a woman for me right away?"

"Is it company you're having?" the fat, dirty janitress inquired. Mrs. Foley was the widow of a useful Tammany man, and she owned real estate in Flatbush. She was

huge and soft as a feather bed. Her face and arms were permanently coated with dust, grained like wood where the sweat had trickled.

"Yes, company. That's it."

"Well, this is a queer time of the day to be asking for a cleaning woman. It's likely I can get you old Lizzie, if she's not drunk. I'll send Willy round to see."

Willy, the son of fourteen, roused from the stupor and stain of his fifth box of cigarettes by the gleam of a quarter, went out. In five minutes he returned with old Lizzie,—she smelling strong of spirits and wearing several jackets which she had put on one over the other, and a number of skirts, long and short, which made her resemble an animated dish-clout. She had, of course, to borrow her equipment from Mrs. Foley, and toiled up the long flights, dragging mop and pail and broom. She told Hedger to be of good cheer, for he had got the right woman for the job, and showed him a great leather strap she wore about her wrist to prevent dislocation of tendons. She swished about the place, scattering dust and splashing soapsuds, while he watched her in nervous despair. He stood over Lizzie and made her scour the sink, directing her roughly, then paid her and got rid of her. Shutting the door on his failure, he hurried off with his dog to lose himself among the stevedores and dock labourers on West Street.

A strange chapter began for Don Hedger. Day after day, at that hour in the afternoon, the hour before his neighbour dressed for dinner, he crouched down in his closet to watch her go through her mysterious exercises. It did not occur to him that his conduct was detestable; there was nothing shy or retreating about this unclad girl,—a bold body, studying itself quite coolly and evidently well pleased with itself, doing all this for a purpose. Hedger scarcely regarded his action as conduct at all; it was something that had happened to him. More than once he went out and tried to stay away for the whole afternoon, but at about five o'clock he was sure to find himself among his old shoes in the dark. The pull of that aperture was stronger than his will,—and he had always considered his will the strongest thing about him. When she threw herself upon the divan and lay resting, he still stared, holding his breath. His nerves were so on edge that a sudden noise made him start and brought out the sweat on his forehead. The dog would come and tug at his sleeve, knowing that something was wrong with his master. If he attempted a mournful whine, those strong hands closed about his throat.

When Hedger came slinking out of his closet, he sat down on the edge of the couch, sat for hours without moving. He was not painting at all now. This thing, whatever it was, drank him up as ideas had sometimes done, and he sank into a stupor of idleness as deep and dark as the stupor of work. He could not understand it; he was no boy, he had worked from models for years, and a woman's body was no mystery to him. Yet now he did nothing but sit and think about one. He slept very little, and with the first light of morning he awoke as completely possessed by this woman as if he had been with her all the night before. The unconscious operations of life went on in him only to perpetuate this excitement. His brain held but one image now—vibrated, burned with it. It was a heathenish feeling; without friendliness, almost without tenderness.

Women had come and gone in Hedger's life. Not having had a mother to begin with, his relations with them, whether amorous or friendly, had been casual. He got on well with janitresses and washwomen, with Indians and with the peasant women of foreign countries. He had friends among the silk-skirt factory girls who came to eat their lunch in Washington Square, and he sometimes took a model for a day in the country. He felt an unreasoning antipathy toward the well-dressed women he saw coming out of big shops, or driving in the Park. If, on his way to the Art Museum, he noticed a pretty girl standing on the steps of one of the houses on upper Fifth Avenue, he frowned at her and went by with his shoulders hunched up as if he were cold. He had never known such girls, or heard them talk, or seen the inside of the houses in which they lived; but he believed them all to be artificial and, in an æsthetic sense, perverted. He saw them enslaved by desire of merchandise and manufactured articles, effective only in making life complicated and insincere, and in embroidering it with ugly and meaningless trivialities. They were enough, he thought, to make one almost forget woman as she existed in art, in thought, and in the universe.

He had no desire to know the woman who had, for the time at least, so broken up his life,—no curiosity about her every-day personality. He shunned any revelation of it, and he listened for Miss Bower's coming and going, not to encounter, but to avoid her. He wished that the girl who wore

shirt-waists and got letters from Chicago would keep out of his way, that she did not exist. With her he had naught to make. But in a room full of sun, before an old mirror, on a little enchanted rug of sleeping colours, he had seen a woman who emerged naked through a door, and disappeared naked. He thought of that body as never having been clad, or as having worn the stuffs and dyes of all the centuries but his own. And for him she had no geographical associations; unless with Crete, or Alexandria, or Veronese's Venice. She was the immortal conception, the perennial theme.

The first break in Hedger's lethargy occurred one afternoon when two young men came to take Eden Bower out to dine. They went into her music room, laughed and talked for a few minutes, and then took her away with them. They were gone a long while, but he did not go out for food himself; he waited for them to come back. At last he heard them coming down the hall, gayer and more talkative than when they left. One of them sat down at the piano, and they all began to sing. This Hedger found absolutely unendurable. He snatched up his hat and went running down the stairs. Caesar leaped beside him, hoping that old times were coming back. They had supper in the oysterman's basement, and then sat down in front of their own doorway. The moon stood full over the Square, a thing of regal glory; but Hedger did not see the moon; he was looking, murderously, for men. Presently two, wearing straw hats and white trousers and carrying canes, came down the steps from his house. He rose and dogged them across the Square. They were laughing and seemed very much elated about something. As one stopped to light a cigarette, Hedger caught from the other:

"Don't you think she has a beautiful talent?"

His companion threw away his match. "She has a beautiful figure." They both ran to catch the stage.

Hedger went back to his studio. The light was shining from her transom. For the first time he violated her privacy at night, and peered through that fatal aperture. She was sitting, fully dressed, in the window, smoking a cigarette and looking out over the housetops. He watched her until she rose, looked about her with a disdainful, crafty smile, and turned out the light.

The next morning, when Miss Bower went out, Hedger followed her. Her white skirt gleamed ahead of him as she sauntered about the Square. She sat down behind the Garibaldi statue and opened a music book she carried. She turned the leaves carelessly, and several times glanced in his direction. He was on the point of going over to her, when she rose quickly and looked up at the sky. A flock of pigeons had risen from somewhere in the crowded Italian quarter to the south, and were wheeling rapidly up through the morning air, soaring and dropping, scattering and coming together, now gray, now white as silver, as they caught or intercepted the sunlight. She put up her hand to shade her eyes and followed them with a kind of defiant delight in her face.

Hedger came and stood beside her. "You've surely seen them before?"

"Oh, yes," she replied, still looking up. "I see them every day from my windows. They always come home about five o'clock. Where do they live?"

"I don't know. Probably some Italian raises them for the market. They were here long before I came, and I've been here four years."

"In that same gloomy room? Why didn't you take mine when it was vacant?"

"It isn't gloomy. That's the best light for painting."

"Oh, is it? I don't know anything about painting. I'd like to see your pictures sometime. You have such a lot in there. Don't they get dusty, piled up against the wall like that?"

"Not very. I'd be glad to show them to you. Is your name really Eden Bower? I've seen your letters on the table."

"Well, it's the name I'm going to sing under. My father's name is Bowers, but my friend Mr. Jones, a Chicago newspaper man who writes about music, told me to drop the 's.' He's crazy about my voice."

Miss Bower didn't usually tell the whole story,—about anything. Her first name, when she lived in Huntington, Illinois, was Edna, but Mr. Jones had persuaded her to change it to one which he felt would be worthy of her future. She was quick to take suggestions, though she told him she "didn't see what was the matter with 'Edna.'"

She explained to Hedger that she was going to Paris to study. She was waiting in New York for Chicago friends who were to take her over, but who had been detained. "Did you study in Paris?" she asked.

"No, I've never been in Paris. But I was in the south of France all last summer, studying with C———. He's the biggest

man among the moderns,—at least I think so."

Miss Bower sat down and made room for him on the bench. "Do tell me about it. I expected to be there by this time, and I can't wait to find out what it's like."

Hedger began to relate how he had seen some of this Frenchman's work in an exhibition, and deciding at once that this was the man for him, he had taken a boat for Marseilles the next week, going over steerage. He proceeded at once to the little town on the coast where his painter lived, and presented himself. The man never took pupils, but because Hedger had come so far, he let him stay. Hedger lived at the master's house and every day they went out together to paint, sometimes on the blazing rocks down by the sea. They wrapped themselves in light woollen blankets and didn't feel the heat. Being there and working with C——— was being in Paradise, Hedger concluded; he learned more in three months than in all his life before.

Eden Bower laughed. "You're a funny fellow. Didn't you do anything but work? Are the women very beautiful? Did you have awfully good things to eat and drink?"

Hedger said some of the women were fine looking, especially one girl who went about selling fish and lobsters. About the food there was nothing remarkable,—except the ripe figs, he liked those. They drank sour wine, and used goat-butter, which was strong and full of hair, as it was churned in a goat skin.

"But don't they have parties or banquets? Aren't there any fine hotels down there?"

"Yes, but they are all closed in summer, and the country people are poor. It's a beautiful country, though."

"How, beautiful?" she persisted.

"If you want to go in, I'll show you some sketches, and you'll see."

Miss Bower rose. "All right. I won't go to my fencing lesson this morning. Do you fence? Here comes your dog. You can't move but he's after you. He always makes a face at me when I meet him in the hall, and shows his nasty little teeth as if he wanted to bite me."

In the studio Hedger got out his sketches, but to Miss Bower, whose favourite pictures were Christ Before Pilate and a red-haired Magdalen of Henner, these landscapes were not at all beautiful, and they gave her no idea of any country whatsoever. She was careful not to commit herself, however. Her vocal teacher had already convinced her that she had a great deal to learn about many things.

"Why don't we go out to lunch somewhere?" Hedger asked, and began to dust his fingers with a handkerchief—which he got out of sight as swiftly as possible.

"All right, the Brevoort," she said carelessly. "I think that's a good place, and they have good wine. I don't care for cocktails."

Hedger felt his chin uneasily. "I'm afraid I haven't shaved this morning. If you could wait for me in the Square? It won't take me ten minutes."

Left alone, he found a clean collar and handkerchief, brushed his coat and blacked his shoes, and last of all dug up ten dollars from the bottom of an old copper kettle he had brought from Spain. His winter hat was of such a complexion that the Brevoort hall boy winked at the porter as he took it and placed it on the rack in a row of fresh straw ones.

IV

THAT afternoon Eden Bower was lying on the couch in her music room, her face turned to the window, watching the pigeons. Reclining thus she could see none of the neighbouring roofs, only the sky itself and the birds that crossed and recrossed her field of vision, white as scraps of paper blowing in the wind. She was thinking that she was young and handsome and had had a good lunch, that a very easy-going, light-hearted city lay in the streets below her; and she was wondering why she found this queer painter chap, with his lean, bluish cheeks and heavy black eyebrows, more interesting than the smart young men she met at her teacher's studio.

Eden Bower was, at twenty, very much the same person that we all know her to be at forty, except that she knew a great deal less. But one thing she knew: that she was to be Eden Bower. She was like some one standing before a great show window full of beautiful and costly things, deciding which she will order. She understands that they will not all be delivered immediately, but one by one they will arrive at her door. She already knew some of the many things that were to happen to her; for instance, that the Chicago millionaire who was going to take her abroad with his sister as chaperone, would eventually press his claim in quite another manner. He was the most circumspect of bachelors, afraid of everything obvious, even of women who were too flagrantly handsome. He was a ner-

vous collector of pictures and furniture, a nervous patron of music, and a nervous host; very cautious about his health, and about any course of conduct that might make him ridiculous. But she knew that he would at last throw all his precautions to the winds.

People like Eden Bower are inexplicable. Her father sold farming machinery in Huntington, Illinois, and she had grown up with no acquaintances or experiences outside of that prairie town. Yet from her earliest childhood she had not one conviction or opinion in common with the people about her,—the only people she knew. Before she was out of short dresses she had made up her mind that she was going to be an actress, that she would live far away in great cities, that she would be much admired by men and would have everything she wanted. When she was thirteen, and was already singing and reciting for church entertainments, she read in some illustrated magazine a long article about the late Czar of Russia, then just come to the throne or about to come to it. After that, lying in the hammock on the front porch on summer evenings, or sitting through a long sermon in the family pew, she amused herself by trying to make up her mind whether she would or would not be the Czar's mistress when she played in his Capital. Now, Edna had met this fascinating word only in the novels of Ouida—her hard-worked little mother kept a long row of them in the upstairs storeroom, behind the linen chest. In Huntington, women who bore that relation to men were called by a very different name, and their lot was not an enviable one; of all the shabby and poor, they were the shabbiest. But then, Edna had never lived in Huntington, not even before she began to find books like "Sappho" and "Mademoiselle de Maupin," secretly sold in paper covers throughout Illinois. It was as if she had come into Huntington, into the Bowers family, on one of the trains that puffed over the marshes behind their back fence all day long, and was waiting for another train to take her out.

As she grew older and handsomer, she had many beaux, but these small-town boys didn't interest her. If a lad kissed her when he brought her home from a dance, she was indulgent and she rather liked it. But if he pressed her further, she slipped away from him, laughing. After she began to sing in Chicago, she was consistently discreet. She stayed as a guest in rich people's houses, and she knew that she was being watched like a rabbit in a laboratory. Covered up in bed, with the lights out, she thought her own thoughts, and laughed.

This summer in New York was her first taste of freedom. The Chicago capitalist, after all his arrangements were made for sailing, had been compelled to go to Mexico to look after oil interests. His sister knew an excellent singing master in New York. Why should not a discreet, well-balanced girl like Miss Bower spend the summer there, studying quietly? The capitalist suggested that his sister might enjoy a summer on Long Island; he would rent the Griffith's place for her, with all the servants, and Eden could stay there. But his sister met this proposal with a cold stare. So it fell out, that between selfishness and greed, Eden got a summer all her own—which really did a great deal toward making her an artist and whatever else she was afterward to become. She had time to look about, to watch without being watched; to select diamonds in one window and furs in another, to select shoulders and moustaches in the big hotels where she went to lunch. She had the easy freedom of obscurity and the consciousness of power. She enjoyed both. She was in no hurry.

While Eden Bower watched the pigeons, Don Hedger sat on the other side of the bolted doors, looking into a pool of dark turpentine, at his idle brushes, wondering why a woman could do this to him. He, too, was sure of his future and knew that he was a chosen man. He could not know, of course, that he was merely the first to fall under a fascination which was to be disastrous to a few men and pleasantly stimulating to many thousands. Each of these two young people sensed the future, but not completely. Don Hedger knew that nothing much would ever happen to him. Eden Bower understood that to her a great deal would happen. But she did not guess that her neighbour would have more tempestuous adventures sitting in his dark studio than she would find in all the capitals of Europe, or in all the latitude of conduct she was prepared to permit herself.

V

One Sunday morning Eden was crossing the Square with a spruce young man in a white flannel suit and a panama hat. They had been breakfasting at the Brevoort, and he was coaxing her to let him come up to her rooms and sing for an hour.

"No, I've got to write letters. You must

run along now. I see a friend of mine over there, and I want to ask him about something before I go up."

"That fellow with the dog? Where did you pick him up?" the young man glanced toward the seat under a sycamore where Hedger was reading the morning paper.

"Oh, he's an old friend from the West," said Eden easily. "I won't introduce you because he doesn't like people. He's a recluse. Good-by. I can't be sure about Tuesday. I'll go with you if I have time after my lesson." She nodded, left him, and went over to the seat littered with newspapers. The young man went up the Avenue without looking back.

"Well, what are you going to do to-day? Shampoo this animal all morning?" Eden enquired teasingly.

Hedger made room for her on the seat. "No, at twelve o'clock I'm going out to Coney Island. One of my models is going up in a balloon this afternoon. I've often promised to go and see her, and now I'm going."

Eden asked if models usually did such stunts. No, Hedger told her, but Molly Welch added to her earnings in that way. "I believe," he added, "she likes the excitement of it. She's got a good deal of spirit. That's why I like to paint her. So many models have flaccid bodies."

"And she hasn't eh? Is she the one who comes to see you? I can't help hearing her. she talks so loud."

"Yes, she has a rough voice, but she's a fine girl. I don't suppose you'd be interested in going?"

"I don't know," Eden sat tracing patterns on the asphalt with the end of her parasol. "Is it any fun? I got up feeling I'd like to do something different to-day. It's the first Sunday I've not had to sing in church. I had that engagement for breakfast at the Brevoort, but it wasn't very exciting. That chap can't talk about anything but himself."

Hedger warmed a little. "If you've never been to Coney Island, you ought to go. It's nice to see all the people; tailors and bar-tenders and prize-fighters with their best girls, and all sorts of folks taking a holiday."

Eden looked sidewise at him. So one ought to be interested in people of that kind, ought one? He was certainly a funny fellow. Yet he was never, somehow, tiresome. She had seen a good deal of him lately, but she kept wanting to know him better, to find out what made him different from men like the one she had just left—whether he really was as different as he seemed. "I'll go with you," she said at last, "if you'll leave that at home." She pointed to Caesar's flickering ears with her sunshade.

"But he's half the fun. You'd like to hear him bark at the waves when they come in."

"No, I wouldn't. He's jealous and disagreeable if he sees you talking to any one else. Look at him now."

"Of course, if you make a face at him. He knows what that means, and he makes a worse face. He likes Molly Welch, and she'll be disappointed if I don't bring him."

Eden said decidedly that he couldn't take both of them. So at twelve o'clock when she and Hedger got on the boat at Desbrosses Street, Caesar was lying on his pallet, with a bone.

Eden enjoyed the boat-ride. It was the first time she had been on the water, and she felt as if she were embarking for France. The light warm breeze and the plunge of the waves made her very wide awake, and she liked crowds of any kind. They went to the balcony of a big, noisy restaurant and had a shore dinner, with tall steins of beer. Hedger had got a big advance from his advertising firm since he first lunched with Miss Bower ten days ago, and he was ready for anything.

After dinner they went to the tent behind the bathing beach, where the tops of two balloons bulged out over the canvas. A red-faced man in a linen suit stood in front of the tent, shouting in a hoarse voice and telling the people that if the crowd was good for five dollars more, a beautiful young woman would risk her life for their entertainment. Four little boys in dirty red uniforms ran about taking contributions in their pill-box hats. One of the balloons was bobbing up and down in its tether and people were shoving forward to get nearer the tent.

"Is it dangerous, as he pretends?" Eden asked.

"Molly says it's simple enough if nothing goes wrong with the balloon. Then it would be all over, I suppose."

"Wouldn't you like to go up with her?"

"I? Of course not. I'm not fond of taking foolish risks."

Eden sniffed. "I shouldn't think sensible risks would be very much fun."

Hedger did not answer, for just then every one began to shove the other way and shout,

"Look out. There she goes!" and a band of six pieces commenced playing furiously.

As the balloon rose from its tent enclosure, they saw a girl in green tights standing in the basket, holding carelessly to one of the ropes with one hand and with the other waving to the spectators. A long rope trailed behind to keep the balloon from blowing out to sea.

As it soared, the figure in green tights in the basket diminished to a mere spot, and the balloon itself, in the brilliant light, looked like a big silver-gray bat, with its wings folded. When it began to sink, the girl stepped through the hole in the basket to a trapeze that hung below, and gracefully descended through the air, holding to the rod with both hands, keeping her body taut and her feet close together. The crowd, which had grown very large by this time, cheered vociferously. The men took off their hats and waved, little boys shouted, and fat old women, shining with the heat and a beer lunch, murmured admiring comments upon the balloonist's figure. "Beautiful legs, she has!"

"That's so," Hedger whispered. "Not many girls would look well in that position." Then, for some reason, he blushed a slow, dark, painful crimson.

The balloon descended slowly, a little way from the tent, and the red-faced man in the linen suit caught Molly Welch before her feet touched the ground, and pulled her to one side. The band struck up "Blue Bell" by way of welcome, and one of the sweaty pages ran forward and presented the balloonist with a large bouquet of artificial flowers. She smiled and thanked him, and ran back across the sand to the tent.

"Can't we go inside and see her?" Eden asked. "You can explain to the door man. I want to meet her." Edging forward, she herself addressed the man in the linen suit and slipped something from her purse into his hand.

They found Molly seated before a trunk that had a mirror in the lid and a "make-up" outfit spread upon the tray. She was wiping the cold cream and powder from her neck with a discarded chemise.

"Hello, Don," she said cordially. "Brought a friend?"

Eden liked her. She had an easy, friendly manner, and there was something boyish and devil-may-care about her.

"Yes, it's fun. I'm mad about it," she said in reply to Eden's questions. "I always want to let go, when I come down on the bar. You don't feel your weight at all, as you would on a stationary trapeze."

The big drum boomed outside, and the publicity man began shouting to newly arrived boat-loads. Miss Welch took a last pull at her cigaret. "Now you'll have to get out, Don. I change for the next act. This time I go up in a black evening dress, and lose the skirt in the basket before I start down."

"Yes, go along," said Eden. "Wait for me outside the door. I'll stay and help her dress."

Hedger waited and waited, while women of every build bumped into him and begged his pardon, and the red pages ran about holding out their caps for coins, and the people ate and perspired and shifted parasols against the sun. When the band began to play a two-step, all the bathers ran up out of the surf to watch the ascent. The second balloon bumped and rose, and the crowd began shouting to the girl in a black evening dress who stood leaning against the ropes and smiling. "It's a new girl they called. It ain't the Countess this time. You're a peach, girlie!"

The balloonist acknowledged these compliments, bowing and looking down over the sea of upturned faces—but Hedger was determined she should not see him, and he darted behind the tent-fly. He was suddenly dripping with cold sweat, his mouth was full of the bitter taste of anger and his tongue felt stiff behind his teeth. Molly Welch, in a shirt-waist and a white tam-o'-shanter cap, slipped out from the tent under his arm and laughed up in his face. "She's a crazy one you brought along. She'll get what she wants!"

"Oh, I'll settle with you, all right!" Hedger brought out with difficulty.

"It's not my fault, Donnie. I couldn't do anything with her. She bought me off. What's the matter with you? Are you soft on her? She's safe enough. It's as easy as rolling off a log, if you keep cool." Molly Welch was rather excited herself, and she was chewing gum at a high speed as she stood beside him, looking up at the floating silver cone. "Now watch," she exclaimed suddenly. "She's coming down on the bar. I advised her to cut that out, but you see she does it first-rate. And she got rid of the skirt, too. Those black tights show off her legs very well. She keeps her feet together like I told her, and makes a good line along the back. See the light on those silver slippers—that was a good

idea I had. Come along to meet her. Don't be a grouch; she's done it fine!"

Molly tweaked his elbow, and then left him standing like a stump, while she ran down the beach with the crowd.

Though Hedger was sulking, his eye could not help seeing the low blue welter of the sea, the arrested bathers, standing in the surf, their arms and legs stained red by the dropping sun, all shading their eyes and gazing upward at the slowly falling silver star.

Molly Welch and the manager caught Eden under the arms and lifted her aside, a red page dashed up with a bouquet, and the band struck up "Blue Bell." Eden laughed and bowed, took Molly's arm, and ran up the sand in her black tights and silver slippers, dodging the friendly old women, and the gallant sports who wanted to offer their homage on the spot.

When she emerged from the tent, dressed in her own clothes, that part of the beach was almost deserted. She stepped to her companion's side and said carelessly: "Hadn't we better try to catch this boat? I hope you're not sore at me. Really, it was lots of fun."

Hedger looked at his watch. "Yes, we have fifteen minutes to get to the boat," he said politely.

As they walked toward the pier, one of the pages ran up panting. "Lady, you're carrying off the bouquet," he said, aggrievedly.

Eden stopped and looked at the bunch of spotty cotton roses in her hand. "Of course. I want them for a souvenir. You gave them to me yourself."

"I give 'em to you for looks, but you can't take 'em away. They belong to the show."

"Oh, you always use the same bunch?"

"Sure we do. There ain't too much money in this business."

She laughed and tossed them back to him. "Why are you angry?" she asked Hedger. "I wouldn't have done it if I'd been with some fellows, but I thought you were the sort who wouldn't mind. Molly didn't for a minute think you would."

"What possessed you to do such a fool thing?" he asked roughly.

"I don't know. When I saw her coming down, I wanted to try it. It looked exciting. Didn't I hold myself as well as she did?"

Hedger shrugged his shoulders, but in his heart he forgave her.

The return boat was not crowded, though the boats that passed them, going out, were packed to the rails. The sun was setting. Boys and girls sat on the long benches with their arms about each other, singing. Eden felt a strong wish to propitiate her companion, to be alone with him. She had been curiously wrought up by her balloon trip; it was a lark, but not very satisfying unless one came back to something after the flight. She wanted to be admired and adored. Though Eden said nothing, and sat with her arms limp on the rail in front of her, looking languidly at the rising silhouette of the city and the bright path of the sun, Hedger felt a strange drawing near to her. If he but brushed her white skirt with his knee, there was an instant communication between them, such as there had never been before. They did not talk at all, but when they went over the gangplank she took his arm and kept her shoulder close to his. He felt as if they were enveloped in a highly charged atmosphere, an invisible network of subtle, almost painful sensibility. They had somehow taken hold of each other.

An hour later, they were dining in the back garden of a little French hotel on Ninth Street, long since passed away. It was cool and leafy there, and the mosquitoes were not very numerous. A party of South Americans at another table were drinking champagne, and Eden murmured that she thought she would like some, if it were not too expensive. "Perhaps it will make me think I am in the balloon again. That was a very nice feeling. You've forgiven me, haven't you?"

Hedger gave her a quick, straight look from under his black eyebrows, and something went over her that was like a chill, except that it was warm and feathery. She drank most of the wine; her companion was indifferent to it. He was talking more to her to-night than he had ever done before. She asked him about a new picture she had seen in his room; a queer thing full of stiff, supplicating female figures. "It's Indian, isn't it?"

"Yes. I call it Rain Spirits, or maybe, Indian Rain. In the Southwest, where I've been a good deal, the Indian traditions make women have to do with the rain-fall. They were supposed to control it, somehow, and to be able to find springs, and make moisture come out of the earth. You see, I'm trying to learn to paint what people think and feel; to get away from all that photographic stuff. When I look at you, I don't see what a camera would see, do I?"

"How can I tell?"

"Well, if I should paint you, I could make you understand what I see." For the second time that day Hedger crimsoned unexpectedly, and his eyes fell and steadily contemplated a dish of little radishes. "That particular picture I got from a story a Mexican priest told me; he said he found it in an old manuscript book in a monastery down there, written by some Spanish Missionary, who got his stories from the Aztecs. This one he called 'The Forty Lovers of the Queen,' and it was more or less about rain-making."

"Aren't you going to tell it to me?" Eden asked.

Hedger fumbled among the radishes. "I don't know if it's the proper kind of story to tell a girl."

She smiled; "Oh, forget about that! I've been balloon riding to-day. I like to hear you talk."

Her low voice was flattering. She had seemed like clay in his hands ever since they got on the boat to come home. He leaned back in his chair, forgot his food, and, looking at her intently, began to tell his story, the theme of which he somehow felt was dangerous to-night.

The tale began, he said, somewhere in Ancient Mexico, and concerned the daughter of a king. The birth of this Princess was preceded by unusual portents. Three times her mother dreamed that she was delivered of serpents, which betokened that the child she carried would have power with the rain gods. The serpent was the symbol of water. The Princess grew up dedicated to the gods, and wise men taught her the rain-making mysteries. She was with difficulty restrained from men, and was guarded at all times, for it was the law of the Thunder that she be maiden until her marriage. In the years of her adolescence, rain was abundant with her people. The oldest man could not remember such fertility. When the Princess had counted eighteen summers, her father went to drive out a war party that harried his borders on the north and troubled his prosperity. The King destroyed the invaders and brought home many prisoners. Among the prisoners was a young chief, taller than any of his captors, of such strength and ferocity that the King's people came a day's journey to look at him. When the Princess beheld his great stature, and saw that his arms and breast were covered with the figures of wild animals, bitten into the skin and coloured, she begged his life from her father. She desired that he should practise his art upon her, and prick upon her skin the signs of Rain and Lightning and Thunder, and stain the wounds with herb-juices, as they were upon his own body. For many days, upon the roof of the King's house, the Princess submitted herself to the bone needle, and the women with her marveled at her fortitude. But the Princess was without shame before the Captive, and it came about that he threw from him his needles and his stains, and fell upon the Princess to violate her honour; and her women ran down from the roof screaming, to call the guard which stood at the gateway of the King's house, and none stayed to protect their mistress. When the guard came, the Captive was thrown into bonds, and he was gelded, and his tongue was torn out, and he was given for a slave to the Rain Princess.

The country of the Aztecs to the east was tormented by thirst, and their king, hearing much of the rain-making arts of the Princess, sent an embassy to her father, with presents and an offer of marriage. So the Princess went from her father to be the Queen of the Aztecs, and she took with her the Captive, who served her in everything with entire fidelity and slept upon a mat before her door.

The King gave his bride a fortress on the outskirts of the city, whither she retired to entreat the rain gods. This fortress was called the Queen's House, and on the night of the new moon the Queen came to it from the palace. But when the moon waxed and grew toward the round, because the god of Thunder had had his will of her, then the Queen returned to the King. Drouth abated in the country and rain fell abundantly by reason of the Queen's power with the stars.

When the Queen went to her own house she took with her no servant but the Captive, and he slept outside her door and brought her food after she had fasted. The Queen had a jewel of great value, a turquoise that had fallen from the sun, and had the image of the sun upon it. And when she desired a young man whom she had seen in the army or among the slaves, she sent the Captive to him with the jewel, for a sign that he should come to her secretly at the Queen's House upon business concerning the welfare of all. And some, after she had talked with them, she sent away with rewards; and some she took into her chamber and kept them by her for one night or two. Afterward she called the Captive and bade him conduct the youth

by the secret way he had come, underneath the chambers of the fortress. But for the going away of the Queen's lovers the Captive took out the bar that was beneath a stone in the floor of the passage, and put in its stead a rush-reed, and the youth stepped upon it and fell through into a cavern that was the bed of an underground river, and whatever was thrown into it was not seen again. In this service nor in any other did the Captive fail the Queen.

But when the Queen sent for the Captain of the Archers, she detained him four days in her chamber, calling often for food and wine, and was greatly content with him. On the fourth day she went to the Captive outside her door and said: "To-morrow take this man up by the sure way, by which the King comes, and let him live."

In the Queen's door were arrows, purple and white. When she desired the King to come to her publicly, with his guard, she sent him a white arrow; but when she sent the purple, he came secretly, and covered himself with his mantle to be hidden from the stone gods at the gate. On the fifth night that the Queen was with her lover, the Captive took a purple arrow to the King, and the King came secretly and found them together. He killed the Captain with his own hand, but the Queen he brought to public trial. The Captive, when he was put to the question, told on his fingers forty men that he had let through the underground passage into the river. The Captive and the Queen were put to death by fire, both on the same day, and afterward there was scarcity of rain.

Eden Bower sat shivering a little as she listened. Hedger was not trying to please her, she thought, but to antagonize and frighten her by his brutal story. She had often told herself that his lean, big-boned lower jaw was like his bull-dog's, but to-night this face made Caesar's most savage and determined expression seem an affectation. Now she was looking at the man he really was. Nobody's eyes had ever defied her like this. They were searching her and seeing everything; all she had concealed from Livingston, and from the millionaire and his friends, and from the newspaper men. He was testing her, trying her out, and she was more ill at ease than she wished to show.

"That's quite a thrilling story," she said at last, rising and winding her scarf about her throat. "It must be getting late. Almost every one has gone."

They walked down the Avenue like people who have quarrelled, or who wish to get rid of each other. Hedger did not take her arm at the street crossings, and they did not linger in the Square. At her door he tried none of the old devices of the Livingston boys. He stood like a post, having forgotten to take off his hat, gave her a harsh, threatening glance, muttered "good-night," and shut his own door noisily.

There was no question of sleep for Eden Bower. Her brain was working like a machine that would never stop. After she undressed, she tried to calm her nerves by smoking a cigarette, lying on the divan by the open window. But she grew wider and wider awake, combating the challenge that had flamed all evening in Hedger's eyes. The balloon had been one kind of excitement, the wine another; but the thing that had roused her, as a blow rouses a proud man, was the doubt, the contempt, the sneering hostility with which the painter had looked at her when he told his savage story. Crowds and balloons were all very well, she reflected, but woman's chief adventure is man. With a mind over active and a sense of life over strong, she wanted to walk across the roofs in the starlight, to sail over the sea and face at once a world of which she had never been afraid.

Hedger must be asleep; his dog had stopped sniffing under the double doors. Eden put on her wrapper and slippers and stole softly down the hall over the old carpet; one loose board creaked just as she reached the ladder. The trap-door was open, as always on hot nights. When she stepped out on the roof she drew a long breath and walked across it, looking up at the sky. Her foot touched something soft; she heard a low growl, and on the instant Caesar's sharp little teeth caught her ankle and waited. His breath was like steam on her leg. Nobody had ever intruded upon his roof before, and he panted for the movement or the word that would let him spring his jaw. Instead, Hedger's hand seized his throat.

"Wait a minute. I'll settle with him," he said grimly. He dragged the dog toward the manhole and disappeared. When he came back, he found Eden standing over by the dark chimney, looking away in an offended attitude.

"I caned him unmercifully," he panted. "Of course you didn't hear anything; he never whines when I beat him. He didn't nip you, did he?"

"I don't know whether he broke the skin or not," she answered aggrievedly, still looking off into the west.

"If I were one of your friends in white pants, I'd strike a match to find whether you were hurt, though I know you are not, and then I'd see your ankle, wouldn't I?"

"I suppose so."

He shook his head and stood with his hands in the pockets of his old painting jacket. "I'm not up to such boy-tricks. If you want the place to yourself, I'll clear out. There are plenty of places where I can spend the night, what's left of it. But if you stay here and I stay here—" He shrugged his shoulders.

Eden did not stir, and she made no reply. Her head drooped slightly, as if she were considering. But the moment he put his arms about her they began to talk, both at once, as people do in an opera. The instant avowal brought out a flood of trivial admissions. Hedger confessed his crime, was reproached and forgiven, and now Eden knew what it was in his look that she had found so disturbing of late.

Standing against the black chimney, with the sky behind and blue shadows before, they looked like one of Hedger's own paintings of that period; two figures, one white and one dark, and nothing whatever distinguishable about them but that they were male and female. The faces were lost, the contours blurred in shadow, but the figures were a man and a woman, and that was their whole concern and their mysterious beauty—it was the rhythm in which they moved, at last, along the roof and down into the dark hole; he first, drawing her gently after him. She came down very slowly. The excitement and bravado and uncertainty of that long day and night seemed all at once to tell upon her. When his feet were on the carpet and he reached up to lift her down, she twined her arms about his neck as after a long separation, and turned her face to him, and her lips with their perfume of youth and passion.

One Saturday afternoon Hedger was sitting in the window of Eden's music room. They had been watching the pigeons come wheeling over the roofs from their unknown feeding grounds.

"Why," said Eden suddenly, "don't we fix those big doors into your studio so they will open? Then, if I want you, I won't have to go through the hall. That illustrator is loafing about a good deal of late."

"I'll open them, if you wish. The bolt is on your side."

"Isn't there one on yours, too?"

"No. I believe a man lived there for years before I came in, and the nurse used to have these rooms herself. Naturally, the lock was on the lady's side."

Eden laughed and began to examine the bolt. "It's all stuck up with paint." Looking about, her eye lighted upon a bronze Buddah which was one of the nurse's treasures. Taking him by his head, she struck the bolt a blow with his squatting posteriors. The two doors creaked, sagged, and swung weakly inward a little way, as if they were too old for such escapades. Eden tossed the heavy idol into a stuffed chair. "That's better," she exclaimed exultantly. "So the bolts are always on the lady's side? What a lot society takes for granted!"

Hedger laughed, sprang up and caught her arms roughly. "Whoever takes you for granted— Did anybody, ever?"

"Everybody does. That's why I'm here. You are the only one who knows anything about me. Now I'll have to dress, if we're going out for dinner."

He lingered, keeping his hold on her. "But I won't always be the only one, Eden Bower. I won't be the last."

"No, I suppose not," she said carelessly. "But what does that matter? You are the first."

As a long, despairing whine broke in the warm stillness, they drew apart. Caesar, lying on his bed in the dark corner, had lifted his head at this invasion of sunlight, and realized that the side of his room was broken open, and his whole world shattered by change. There stood his master and this woman, laughing at him! The woman was pulling the long black hair of this mightiest of men, who bowed his head and permitted it.

VI

In time they quarrelled, of course, and about an abstraction—as young people often do, as mature people almost never do. Eden came in late one afternoon. She had been with some of her musical friends to lunch at Burton Ives' studio, and she began telling Hedger about its splendours. He listened a moment and then threw down his brushes. "I know exactly what it's like," he said impatiently. "A very good department-store conception of a studio. It's one of the show places."

"Well, it's gorgeous, and he said I could

bring you to see him. The boys tell me he's awfully kind about giving people a lift, and you might get something out of it."

Hedger started up and pushed his canvas out of the way. "What could I possibly get from Burton Ives? He's almost the worst painter in the world; the stupidest, I mean."

Eden was annoyed. Burton Ives had been very nice to her and had begged her to sit for him. "You must admit that he's a very successful one," she said coldly.

"Of course he is! Anybody can be successful who will do that sort of thing. I wouldn't paint his pictures for all the money in New York."

"Well, I saw a lot of them, and I think they are beautiful."

Hedger bowed stiffly.

"What's the use of being a great painter if nobody knows about you?" Eden went on persuasively. "Why don't you paint the kind of pictures people can understand, and then, after you're successful, do whatever you like?"

"As I look at it," said Hedger brusquely, "I am successful."

Eden glanced about. "Well, I don't see any evidences of it," she said, biting her lip. "He has a Japanese servant and a wine cellar, and keeps a riding horse."

Hedger melted a little. "My dear, I have the most expensive luxury in the world, and I am much more extravagant than Burton Ives, for I work to please nobody but myself."

"You mean you could make money and don't? That you don't try to get a public?"

"Exactly. A public only wants what has been done over and over. I'm painting for painters—who haven't been born."

"What would you do if I brought Mr. Ives down here to see your things?"

"Well, for God's sake, don't! Before he left I'd probably tell him what I thought of him."

Eden rose. "I give you up. You know very well there's only one kind of success that's real."

"Yes, but it's not the kind you mean. So you've been thinking me a scrub painter, who needs a helping hand from some fashionable studio man? What the devil have you had anything to do with me for, then?"

"There's no use talking to you," said Eden walking slowly toward the door. "I've been trying to pull wires for you all afternoon, and this is what it comes to." She had expected that the tidings of a prospective call from the great man would be received very differently, and had been thinking as she came home in the stage how, as with a magic wand, she might gild Hedger's future, float him out of his dark hole on a tide of prosperity, see his name in the papers and his pictures in the windows on Fifth Avenue.

Hedger mechanically snapped the midsummer leash on Caesar's collar and they ran downstairs and hurried through Sullivan Street off toward the river. He wanted to be among rough, honest people, to get down where the big drays bumped over stone paving blocks and the men wore corduroy trousers and kept their shirts open at the neck. He stopped for a drink in one of the sagging bar-rooms on the water front. He had never in his life been so deeply wounded; he did not know he could be so hurt. He had told this girl all his secrets. On the roof, in these warm, heavy summer nights, with her hands locked in his, he had been able to explain all his misty ideas about an unborn art the world was waiting for; had been able to explain them better than he had ever done to himself. And she had looked away to the chattels of this uptown studio and coveted them for him! To her he was only an unsuccessful Burton Ives.

Then why, as he had put it to her, did she take up with him? Young, beautiful, talented as she was, why had she wasted herself on a scrub? Pity? Hardly; she wasn't sentimental. There was no explaining her. But in his passion that had seemed so fearless and so fated to be, his own position now looked to him ridiculous; poor dauber without money or fame—it was her caprice to load him with favours. Hedger ground his teeth so loud that his dog, trotting beside him, heard him and looked up.

While they were having supper at the oysterman's, he planned his escape. Whenever he saw her again, everything he had told her, that he should never have told any one, would come back to him; ideas he had never whispered even to the painter whom he worshiped and had gone all the way to France to see. To her they must seem his apology for not having horses and a valet, or merely the puerile boastfulness of a weak man. Yet if she slipped the bolt to-night and came through the doors and said, "Oh, weak man, I belong to you!" what could he do? That was the danger. He would catch the train out to Long Beach to-night, and to-morrow he would go on to the north end of Long Island, where an

old friend of his had a summer studio among the sand dunes. He would stay until things came right in his mind. And she could find a smart painter, or take her punishment.

When he went home, Eden's room was dark; she was dining out somewhere. He threw his things into a hold-all he had carried about the world with him, strapped up some colours and canvases, and ran downstairs.

VII

FIVE days later Hedger was a restless passenger on a dirty, crowded Sunday train, coming back to town. Of course he saw now how unreasonable he had been in expecting a Huntington girl to know anything about pictures; here was a whole continent full of people who knew nothing about pictures and he didn't hold it against them. What had such things to do with him and Eden Bower? When he lay out on the dunes, watching the moon come up out of the sea, it had seemed to him that there was no wonder in the world like the wonder of Eden Bower. He was going back to her because she was older than art, because she was the most overwhelming thing that had ever come into his life.

He had written her yesterday, begging her to be at home this evening, telling her that he was contrite, and wretched enough.

Now that he was on his way to her, his stronger feeling unaccountably changed to a mood that was playful and tender. He wanted to share everything with her, even the most trivial things. He wanted to tell her about the people on the train, coming back tired from their holiday with bunches of wilted flowers and dirty daisies; to tell her that the fish-man, to whom she had often sent him for lobsters, was among the passengers, disguised in a silk shirt and a spotted tie, and how his wife looked exactly like a fish, even to her eyes, on which cataracts were forming. He could tell her, too, that he hadn't as much as unstrapped his canvases—that ought to convince her.

In those days passengers from Long Island came into New York by ferry. Hedger had to be quick about getting his dog out of the express car in order to catch the first boat. The East River, and the bridges, and the city to the west, were burning in the conflagration of the sunset; there was that great home-coming reach of evening in the air.

The car changes from Thirty-fourth Street were too many and too perplexing; for the first time in his life Hedger took a hansom cab for Washington Square. Caesar sat bolt upright on the worn leather cushion beside him, and they jogged off, looking down on the rest of the world.

It was twilight when they drove down lower Fifth Avenue into the Square, and through the Arch behind them were the two long rows of pale violet lights that used to bloom so beautifully against the gray stone and asphalt. Here and yonder about the Square hung globes that shed a radiance not unlike the blue mists of evening, emerging softly when daylight died, as the stars emerged in the thin blue sky. Under them the sharp shadows of the trees fell on the cracked pavement and the sleeping grass. The first stars and the first lights were growing silver against the gradual darkening, when Hedger paid his driver and went into the house—which, thank God, was still there! On the hall table lay his letter of yesterday, unopened.

He went upstairs with every sort of fear and every sort of hope clutching at his heart; it was as if tigers were tearing him. Why was there no gas burning in the top hall? He found matches and the gas bracket. He knocked, but got no answer; nobody was there. Before his own door were exactly five bottles of milk, standing in a row. The milk-boy had taken spiteful pleasure in thus reminding him that he forgot to stop his order.

Hedger went down to the basement; it, too, was dark. The janitress was taking her evening airing on the basement steps. She sat waving a palm-leaf fan majestically, her dirty calico dress open at the neck. She told him at once that there had been "changes." Miss Bower's room was to let again, and the piano would go to-morrow. Yes, she left yesterday, she sailed for Europe with friends from Chicago. They arrived on Friday, heralded by many telegrams. Very rich people they were said to be, though the man had refused to pay the nurse a month's rent in lieu of notice—which would have been only right, as the young lady had agreed to take the rooms until October. Mrs. Foley had observed, too, that he didn't overpay her or Willy for their trouble, and a great deal of trouble they had been put to certainly. Yes, the young lady was very pleasant, but the nurse said there were rings on the mahogany table where she had put tumblers and wine glasses. It was just as well she was gone. The Chicago man was uppish in his ways, but not much to look at. She supposed he

had poor health, for there was nothing to him inside his clothes.

Hedger went slowly up the stairs—never had they seemed so long, or his legs so heavy. The upper floor was emptiness and silence. He unlocked his room, lit the gas, and opened the windows. When he went to put his coat in the closet, he found, hanging among his clothes, a pale, flesh-tinted dressing gown he had liked to see her wear, with a perfume—oh, a perfume that was still Eden Bower! He shut the door behind him and there, in the dark, for a moment he lost his manliness. It was when he held this garment to him that he found a letter in the pocket.

The note was written with a lead pencil, in haste: She was sorry that he was angry, but she still didn't know just what she had done. She had thought Mr. Ives would be useful to him; she guessed he was too proud. She wanted awfully to see him again, but Fate came knocking at her door after he had left her. She believed in Fate. She would never forget him, and she knew he would become the greatest painter in the world. Now she must pack. She hoped he wouldn't mind her leaving the dressing gown; somehow, she could never wear it again.

After Hedger read this, standing under the gas, he went back into the closet and knelt down before the wall; the knot-hole had been plugged up with a ball of wet paper—the same blue note-paper on which her letter was written.

He was hard hit. To-night he had to bear the loneliness of a whole lifetime. Knowing himself so well, he could hardly believe that such a thing had ever happened to him, that such a woman had lain happy and contented in his arms. And now it was over. He turned out the light and sat down on his painter's stool before the big window. Caesar, on the floor beside him, rested his head on his master's knee. We must leave Hedger thus, sitting in his tank with his dog, looking up at the stars.

Coming Aphrodite! This legend, in electric lights over the Lexington Opera House, had long announced the return of Eden Bower to New York after years of spectacular success in Paris. She came at last, under the management of an American Opera Companv. but bringing her own *chef d'orchestre.*

One bright December afternoon Eden Bower was going down Fifth Avenue in her car, on the way to her broker, in William Street. Her thoughts were entirely upon stocks—Cerro de Pasco, and how much she should buy of it—when she suddenly looked up and realized that she was skirting Washington Square. She had not seen the place since she rolled out of it in an old-fashioned four-wheeler to seek her fortune, eighteen years ago.

"*Arrêtez, Alphonse. Attendez moi,*" she called, and opened the door before he could reach it. The children who were streaking over the asphalt on roller skates saw a lady in a long fur coat, and short, high-heeled shoes, alight from a French car and pace slowly about the Square, holding her muff to her chin. This spot, at least, had changed very little, she reflected; the same trees, the same fountain, the white arch, and, over yonder, Garibaldi, drawing the sword for freedom. There, just opposite her, was the old red-brick house.

"Yes, that is the place," she was thinking. "I can smell the carpets now, and the dog—what was his name? That grubby bathroom at the end of the hall, and that dreadful Hedger—still, there was something about him, you know—" She glanced up and blinked against the sun. From somewhere in the crowded quarter south of the Square a flock of pigeons rose, wheeling quickly upward into the brilliant blue sky. She threw back her head, pressed her muff closer to her chin, and watched them with a smile of amazement and delight. So they still rose, out of all that dirt and noise and squalor, fleet and silvery, just as they used to rise that summer when she was twenty and went up in a balloon on Coney Island!

Alphonse opened the door and tucked her robes about her. All the way down town her mind wandered from Cerro de Pasco, and she kept smiling and looking up at the sky.

When she had finished her business with the broker, she asked him to look in the telephone book for the address of M. Gaston Jules, the picture dealer, and slipped the paper on which he wrote it into her glove. It was five o'clock when she reached the French Galleries, as they were called. On entering she gave the attendant her card, asking him to take it to M. Jules. The dealer appeared very promptly and begged her to come into his private office, where he pushed a great chair toward his desk for her and signalled his secretary to leave the room.

"How good your lighting is in here," she observed, glancing about. "I met you at Simon's studio, didn't I? Oh, no! I never forget anybody who interests me." She threw her muff on his writing table and

sank into the deep chair. "I have come to you for some information that's not in my line. Do you know anything about an American painter named Hedger?"

He took the seat opposite her. "Don Hedger? But, certainly! There are some very interesting things of his in an exhibition at V——'s. If you would care to——"

She held up her hand. "No, no. I've no time to go to exhibitions. Is he a man of any importance?"

"Certainly. He is one of the first men among the moderns. That is to say, among the very moderns. He is always coming up with something different. He often exhibits in Paris; you must have seen——"

"No, I tell you I don't go to exhibitions. Has he had great success? That is what I want to know."

M. Jules pulled at his short gray moustache. "But, Madame, there are many kinds of success," he began cautiously.

Madame gave a dry laugh. "Yes, so he used to say. We once quarreled on that issue. And how would you define his particular kind?"

M. Jules grew thoughtful. "He is a great name with all the young men, and he is decidedly an influence in art. But one can't definitely place a man who is original, erratic, and who is changing all the time."

She cut him short. "Is he much talked about at home? In Paris, I mean? Thanks. That's all I want to know." She rose and began buttoning her coat. "One doesn't like to have been an utter fool, even at twenty."

"*Mais, non!*" M. Jules handed her her muff with a quick, sympathetic glance. He followed her out through the carpeted showroom, now closed to the public and draped in cheesecloth, and put her into her car with words appreciative of the honour she had done him in calling.

Leaning back in the cushions, Eden Bower closed her eyes, and her face, as the street lamps flashed their ugly orange light upon it, became hard and settled, like a plaster cast; so a sail, that has been filled by a strong breeze, behaves when the wind suddenly dies. To-morrow night the wind would blow again, and this mask would be the golden face of Aphrodite. But a "big" career takes its toll, even with the best of luck.

The Time I've Lost in Wooing

By THOMAS MOORE

THE time I've lost in wooing,
In watching and pursuing
The light that lies
In woman's eyes,
Has been my heart's undoing.
Though Wisdom oft has sought me,
I scorned the lore she brought me,
My only books
Were woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me.

Her smile when Beauty granted,
I hung with gaze enchanted,
Like him the Sprite
Whom maids by night
Oft meet in glen that's haunted.
Like him, too, Beauty won me,
But while her eyes were on me,
If once their ray
Was turned away,
O, winds could not outrun me.

And are those follies going?
And is my proud heart growing
Too cold or wise
For brilliant eyes
Again to set it glowing?
No, vain, th' the endeavour
From bonds so sweet to sever;
Poor Wisdom's chance
Against a glance
Is now as weak as ever.

So They Say

FRED PATZEL:
champion hog-caller of Nebraska, whose "poooo-ew-oiig" can be heard three miles away—challenging the world to a hog-calling contest

"You've got to have appeal as well as power in your voice. You've got to convince the hogs you have something for them."

COUNT FINKENHEIM:
in a letter to Herman Bernstein, "by the all-highest command of His Majesty the Kaiser and King"

"The German Kaiser knew how to preserve the peace of the world for thirty years; with God's help he will do it again."

EUGENE O'NEILL:
American dramatist

"Every person has within him his own kind of truth, and that truth has little if any application outside its possessor."

R. B. MOWAT:
Professor of History at Oxford, explaining why the Prince of Wales did not take examinations

"You couldn't examine a man who will be your King, you know. Besides, someone might be found who was better than His Highness, and that would be very embarrassing."

SUZANNE LENGLEN
leading woman tennis-player of the world, on turning professional

"For the price for which I agreed to shed my amateur's ermine it will be easy for me to buy a respectable number of even more valuable furs."

CHARLES C. PYLE:
whose "cold cash" has altered the amateur status of "Red" Grange, Lenglen, and Mary Browne

"Miss Lenglen is the sweetest thing I have ever met, and I expect complete harmony. She has a wonderful personality; and I am pleased beyond words."

WILLIAM L. RIPLEY:
Professor of Political Economy at Harvard, in "Atlantic Monthly"

"American business affairs, in so far as they have assumed the corporate form, under their recent aspect of public ownership, are still too largely carried on in twilight."

GERTRUDE EDERLE:
after finishing her swim across the English Channel

"What more is there?"

JULIAN S. HUXLEY:
Grandson of T. H. Huxley; Professor of Zoölogy at King's College, London

"Courtship can be said to be marked in snails, crabs, spiders, flies, frogs, and some birds. It reaches its heights in petting parties and dances."

REGIS MICHAUD:
Professor, University of California

"The American novel has definitely abandoned the traditional happy ending to the movies and magazine stories."

LADY DUFF-GORDON:
English fashion expert

"I think the reason why Englishwomen are not well-dressed is entirely because of the men. Englishmen simply hate to have their women stared at in the streets."

SIR JAMES COLQUOHOUN IRVINE:
Principal, University of St. Andrews

"The whole machinery of war may be scrapped, warships may be sunk, armies may be disbanded, and fortresses demolished—but the chemical factory must remain, and, so long as it exists, it is a potential war factory."

GOMEZ DA COSTA:
Distinguished Portuguese General

"The highest and noblest task of man is war."

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE:
Senator, lawyer, author

"We Americans are regulated, directed, controlled and suppressed by more legislative acts, bureaucratic rules, and Government interference with every phase of business and life, than any other people that exists to-day—or ever did exist under any form of government anywhere on earth."

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT:
Chief Justice and Ex-President

"The chief end of punishment is to protect society by deterring others from committing crimes; and it destroys the main object to change a penitentiary into a free boarding-house, with all sorts of entertainment."

ST. JOHN ERVINE:
Irish dramatist, novelist and essayist

"There is not one hotel in America known to me—and I have stayed in at least thirty of them—where a civilized man can get a meal that is fit to eat."

CHARLES A. COFFIN:
who was to the electrical business what Edison has been to electrical invention—just before his death in July at 81 years

"Of one thing I am certain: we are just at the beginning of the electrical age."

GEORGE E. ROBERTS:
Vice-president, National City Bank, New York

"It has been found impossible to prevent the flight of French money across the border. Francs have been stuffed in automobile tires and carried into Belgium, for example, to be sold in an alien exchange. . . . This flight runs into staggering figures."

REV. ROY J. BRUMBAUGH:
of Philadelphia

"It has been proved that 64 per cent. of the young people of America to-day are dishonest. . . . Young women in most cases are immodest, and are able to carry their wardrobes around in their hand purses."

GEORGE W. FORD:
Bank-clerk of South Bend, Ind.—in a letter to the police

"I deserted a wife who never loved me, and two children who did. Robbed a bank, and became an outcast on the face of the earth for the chorus girls who lived with me in this love-nest for three days, then left for parts unknown, with the cash from the bank I robbed.

"Henceforth and hereafter I declare war on all women until I am either hung, shot, or electrocuted."

MAJOR EDWARD M. SKINNER:
Engineer in charge of mosquito abatement work

'The lady mosquitoes are the only ones that bite."

SAMUEL SHIPMAN:
Author of "East is West," "Friendly Enemies" and many other plays

"The dramatist who understands his art should not attempt to hold a looking-glass before the world about him. He is not picturing things as they are. He is in competition with God, creating characters and worlds of his own."

SIR JOSIAH STAMP, G. B. E., K. B. E., C. B. E.:
English railway president and statistician

"A soul like a walnut and a mind like a rag-bag are the two enemies of all millennia."

MISTINGUETT:
French music-hall favourite

"I just buy two frocks, and when I get tired of them, I give them away to some poor country girl and get another one."

LADY EMILY LUTYENS:
wife of the English artist-architect, and daughter of Earl of Lytton

"The cigarette bill alone is a formidable item in the budget of a young couple at the present time!"

ADNA W. LEONARD:
Bishop, M. E. Church, and president Anti-Saloon League

"We are the keepers of the Constitution, of the flag, and of American citizenship."

MRS. FRANK B. GILBRETH: *consulting engineer, author, lecturer*	"The greatest enemy of women who would combine marriage with careers to-day is not men, but the college-trained women who have kept up neither their professions nor intellectual interest, and who boast that they give all of their time to their families."
KRISHNAMURTRI: *Hindu mystic whom some Theosophists believe a vehicle for the "World Teacher"*	"Ordinarily I could not eat eggs. In India we do not. There are reasons. But I am cold here, so I eat one-fourth of an egg a day."
NATIONAL BABY WEEK COUNCIL: *puts forth a slogan*	"It is more dangerous to be a baby in the cradle than to be a soldier in the trenches."
GEN. LINCOLN C. ANDREWS: *Chief of Prohibition enforcement*	"I am commissioned to make war on bootleggers. But what I think of the Prohibition Law—well, you know that one can be a pastry-cook without liking pastry."
GEORGES CLÉMENCEAU: *in his open letter protesting against the French-American debt settlement*	"France is not for sale, even to her friends. Independent she came to us, independent we shall leave her."
SULTAN MULAI YUSSEF: *of Morocco, when the French battleship on which he was being shown various wonders ran into a "Mistral" storm*	"Tell the Admiral to turn that off."
HELEN WAINWRIGHT: *famous American swimmer, in "Collier's"*	"I believe that swimming is the best all-round exercise for both sexes. It puts curves in strategic places, and takes the curves out of backbones. . . . If you swim, you'll need no liver pills or complexion creams."
AMELITA GALLI-CURCI: *Coloratura prima donna*	"Throwing your voice into the air on a radio reminds me of having a picture developed before you have looked at the proof. I refuse to be sandwiched between a bed-time story and a jazz orchestra."
RICHARD LEGALLIENNE: *English author*	"If you are rich you can buy a Titian for the woman you love, but you cannot buy her a sunrise."
MIGUEL DE UNAMUNO: *Spanish writer*	"Science robs men of wisdom, and changes them, as a rule, into phantoms laden with knowledge. To repudiate science would be mental suicide, but I cannot consider it as other than a preparation, and merely a preparation, for wisdom."
AN EDUCATOR: *"confesses" in the "New Republic"*	"I believe that a good teacher—no matter what he teaches—is worth all the systems in the world. I believe that there is only one thing a college can teach, and that is the *method* of learning."
A GERMAN TRAVELLER: *writing in the "Kreuz-Zeitung"*	"America has nothing to offer cultured Europeans. Scratch an American and you are sure to find he is nothing more than a piece of machinery."
WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE: *Kansas editor and author, after a successful anti-Klan fight in the Republican state primary*	"There was no other issue in the campaign, and the Ku Klux Klan now stands a busted community in Kansas. Anyone can afford to kick it around and revile it. . . . Thank heaven, Kansas is free."
JACOB HENRY KLEIN, JR.: *Retiring Commandant of the Naval Air Station at Lakehurst, N. J., after 24 years' service*	"I started life backwards. Most men retire to see the world; I have seen too much of it. When I want adventure, I'll get all I want of it by dodging taxis on Fifth Avenue."
JEAN CALLEZO: *after flying his plane to the world's record altitude of 40,820 feet*	"Mounting to the edge of heaven is not an easy job."

GEORGE A. DORSEY:
anthropologist of a new sort, in "American Magazine"

"When something has lost its kick, try something that has a kick. . . . Change your boarding-house, or fall in love, or have a baby, or fire the cook, or buy a new car, or take up French, or plant a garden, or (best of all!) begin to ask questions again as you used to do when a child."

SYLVAIN LÉVI:
Professor at College of France, and Orientalist

"For the Easterner, the universe is essentially something that grows within himself. The universe absorbs him and penetrates him, while to the Westerner it is external, an object of contemplation and invitation to action."

CLARE BRIGGS:
Cartoonist

"A long art education destroys individuality, and that, after all, is the secret of any success."

ROBERT QUILLEN:
syndicate writer

"It isn't natural to tell the truth, any more than it is natural to respect the other fellow's property rights. Truth-telling is a business that has to be learned; it is an accomplishment, not an instinct."

HENRY MORGENTHAU:
Ambassador, financier, author

"I regard the British as the guardians of civilization."

MARION TALLEY:
who came from St. Louis for her successful début at the Metropolitan Opera House

"I was stunned at the sight of so many young women smoking in the East."

RABINDRANATH TAGORE:
Hindu poet and mystic

"We in India are, it is true, under a foreign domination, but we are freer men by far than Americans—spiritually freer."

AUSTIN HOPKINSON:
Lancashire member of British Parliament

"In the wild rush to gain votes which has marked the decadence of democracy during the present century, party politicians have destroyed the greatest asset that any nation can have—a real aristocracy."

MRS. EVA GOLDSTONE:
Suing for a separation

"When our first child turned out to be a girl, my husband's rage knew no bounds, as he was desirous that it should be a boy.
"The birth of a second girl baby instead of a boy has had the effect of turning my husband almost into a demon."

RAYMOND POINCARÉ:
Premier of the union government in France

"France has known hours graver and sadder than these. She saved herself by union and energy. To-day, victory depends on the same conditions."

MME. LOUISE:
beauty expert

"Hair for formal wear next season will be cut to suit the type, and draped about the head to simulate long hair. Bobbed hair will never go. It's too comfortable; but it is to be camouflaged to look long. It will be cut much as a piece of goods, on the bias. Ears will be out this year and tinted from flesh colour to cerise. Finger-nails will be painted to match the gown."

WILLIAM R. COOPER:
President, National Wholesale Jewelers' Association

"The modern girl does not wear enough clothing to hang jewelry on. As a result, the women of to-day are taking to wearing expensive jewelry out of sight of the male glance, such as jewelled garters and lingerie sets."

CHRISTIAN G. NORMAN:
Chairman, board of governors, Building Trades Employers' Assn., New York

"So far as the efficiency of workers in the building trades of New York is concerned, every increased wage paid during the last twenty years has brought down production. Everybody who lives in a house in New York is paying for it, no matter whether he owns the house or simply rents a room in it."

Silk o' the Kine

By FIONA MACLEOD

William Sharp

"WHAT I shall now be telling you," said Ian Mòr to me once—and indeed, I should remember the time of it well, for it was in the last year of his life, when rarely any other than myself saw aught of Ian of the Hills. "What I shall now be telling you is an ancient forgotten tale of a man and woman of the old heroic days. The name of the man was Isla, and the name of the woman was Eilidh."

"Ah yes, for sure," Ian added, as I interrupted him; "I knew you would be saying that; but it is not of Eilidh that loved Cormac that I am now speaking. Nor am I taking the hidden way with Isla, that was my friend, nor with Eilidh that is my name-child, whom you know. Let the Birdeen be, bless her bonnie heart! No, what I am for telling you is all as new to you as the green grass to a lambkin; and no one has heard it from these tired lips o' mine since I was a boy, and learned it off the mouth of old Barabol Mac-Aodh, that was my foster-mother."

Of all the many tales of the olden time that Ian Mòr told me, and are to be found in no book, this was the last. That is why I give it here, where I have spoken much of him.

Ian told me this thing one winter night, while we sat before the peats, where the ingle was full of warm shadows. We were in the croft of the small hill-farm of Glenivore, which was held by my cousin, Silis Macfarlane. But we were alone then, for Silis was over at the far end of the Strath, because of the baffling against death of her dearest friend, Giorsal MacDiarmid.

It was warm there, before the peats, with a thick wedge of spruce driven into the heart of them. The resin crackled and sent blue sparks of flame up through the red and yellow tongues that licked the sooty chimney-slopes, in which, as in a shell, we could hear an endless soughing of the wind.

Outside, the snow lay deep. It was so hard on the surface that the white hares, leaping across it, went soundless as shadows, and as trackless.

In the far-off days, when Somhairle was Maormor of the Isles, the most beautiful woman of her time was named Eilidh

The king had sworn that whosoever was his best man in battle, when next the Fomorian pirates out of the north came down upon the isles, should have Eilidh to wife.

Eilidh, who, because of her soft, white beauty, for all the burning brown of her by the sun and wind, was also called Silk o' the Kine, laughed low when she heard this. For she loved the one man in all the world for her, and that was Isla, the son of Isla Mòr, the blind chief of Islay. He, too, loved her even as she loved him. He was a poet as well as a warrior, and scarce she knew whether she loved best the fire in his eyes when, girt with his gleaming weapons and with his fair hair unbound, he went forth to battle: or the shine in his eyes when, harp in hand, he chanted of the great deeds of old, or made a sweet song to her, Eilidh, his queen of women; or the flame in his eyes when, meeting her at the setting of the sun, he stood speechless, wrought to silence because of his worshipping love of her.

One day she bade him go to the Isle of the Swans to fetch her enough of the breast-down of the wild cygnets for her to make a white cloak of. While he was still absent—and the going there, and the faring thereupon, and the returning took three days—the Fomorians came down upon the Long Island.

It was a hard fight that was fought, but at last the Norlanders were driven back with slaughter. Somhairle, the Maormor, was all but slain in that fight, and the corbies would have had his eyes had it not been for Osra Mac Osra, who with his javelin slew the spearman who had waylaid the king while he slipped in the Fomorian blood he had spilt.

While the ale was being drunk out of the great horns that night, Somhairle called for Eilidh.

The girl came to the rath where the king and his warriors feasted, white and beautiful as moonlight among turbulent, black waves.

A murmur went up from many bearded lips. The king scowled. Then there was silence.

"I am here, O King," said Eilidh. The sweet voice of her was like soft rain in the woods at the time of the greening.

Somhairle looked at her. Sure, she was fair to see. No wonder men called her Silk o' the Kine. His pulse beat against the stormy tide in his veins. Then, suddenly, his gaze fell upon Osra. The heart of his kinsman that had saved him was his own; and he smiled, and lusted after Eilidh no more.

"Eilidh, that are called Silk o' the Kine, dost thou see this man here before me?"

"I see the man."

"Let the name of him, then, be upon your lips."

"It is Osra Mac Osra."

"It is this Osra and no other man that is to wind thee, fair Silk o' the Kine. And by the same token, I have sworn to him that he shall lie breast to breast with thee this night. So go hence to where Osra has his sleeping-place, and await him there upon the deer-skins. From this hour thou art his wife. It is said."

Then a silence fell again upon all there, when, after a loud surf of babbling laughter and talk, they saw that Eilidh stood where she was, heedless of the king's word.

Somhairle gloomed. The great black eyes under his cloudy mass of hair flamed upon her.

"Is it dumb you are, Eilidh," he said at last, in a cold, hard voice. "Or do you wait for Osra to take you hence?"

"I am listening," she answered, and that whisper was heard by all there. It was as the wind in the heather, low and sweet.

Then all listened.

The playing of a harp was heard. None played like that, save Isla Mac Isla Mòr.

Then the deer-skins were drawn aside, and Isla came among those who feasted there.

"Welcome, O thou who wast afar off when the foe came," began Somhairle, with bitter mocking.

But Isla took no note of that. He went forward till he was nigh upon the Maormor. Then he waited.

"Well, Isla that is called Isla-Aluinn, Isla fair-to-see, what is the thing you want of me, that you stand there, close-kin to death, I am warning you?"

"I want Eilidh that is called Silk o' the Kine."

"Eilidh is the wife of another man."

"There is no other man, O King."

"A brave word that! And who says it, O Isla my over-lord?"

"I say it."

Somhairle, the great Maormor, laughed, and his laugh was like a black bird of omen let loose against a night of storm.

"And what of Eilidh?"

"Let her speak."

With that the Maormor turned to the girl, who did not quail.

"Speak, Silk o' the Kine!"

"There is no other man, O King."

"Fool, I have this moment wedded you and Osra Mac Osra."

"I am wife to Isla-Aluinn."

"Thou canst not be wife to two men!"

"That may be, O King. I know not. But I am wife to Isla-Aluinn."

The king scowled darkly. None at the board whispered even. Osra shifted uneasily, clasping his sword-hilt. Isla stood, his eyes ashine as they rested on Eilidh. He knew nothing in life or death could come between them.

"Art thou not still a maid, Eilidh?" Somhairle asked at last.

"No."

"Shame to thee, wanton."

The girl smiled. But in her eyes, darkened now, there shone a flame.

"Is Isla-Aluinn the man?"

"He is the man."

With that the king laughed a bitter laugh.

"Seize him!" he cried.

But Isla made no movement. So those who were about to bind him stood by, ready with naked swords.

"Take up your harp," said Somhairle.

Isla stooped, and lifted the harp.

"Play now the wedding song of Osra Mac Osra and Eilidh Silk o' the Kine."

Isla smiled, but it was a grim smile that, and only Eilidh understood. Then he struck the harp, and he sang thus far this song out of his heart to the woman he loved better than life:

Eilidh, Eilidh, heart of my life, my pulse, my flame,
There are two men loving thee, and two who are calling thee wife!

But only one husband to thee, Eilidh, that art my wife and my joy;

Ay, sure thy womb knows me and the child thou bearest is mine.

Thou to me, I to thee, there is nought else in the world, Eilidh, Silk o' the Kine—
Nought else in the world, no, no other man for thee, no woman for me!

But with that Somhairle rose, and dashed the hilt of his great spear upon the ground.

"Let the twain go," he shouted.

Then all stood or leaned back, as Isla and Eilidh slowly moved through their midst, hand in hand. Not one there but knew they went to their death.

"This night shall be theirs," cried the king with mocking wrath. "Then, Osra, you can have your will of Silk o' the Kine that is your wife, and have Isla-Aluinn to be your slave—and this for the rising and setting of three moons from to-night. Then they shall each be blinded and made dumb, and that for the same space of time. And at the end of that time they shall be thrown upon the snow to the wolves."

Nevertheless Osra groaned in his heart because of that night of Isla with Eilidh. Not all the years of the years could give him a joy like unto that.

In the silence of the mid-dark he went stealthily to where the twain lay.

It was there he was found in the morning, where he had died soundlessly, with Eilidh's dagger up to the hilt in his heart.

But none saw them go, save one; and that was Sorch, the brother of Isla, Sorch who in later days was called Sorch Mouth o' Honey because of his sweet songs. Of all songs that he sang none was so sweet against the ears as that of the love of Eilidh and Isla. Two lovers these that loved as few love; and deathless, too, because of that great love.

And what Sorch saw was this. Just before the rising of the sun, Isla and Eilidh came hand in hand from out of the rath, where they had lain awake all night because of their deep joy.

Silently, but unhasting, fearless still as of yore, they moved across the low dunes that withheld the sea from the land.

The waves were just frothed, so low were they. The loud glad singing of them filled the morning. Eilidh and Isla stopped when the first waves met their feet. They cast their raiment from them. Eilidh flung the gold fillet of her dusky hair far into the sea. Isla broke his sword, and saw the two halves shelve through the moving greenness. Then they turned, and kissed each other upon the lips.

And the end of the song of Sorch is this: that neither he nor any man knows whether they went to life or to death; but that Isla and Eilidh swam out together against the sun, and were seen never again by any of their kin or race. Two strong swimmers were these, who swam out together into the sunlight: Eilidh and Isla.

There is a Lady Sweet and Kind

THERE is a Lady sweet and kind,
Was never face so pleased my mind;
I did but see her passing by,
And yet I love her till I die.

Her gesture, motion, and her smiles,
Her wit, her voice my heart beguiles,
Beguiles my heart, I know not why,
And yet I love her till I die.

Cupid is wingéd and doth range,
Her country so my love doth change:
But change she earth, or change she sky,
Yet will I love her till I die.

ANON. (*Music of Sundry Kinds, 1607.*)

The Passing of Cock-Eye Blacklock

By FRANK NORRIS

"WELL, m'son," observed Bunt about half an hour after supper, "if your provender has shook down comfortable by now, we might as well jar loose and be moving along out yonder."

We left the fire and moved toward the hobbled ponies, Bunt complaining of the quality of the outfit's meals. "Down in the Panamint country," he growled, "we had a Chink that was a sure frying-pan expert; but *this* Dago—my word! That ain't victuals, that supper. That's just a' ingenious device for removing superfluous appetite. Next time I assimilate nutriment in this camp I'm sure going to take chloroform beforehand. Careful to draw your cinch tight on that pinto bronc' of yours. She always swells up same as a horned toad soon as you begin to saddle up."

We rode from the circle of the camp-fire's light and out upon the desert. It was Bunt's turn to ride the herd that night, and I had volunteered to bear him company.

Bunt was one of a fast-disappearing type. He knew his West as the cockney knows his Piccadilly. He had mined with and for Ralston, had soldiered with Crook, had turned cards in a faro game at Laredo, and had known the Apache Kid. He had fifteen separate and different times driven the herds from Texas to Dodge City, in the good old, rare old, wild old days when Dodge was the headquarters for the cattle trade, and as near to heaven as the cowboy cared to get. He had seen the end of gold and the end of the buffalo, the beginning of cattle, the beginning of wheat and the spreading of the barbed-wire fence, that, in the end, will take from him his occupation and his revolver, his chaparejos and his usefulness, his lariat and his reason for being. He had seen the rise of a new period, the successive stages of which, singularly enough, tally exactly with the progress of our own world-civilization: first the nomad and hunter, then the herder, next and last the husbandman. He had passed the mid-mark of his life. His mustache was gray. He had four friends—his horse, his pistol, a teamster in the Indian Territory Panhandle named Skinny, and me.

The herd—I suppose all told there were some two thousand head—we found not far from the water-hole. We relieved the other watch and took up our night's vigil. It was about nine o'clock. The night was fine, calm. There was no cloud. Toward the middle watches one could expect a moon. But the stars, the stars! In Idaho, on those lonely reaches of desert and range, where the shadow of the sun by day and the courses of the constellations by night are the only things that move, these stars are a different matter from those bleared pin-points of the city after dark, seen through dust and smoke and the glare of electrics and the hot haze of fire-signs. On such a night as that when I rode the herd with Bunt, *anything* might have happened; one could have believed in fairies then, and in the buffalo-ghost, and in all the weirds of the craziest Apache "Messiah" that ever made medicine.

One remembered astronomy and the "measureless distances" and the showy problems, including the rapid moving of a ray of light and the long years of its travel between star and star, and smiled incredulously. Why, the stars were just above our heads, were not much higher than the flat-topped hills that barred the horizons. Venus was a yellow lamp hung in a tree; Mars a red lantern in a clock-tower.

One listened instinctively for the tramp of the constellations. Orion, Cassiopeia and Ursa Major marched to and fro on the vault

like cohorts of legionaries, seemingly within call of our voices, and all without a sound.

But beneath these quiet heavens the earth disengaged multitudinous sounds—small sounds, minimized as it were by the muffling of the night. Now it was the yap of a coyote leagues away; now the snapping of a twig in the sage-brush; now the mysterious, indefinable stir of the heat-ridden land cooling under the night. But more often it was the confused murmur of the herd itself—the click of a horn, the friction of heavy bodies, the stamp of a hoof, with now and then the low, complaining note of a cow with a calf, or the subdued noise of a steer as it lay down, first lurching to the knees, then rolling clumsily upon the haunch, with a long, stertorous breath of satisfaction.

Slowly at Indian trot we encircle the herd. Earlier in the evening a prairie-wolf had pulled down a calf, and the beasts were still restless.

Little eddies of nervousness at long intervals developed here and there in the mass—eddies that not impossibly might widen at any time with perilous quickness to the maelstrom of a stampede. So as he rode Bunt sang to these great brutes, literally to put them to sleep—sang an old grandmother's song, with all the quaint modulations of sixty, seventy, a hundred years ago:

"With her ogling winks
And bobbling blinks
Her quizzing glass,
Her one eye idle,
Oh, she loved a bold dragoon,
With his broadsword, saddle, bridle.
Whack, fol-de-rol!"

I remember that song. My grandmother—so they tell me—used to sing it in Carolina, in the thirties, accompanying herself on a harp, if you please:

"Oh, she loved a bold dragoon,
With his broadsword, saddle, bridle."

It was in Charleston, I remembered, and the slave-ships used to discharge there in those days. My grandmother had sung it then to her beaux; officers they were; no wonder she chose it—"Oh, she loved a bold dragoon"—and now I heard it sung on an Idaho cattle-range to quiet two thousand restless steers.

Our talk at first, after the cattle had quieted down, ran upon all manner of subjects. It is astonishing to note what strange things men will talk about at night and in a solitude. That night we covered religion, of course, astronomy, love affairs, horses, travel, history, poker, photography, basket-making, and the Darwinian theory. But at last inevitably we came back to cattle and the pleasures and dangers of riding the herd.

"I rode herd once in Nevada," remarked Bunt, "and I was caught into a blizzard, and I was sure freezing to death. Got to where I couldn't keep my eyes open, I was that sleepy. Tell you what I did. Had some eating-tobacco along, and I'd chew it a spell, then rub the juice into my eyes. Kept it up all night. Blame near blinded me, but I come through. Me and another man named Blacklock—Cock-eye Blacklock we called him, by reason of his having one eye that was some out of line. Cock-eye sure ought to have got it that night, for he went bad afterward, and did a heap of killing before he *did* get it. He was a bad man for sure, and the way he died is a story in itself."

There was a long pause. The ponies jogged on. Rounding on the herd, we turned southward.

"He did 'get it' finally, you say," I prompted. "He certainly did," said Bunt, "and the story of it is what a man with a' imaginary mind like you ought to make into one of your friction tales."

"Is it about a treasure?" I asked with apprehension. For ever since I once made a tale (of friction) out of one of Bunt's stories of real life, he has been ambitious for me to write another, and is forever suggesting motifs which invariably—I say invariably—imply the discovery of great treasures. With him, fictitious literature must always turn upon the discovery of hidden wealth.

"No," said he, "it ain't about no treasure, but just about the origin, hist'ry and development—and subsequent decease—of as mean a Greaser as ever stole stock, which his name was Cock-eye Blacklock.

"You see, this same Blacklock went bad about two summers after our meet-up with the blizzard. He worked down Uma way and over into New Mexico, where he picks up with a sure-thing gambler, and the two begin to devastate the population. They do say when he and his running mate got good and through with that part of the Land of the Brave, men used to go round trading guns for commissary, and clothes for ponies, and cigars for whisky and such. There just wasn't any money left *anywhere*. Those sharps had drawed the landscape clean. Some one found a dollar in a floor-crack in a saloon, and the barkeep' gave him a gallon of forty-rod for it, and used to keep it in a box for exhibition, and the crowd would get around it and paw it over and say: 'My! my!

Whatever in the world is this extremely curoos coin?'

"Then Blacklock cuts loose from his running mate, and plays a lone hand through Arizona and Nevada, up as far as Reno again, and there he stacks up against a kid —a little tenderfoot kid so new he ain't cracked the green paint off him—and *skins* him. And the kid, being foolish and impulsive-like, pulls out a peashooter. It was a *twenty-two*," said Bunt, solemnly. "Yes, the kid was just that pore, pathetic kind to carry a dinky twenty-two, and with the tears runnin' down his cheeks begins to talk tall. Now what does that Cock-eye do? Why, that pore kid that he had skinned couldn't 'a' hurt him with his pore little bric-à-brac. Does Cock-eye take his little parlour ornament away from him, and spank him, and tell him to go home? No, he never. The kid's little tin top-shooter explodes right in his hand before he can crook his forefinger twice, and while he's a-wondering what-all has happened Cock-eye gets his two guns on him, slow and deliberate like, mind you, and throws forty-eights into him till he ain't worth shooting at no more. Murders him like the mud-eating, horse-thieving snake of a Greaser that he is; but being within the law, the kid drawing on him first, he don't stretch hemp the way he should.

"Well, fin'ly this Blacklock blows into a mining-camp in Placer County, California, where I'm chuck-tending on the night-shift. This here camp is maybe four miles across the divide from Iowa Hill, and it sure is named a cu-roos name, which it is Why-not. They is a barn contiguous, where the mine horses are kep', and, blame me! if there ain't a weathercock on top of that same—a golden trotting-horse—*upside down*. When the stranger an' pilgrim comes in, says he first off: 'Why'n snakes they got that weathercock horse upside down—why?' says he. 'Why-not,' says you, and the drinks is on the pilgrim.

"That all went very lovely till some gesabe opens up a placer drift on the far side the divide, starts a rival camp, an' names her Because. The Boss gets mad at that, and rights up the weathercock, and renames the camp Ophir, and you don't work no more pilgrims.

"Well, as I was saying, Cock-eye drifts into Why-not and begins diffusing trouble. He skins some of the boys in the hotel over in town, and a big row comes of it, and one of the bed-rock cleaners cuts loose with both guns. Nobody hurt but a quarter-breed, who loses a' eye. But the marshal don't stand for no short-card men, an' closes Cock-eye up some prompt. Him being forced to give the boys back their money is busted an' can't get away from camp. To raise some wind he begins depredating.

"He robs a pore half-breed of a cayuse, and shoots up a Chink who's panning tailings, and generally and variously becomes too pronounced, till he's run outen camp. He's sure stony-broke, not being able to turn a card because of the marshal. So he goes to live in a ole cabin up by the mine ditch, and sits there doing a heap o' thinking, and hatching trouble like a' ole he-hen.

"Well, now, with that deporting of Cock-eye comes his turn of bad luck, and it sure winds his clock up with a loud report. I've narrated special of the scope and range of this 'ere Blacklock, so as you'll understand why it was expedient and desirable that he should up an' die. You see, he always managed, with all his killings and robbings and general and sundry flimflamming, to be just within the law. And if anybody took a notion to shoot him up, why, his luck saw him through, and the other man's shooting-iron missed fire, or exploded, or threw wild, or such like, till it seemed as if he sure did bear a charmed life; and so he did till a pore yeller tamale of a fool dog did for him what the law of the land couldn't do. Yes, sir, a fool dog, a pup, a blame yeller pup named Sloppy Weather, did for Cock-eye Blacklock, sporting character, three-card-monte man, sure-thing sharp, killer, and general bedeviler.

"You see, it was this way. Over in American Cañon, some five miles maybe back of the mine, they was a creek called the American River, and it was sure chock-a-block full of trouts. The Boss used for to go over there with a dinky fish-pole like a buggy-whip about once a week, and scout that stream for fish and bring back a basketful. He was sure keen on it, and had bought some kind of privilege or other, so as he could keep other people off.

"Well, I used to go along with him to pack the truck, and one Saturday, about a month after Cock-eye had been run outen camp, we hiked up over the divide, and went for to round up a bunch o' trouts. When we got to the river there was a mess for your life. Say, that river was full of dead trouts, floating atop the water; and they was some even on the bank. Not a scratch on 'em; just dead. The Boss had the papsy-lals. I never *did* see a man so rip-r'aring, snorting mad. *I* hadn't a guess

about what we were up against, but he knew, and he showed down. He said somebody had been shooting the river for fish to sell down Sacramento way to the market. A mean trick; kill more fish in one shoot than you can possibly pack.

"Well, we didn't do much fishing that day—couldn't get a bite, for that matter—and took off home about noon to talk it over. You see, the Boss, in buying the privileges or such for that creek, had made himself responsible to the Fish Commissioners of the State, and 'twasn't a week before they were after him, camping on his trail incessant, and wanting to know how about it. The Boss was some worried, because the fish were being killed right along, and the Commission was making him weary of living. Twicet afterward we prospected along that river and found the same lot of dead fish. We even put a guard there, but it didn't do no manner of good.

"It's the Boss who first suspicions Cock-eye. But it don't take no seventh daughter of no seventh daughter to trace trouble where Blacklock's about. He sudden shows up in town with a bunch of simoleons, buying bacon and tin cows and such provender, and generally giving it away that he's come into money. The Boss, who's watching his movements sharp, says to me one day:

"'Bunt, the storm-centre of this here low area is a man with a cock-eye, an' I'll back that play with a paint horse against a paper dime.'

"'No takers,' says I. 'Dirty work and a cock-eyed man are two heels of the same mule.'

"'Which it's a-kicking of me in the stummick frequent and painful,' he remarks, plenty wrathful.

"'On general principles,' I said, 'it's a royal flush to a pair of deuces as how this Blacklock bird ought to stop a heap of lead, and I know the man to throw it. He's the only brother of my sister, and tends chuck in a placer mine. How about if I take a day off and drop round to his cabin and interview him on the fleetin' and unstable nature of human life?'

"But the Boss wouldn't hear of that.

"'No,' says he; 'that's not the bluff to back in this game. You an' me an' Mary-go-round'—that was what we called the marshal, him being so much all over the country—'you an' me an' Mary-go-round will have to stock a sure-thing deck against that maverick.'

"So the three of us gets together an' has a talky-talk, an' we lays it out as how Cock-eye must be watched and caught red-handed.

"Well, let me tell you, keeping case on that Greaser sure did lack a certain indefinable charm. We tried him at sun-up, an' again at sundown, an' nights, too, laying in the chaparral an' tarweed, an' scouting up an' down that blame river, till we were sore. We built surreptitious a lot of shooting-boxes up in trees on the far side of the cañon, overlooking certain an' sundry pools in the river where Cock-eye would be likely to pursue operations, an' we took turns watching. I'll be a Chink if that bad egg didn't put it on us same as previous, an' we'd find new-killed fish all the time. I tell you we were *fitchered;* and it got on the Boss's nerves. The Commission began to talk of withdrawing the privilege, an' it was up to him to make good or pass the deal. We *knew* Blacklock was shooting the river, y' see, but we didn't have no evidence. Y' see, being shut off from card-sharping, he was up against it, and so took to pot-hunting to get along. It was as plain as red paint.

"Well, things went along sort of catch-as-can like this for maybe three weeks, the Greaser shooting fish regular, an' the Boss b'iling with rage, and laying plans to call his hand, and getting bluffed out every deal.

"And right here I got to interrupt, to talk some about the pup dog, Sloppy Weather. If he hadn't got caught up into this Blacklock game, no one'd ever thought enough about him to so much as kick him. But after it was all over, we began to remember this same Sloppy an' to recall what he was; no big job. He was just a worthless fool pup, yeller at that; everybody's dog, that just hung round camp, grinning and giggling and playing the goat, as half-grown dogs will. He used to go along with the car-boys when they went swimmin' in the resevoy, an' dash along in an' yell an' splash round just to show off. He thought it was a keen stunt to get some gesabe to throw a stick in the resevoy so's he could paddle out after it. They'd trained him always to bring it back an' fetch it whichever party throwed it. He'd give it up when he'd retrieved it, an' yell to have it throwed again. That was his idea of fun—just like a fool pup.

"Well, one day this Sloppy Weather is off chasing jack-rabbits an' don't come home. Nobody thinks anything about that, nor even notices it. But we afterward finds out that he'd met up with Blacklock that

day, an' stopped to visit him—sorry day for Cock-eye. Now it was the very next day after this that Mary-go-round an' the Boss plans another scout. I'm to go, too. It was a Wednesday, an' we lay it out that the Cock-eye would prob'ly shoot that day so's to get his fish down to the railroad Thursday, so they'd reach Sacramento Friday—fish day, see. It wasn't much to go by, but it was the high card in our hand, an' we allowed to draw to it.

"We left Why-not afore daybreak, an' worked over into the cañon about sun-up. They was one big pool we hadn't covered for some time, an' we made out we'd watch that. So we worked down to it, an' clumb up into our trees, an' set out to keep guard.

"In about an hour we heard a shoot some mile or so up the creek. They's no mistaking dynamite, leastways not to miners, an' we knew that shoot was dynamite an' nothing else. The Cock-eye was at work, an' we shook hands all round. Then pretty soon a fish or so began to go by—big fellows, some of 'em, dead an' floatin', with their eyes popped 'way out same as knobs—sure sign they'd been shot.

"The Boss took and grit his teeth when he see a three-pounder go by, an' made remarks about Blacklock.

"'Sh!' says Mary-go-round, sudden-like. 'Listen!'

"We turned ear down the wind, an' sure there was the sound of some one scrabbling along the boulders by the riverside. Then we heard a pup yap.

"'That's our man,' whispers the Boss.

"For a long time we thought Cock-eye had quit for the day an' had coppered us again, but byne-by we heard the manzanita crack on the far side the cañon, an' there at last we see Blacklock working down toward the pool, Sloppy Weather following an' yapping and cayoodling just as a fool dog will.

"Blacklock comes down to the edge of the water quiet-like. He lays his big scoop-net an' his sack—we can see it half full already—down behind a boulder, and takes a good squinting look all round, and listens maybe twenty minutes, he's that cute, same's a coyote stealing sheep. We lies low an' says nothing, fear he might see the leaves move.

"Then byne-by he takes his stick of dynamite out of his hip pocket—he was just that reckless kind to carry it that way—an' ties it careful to a couple of stones he finds handy. Then he lights the fuse an' heaves her into the drink, an' just there's where Cock-eye makes the mistake of his life. He ain't tied the rocks tight enough, an' the loop slips off just as he swings back his arm, the stones drop straight down by his feet, and the stick of dynamite whirls out right enough into the pool.

"Then the funny business begins.

"Blacklock ain't made no note of Sloppy Weather, who's been sizing up the whole game an' watchin' for the stick. Soon as Cock-eye heaves the dynamite into the water, off goes the pup after it, just as he'd been taught to do by the carboys.

"'Hey, you fool dog!' yells Blacklock.

"A lot that pup cares. He heads out for that stick of dynamite same as if for a veal cutlet, reaches it, grabs hold of it, an' starts back for shore, with the fuse sputterin' like hot grease. Blacklock heaves rocks at him like one possessed, capering an' dancing; but the pup comes right on. The Cock-eye can't stand it no longer, but lines out. But the pup's got to shore an' takes after him. Sure; why not? He think's it's all part of the game. Takes after Cock-eye, running to beat a' express, while we-all whoops and yells an' nearly falls out of the trees for laffing. Hi! Cock-eye did scratch gravel for sure. But 'tain't no manner of use. He can't run through that rough ground like Sloppy Weather, an' that fool pup comes a-cavortin' along, jumpin' up against him, an' him a-kickin' him away, an' r'arin', an' dancin', an' shakin' his fists, an' the more he r'ars the more fun the pup thinks it is. But all at once something big happens, an' the whole bank of the cañon opens out like a big wave, and slops over into the pool, an' the air is full of trees an' rocks and cart-loads of dirt an' dogs and Blacklocks and rivers an' smoke an' fire generally. The Boss got a clod o' river-mud spang in the eye, an' went off his limb like's he was trying to bust a bucking bronc' an' couldn't; and ol' Mary-go-round was shooting off his gun on general principles, glarin' round wild-eyed an' like as if he saw a' Injun devil.

"When the smoke had cleared away an' the trees and rocks quit falling, we clumb down from our places an' started in to look for Blacklock. We found a good deal of him, but they wasn't hide nor hair left of Sloppy Weather. We didn't have to dig no grave, either. They was a big enough hole in the ground to bury a horse an' wagon, let alone Cock-eye. So we planted him there, an' put up a board, an' wrote on it:

Here lies most
of
C. BLACKLOCK,
who died of a'
entangling alliance with
a
stick of dynamite.

Moral: A hook and line is good enough
fish-tackle for any honest man.

"That there board lasted for two years, till the freshet of '82, when the American River——Hello, there's the sun!"

All in a minute the night seemed to have closed up like a great book. The East flamed roseate. The air was cold, nimble. Some of the sage-brush bore a thin rim of frost. The herd, aroused, the dew glistening on flank and horn, were chewing the first cud of the day, and in twos and threes moving toward the water-hole for the morning's drink. Far off toward the camp the breakfast fire sent a shaft of blue smoke straight into the moveless air. A jack-rabbit, with erect ears, limped from the sage-brush just out of pistol-shot and regarded us a moment, his nose wrinkling and trembling. By the time that Bunt and I, putting our ponies to a canter, had pulled up by the camp of the Bar-circle-Z outfit, another day had begun in Idaho.

An Old Cheshire Song

HE: I will give you the keys of heaven,
I will give you the keys of heaven,
Madam, will you walk? Madam, will you talk?
Madam, will you walk and talk with me?

SHE: Though you give me the keys of heaven,
Though you give me the keys of heaven,
Yet I will not walk, yet I will not talk,
Yet I will not walk or talk with thee.

HE: I will give you a coach and six,
And six black horses blacker than pitch.
Madam will you walk and talk with me?

SHE: Though you give me a coach and six,
And six black horses blacker than pitch,
Yet I will not walk or talk with thee.

HE: I will give you the keys of my heart!
And we'll be married till death us do part,
Madam will you walk and talk with me?

SHE: Thou shalt give me the keys of my heart,
And we'll be married till death us do part.
I will walk, I will talk,
I will walk and talk with thee.

The World's Supreme Geniuses

By VICTOR HUGO

Victor Hugo

SUPREME Art is the region of Equals.

The *chef d'œuvre* is adequate to the *chef d'œuvre.*

As water, when heated to 100° C., is incapable of calorific increase, and can rise no higher, so human thought attains in certain men its maximum intensity. Æschylus, Job, Phidias, Isaiah, Saint Paul, Juvenal, Dante, Michael Angelo, Rabelais, Cervantes, Shakespeare, Rembrandt, Beethoven, with some others mark the 100° of genius.

The human mind has a summit.

This summit is the Ideal.

God descends, man rises to it.

In each age three or four men of genius undertake the ascent. From below, the world follow them with their eyes. These men go up the mountain, enter into the clouds, disappear, re-appear. People watch them, mark them. They walk by the side of precipices. A false step does not displease certain of the lookers-on. They daringly pursue their road. See them aloft, see them in the distance; they are but black specks. "How small they are!" says the crowd. They are giants. On they go. The road is uneven, its difficulties constant. At each step a wall, at each step a trap. As they rise, the cold increases. They must make their ladder, cut the ice, and walk on it, hewing the steps in haste. Every storm is raging. Nevertheless, they go forward in their madness. The air becomes difficult to breathe. The abyss increases around them. Some fall. It is well done. Others stop and retrace their steps; there is sad weariness.

The bold ones continue; those predestined persist. The dreadful declivity sinks beneath them and tries to draw them in; glory is traitorous. They are eyed by the eagles; the lightning plays about them; the hurricane is furious. No matter, they persevere. They ascend. He who arrives at the summit is thy equal, Homer!

Those names that we have mentioned, and those which we might have added, repeat them again. To choose between these men is impossible. There is no method for striking the balance between Rembrandt and Michael Angelo.

And, to confine ourselves solely to the authors and poets, examine them one after the other. Which is the greatest? Every one.

1. One, Homer, is the huge poet-child. The world is born, Homer sings. He is the bird of this aurora. Homer has the holy sincerity of the early dawn. He almost ignores shadow. Chaos, heaven, earth; Gaea and Ceto; Jove, god of gods; Agamemnon, king of kings; peoples; flocks from the beginning; temples, towns, battles, harvests; the ocean; Diomedes fighting; Ulysses wandering; the windings of a sail seeking its home; Cyclops; dwarfs; a map of the world crowned by the gods of Olympus; and here and there a glimmer of the furnace permitting a sight of hell; priests, virgins, mothers; little children frightened by the plumes; the dog who remembers; great words which fall from gray-beards; friendships, loves, passions, and the hydras; Vulcan for the laugh of the gods, Thersites for the laugh of men; two aspects of married life summed up for the benefit of ages in Helen and Penelope; the Styx; Destiny; the heel of Achilles, without which Destiny would be vanquished by the Styx; monsters, heroes, men; thousands of landscapes seen in perspective in the cloud of the old world,—this immensity, this is Homer. Troy coveted, Ithaca desired. Homer is war and travel,—the first two methods for the meeting of mankind. The camp attacks the fortress, the ship sounds the unknown, which is also an attack; around war every passion; around travels every kind of adventure,—two

gigantic groups; the first, bloody, is called the Iliad; the second, luminous, is called the Odyssey. Homer makes men greater than Nature; they hurl at each other rocks which twelve pairs of oxen could not move. The gods hardly care to come in contact with them. Minerva takes Achilles by the hair; he turns round in anger: "What do you want with me, goddess?" No monotony in these puissant figures. These giants are graduated. After each hero, Homer breaks the mould. Ajax, son of Oïleus, is less high in stature than Ajax, son of Telamon. Homer is one of the men of genius who resolve that beautiful problem of art (the most beautiful of all, perhaps),—the true picture of humanity obtained by aggrandizing man; that is to say, the creation of the real in the ideal. Fable and history, hypothesis and tradition, the chimera and knowledge, make up Homer. He is fathomless, and he is cheerful. All the depth of ancient days moves happily radiant and luminous in the vast azure of this spirit. Lycurgus, that peevish sage, half way between a Solon and a Draco, was conquered by Homer. He turned out of the way, while traveling, to go and read, at the house of Cleophilus, Homer's poems, placed there in remembrance of the hospitality that Homer, it is said, had formerly received in that house. Homer, to the Greeks, was a god; he had priests,—the Homerides. Alcibiades gave a bombastic orator a cuff for boasting that he had never read Homer. The divinity of Homer has survived Paganism. Michael Angelo said, "When I read Homer, I look at myself to see if I am not twenty feet in height." Tradition will have it that the first verse of the Iliad should be a verse of Orpheus. This doubling Homer by Orpheus, increased in Greece the religion of Homer. The shield of Achilles was commented on in the temples by Danco, daughter of Pythagoras. Homer, as the sun, had planets. Virgil, who writes the Æneid, Lucan, who writes "Pharsalia," Tasso, who writes "Jerusalem," Ariosto, who composes "Roland," Milton, who writes "Paradise Lost," Camoëns, who writes the "Lusiads," Klopstock, who wrote the "Messiah," Voltaire, who wrote the "Henriade," gravitate toward Homer, and, sending back to their own moons his light reflected in different degrees, move at unequal distances in his boundless orbit. This is Homer. Such is the beginning of the epic poem.

2. Another, Job, began the drama. This embryo is a colossus. Job begins the drama, and it is forty centuries ago, by placing Jehovah and Satan in presence of each other; the evil defies the good, and behold the action is begun. The earth is the place for the scene, and man the field of battle; the plagues are the actors. One of the wildest grandeurs of this poem is that in it the sun is inauspicious. The sun is in Job as in Homer; but it is no longer the dawn, it is mid-day. The mournful heaviness of the brazen ray falling perpendicularly on the desert pervades this poem, heated to a white heat. Job sweats on his dunghill. The shadow of Job is small and black, and hidden under him, as the snake under the rock. Tropical flies buzz on his sores. Job had above his head the frightful Arabian sun,—a bringer-up of monsters, an amplifier of plagues, who changes the cat into the tiger, the lizard into the crocodile, the pig into the rhinoceros, the snake into the boa, the nettle into the cactus, the wind into the simoon, the miasma into the plague. Job is anterior to Moses. Far into ages, by the side of Abraham, the Hebrew patriarch, there is Job, the Arabian patriarch. Before being proved, he had been happy,—"the greatest man in all the East," says his poem. This was the labourer-king. He exercised the immense priesthood of solitude; he sacrificed and sanctified. Toward evening he gave the earth the blessing,—the "berak." He was learned; he knew rhythm; his poem, of which the Arabian text is lost, was written in verse,—this, at least, is certain as regards from verse 3 of chap. iii. to the end. He was good; he did not meet a poor child without throwing him the small coin kesitha; he was "the foot of the lame man, and the eye of the blind." It is from that that he was precipitated; fallen, he became gigantic. The whole poem of "Job" is the development of this idea,—the greatness that may be found at the bottom of the abyss. Job is more majestic when unfortunate than when prosperous. His leprosy is a purple cloth. His misery terrifies those who are there; they speak not to him until after a silence of seven days and seven nights. His lamentation is marked by they know not what quiet and sad sorcery. As he is crushing the vermin on his ulcers, he calls on the stars. He addresses Orion, the Hyades, which he names the Pleiades, and the signs that are at noonday. He says, "God has put an end to darkness." He calls the diamond which is hidden, "the stone of obscurity." He mixes with his distress the misfortune of others, and has tragic words that freeze,—"The widow is desolate." He smiles also, and is then more

frightful yet. He has around him Eliphaz, Bildad, Zophar,—three implacable types of the friendly busybody, of whom he says, "You play on me as on a tambourine." His language, submissive toward God, is bitter toward kings: "The kings of the earth build solitudes," leaving our wit to find out whether he speaks of their tomb or their kingdom. Tacitus says, "*Solitudinem faciunt.*" As to Jehovah, he adores him; and under the furious scourging of the plagues, all his resistance is confined to asking of God, "Wilt thou not permit me to swallow my spittle?" That dates four thousand years ago. At the same hour, perhaps, when the enigmatical astronomer of Denderah carves in the granite his mysterious zodiac, Job engraves his on human thought; and his zodiac is not made of stars, but of miseries. This zodiac turns yet above our heads. We have of Job only the Hebrew version, written by Moses. Such a poet, followed by such a translator, makes us dream! The man of the dunghill is translated by the man of Sinai. The truth is that Job is a minister and a prophet. Job extracts from his drama a dogma. Job suffers, and draws an inference. Now, to suffer and draw an inference is to teach; sorrow, when logical, leads to God. Job teaches. Job, after having touched the summit of the drama, stirs up the depths of philosophy. He shows first that sublime madness of wisdom which, two thousand years later, by resignation making itself a sacrifice, will be the foolishness of the cross,—*stultitiam crucis*. The dunghill of Job, transfigured, will become the Calvary of Jesus.

3. Another, Æschylus, enlightened by the unconscious divination of genius, without suspecting that he has behind him, in the East, the resignation of Job, completes it, unwittingly, by the revolt of Prometheus; so that the lesson may be complete, and that the human race, to whom Job has taught but duty, shall feel in Prometheus Right drawing. There is something ghastly in Æschylus from one end to the other; there is a vague outline of an extraordinary Medusa behind the figures in the foreground. Æschylus is magnificent and powerful,—as though you saw him knitting his brows beyond the sun. He has two Cains, —Eteocles and Polynices; Genesis has but one. His swarm of sea-monsters come and go in a dark sky, as a flock of driven birds. Æschylus has none of the known proportions. He is rough, abrupt, immoderate, incapable of smoothing the way, almost ferocious, with a grace of his own which resembles the flowers in wild places, less haunted by nymphs than by the Eumenides, of the faction of the Titans; among goddesses choosing the sombre ones, and smiling darkly at the Gorgons; a son of the earth like Othryx and Briareus, and ready to attempt again the scaling of heaven against that *parvenu* Jupiter. Æschylus is ancient mystery made man,—something like a Pagan prophet. His work, if we had it all, would be a kind of Greek bible. Poet hundred-handed, having an Orestes more fatal than Ulysses and a Thebes grander than Troy, hard as a rock, raging like the foam, full of steeps, torrents, and precipices, and such a giant that at times you might suppose that he becomes mountain. Coming later than the Iliad, he has the appearance of an elder son of Homer.

4. Another, Isaiah, seems, above humanity, as a roaring of continual thunder. He is the great censure. His style, a kind of nocturnal cloud, lightens up unceasingly with images which suddenly empurple all the depths of this dark mind, and makes us exclaim, "He gives light!" Isaiah takes hand-to-hand the evil which, in civilization, makes its appearance before the good. He cries "Silence!" at the noise of chariots, of *fêtes*, of triumphs. The foam of his prophecy surges even on Nature. He denounces Babylon to the moles and bats, promises Nineveh briers, Tyre ashes, Jerusalem night, fixes a date for the wrongdoers, warns the powers of their approaching end, assigns a day against idols, high citadels, the fleets of Tarsus, the cedars of Lebanon, the oaks of Bashan. He is standing on the threshold of civilization, and he refuses to enter. He is a kind of mouthpiece of the desert speaking to multitudes, and claiming for quicksands, briers, and breezes the place where towns are, because it is just; because the tyrant and the slave—that is to say, pride and shame—exist wherever there are walled enclosures; because evil is there incarnate in man; because in solitude there is but the beast, while in the city there is the monster. That which Isaiah made a reproach of in his day—idolatry, pride, war, prostitution, ignorance —still exists. Isaiah is the eternal contemporary of vices which turn valets, and crimes which exalt themselves into kings.

5. Another, Ezekiel, is the wild soothsayer,—the genius of the cavern; thought which the roar suits. But listen. This savage makes a prophecy to the world,—Progress. Nothing more astonishing. Ah,

Isaiah overthrows? Very well! Ezekiel will reconstruct. Isaiah refuses civilization. Ezekiel accepts, but transforms it. Nature and humanity blend together in that softened howl which Ezekiel throws forth. The idea of duty is in Job; of right, in Æschylus. Ezekiel brings before us the resulting third idea,—the human race ameliorated, posterity more and more free. That posterity may be a rising instead of a setting star is man's consolation. Time present works for time to come. Work, then, and hope. Such is Ezekiel's cry. Ezekiel is in Chaldæa; and from Chaldæa he sees distinctly Judæa, as from oppression you may see liberty. He declares peace as others declare war. He prophesies harmony, goodness, sweetness, union, the blending of races, love. Notwithstanding, he is terrible. He is the austere benefactor. He is the universal kind-hearted grumbler at the human race. He scolds, he almost gnashes his teeth; and people fear and hate him. The men about are thorns to him. "I live among the briers," he says. He condemns himself to be a symbol, and makes in his person, become hideous, a sign of human misery and popular degradation. He is a kind of voluntary Job. In his town, in his house, he causes himself to be bound with cords, and rests mute: behold the slave. In the public place he eats dung: behold the courtier. This makes Voltaire burst into laughter, and causes our tears to flow. Ah, Ezekiel, so far does your devotion go! You render shame visible by horror; you compel ignominy to turn the head when recognizing herself in the dirt; you show that to accept a man for master is to eat dung; you cause a shudder to the cowards who follow the prince, by putting into your stomach what they put into their souls; you preach deliverance by vomiting; be reverenced! This man, this being, this figure, this swine-prophet, is sublime. And the transfiguration that he announces he proves. How? By transfiguring himself. From this horrible and soiled lip comes forth the blaze of poetry. Never has grander language been spoken, never more extraordinary.

"*I saw the vision of God. A whirlwind comes from the north, and a great cloud, and a fire infolding itself. I saw a chariot and a likeness of four animals. Above the creatures and the chariot was a space like a terrible crystal. The wheels of the chariot were made of eyes, and so high that they were dreadful. The noise of the wings of the four angels was as the noise of the All-Powerful, and when they stopped they lowered their wings. And I saw a likeness which was as fire, and which put forth a hand. And a voice said, 'The kings and the judges have in their souls gods of dung. I will take from their breasts the heart of stone, and I will give them a heart of flesh.' I went to them that dwelt by the river of Chebar, and I remained there astonished among them seven days.*"

And again—

"*There was a plain and dry bones; and I said, 'Bones, rise up,' and I looked, and there came nerves on these bones, and flesh on these nerves, and a skin above; but the spirit was not there. And I cried, 'Spirit, come from the four winds, breathe, so that these dead revive.' The spirit came. The breath entered into them, and they rose up, and it was an army, and it was a people. Then the voice said, 'You shall be one nation, you shall have no king or judge but me; and I will be the God who has one people, and you shall be the people who have one God.'*"

Is not everything there? Search for a higher formula, you will not find it. A free man under a sovereign God. This visionary eater of dung is a resuscitator. Ezekiel has mud on the lips and sun in the eyes. Among the Jews the reading of Ezekiel was dreaded. It was not permitted before the age of thirty years. Priests, disturbed, put a seal on this poet. People could not call him an impostor. His terror as a prophet was incontestable. He had evidently seen what he related. Thence his authority. His very enigmas made him an oracle. They could not tell which it was, these women sitting toward the North weeping for Tammuz. Impossible to divine what was the "hasmal," this metal which he pictured as in fusion in the furnaces of the dream; but nothing was more clear than his vision of Progress. Ezekiel saw the quadruple man,—man, ox, lion, and eagle; that is to say, the master of thought, the master of the field, the master of the desert, the master of the air. Nothing forgotten. It is posterity complete, from Aristotle to Christopher Columbus, from Triptolemus to Montgolfier. Later on, the Gospel also will become quadruple in the four Evangelists, making Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John subservient to man, the ox, the lion, and the eagle, and, remarkable fact, to symbolize progress will take the four faces of Ezekiel. At all events, Ezekiel, like Christ, calls himself the "Son of Man." Jesus often in his parables invokes and cites Ezekiel; and this kind of first Messiah paves the way for the second. There are in Ezekiel three constructions,—

man, in whom he places progress; the temple, where he puts a light that he calls glory; the city, where he puts God. He cries to the temple,—no priest here, neither they, nor their kings, nor the carcasses of their kings. One cannot help thinking that this Ezekiel, a species of biblical demagogue, would help '93 in the terrible sweeping of St. Denis. As for the city built by him, he mutters above it this mysterious name, JEHOVAH SCHAMMAH, which signifies "the Eternal is there." Then he is silent and thoughtful in the darkness, pointing at humanity; farther on, in the depth of the horizon, a continued increase of azure.

6. Another, Lucretius, is that vast obscure thing, All. Jupiter is in Homer; Jehovah is in Job; in Lucretius Pan appears. Such is Pan's greatness that he has under him Destiny, which is above Jupiter. Lucretius has travelled and he has mused, which is another voyage. He has been at Athens; he has been in the haunts of philosophers; he has studied Greece and made out India. Democritus has made him dream on matter, and Anaximander on space. His dreams have become doctrine. Nothing is known of the incidents of his life. Like Pythagoras, he frequented the two mysterious schools on the Euphrates,—Neharda and Pombeditha; and he may have met there the Jewish doctors. He spelt the papyri of Sepphoris, which, at his time, was not yet transformed into Diocæsarea. He lived with the pearl-fishers of the isle of Tylos. We may find in the Apocrypha traces of an ancient strange itinerary recommended, according to some, to the philosophers by Empedocles, the magician of Agrigentum, and, according to others, to the rabbis by the high-priest Eleazer who corresponded with Ptolemy Philadelphus. This itinerary would have served at a later time as a standard for the travels of the Apostles. The traveler who followed this itinerary went through the five satrapies of the country of the Philistines, visited the people who charm serpents and suck poisonous sores,—the Psylli; drank of the torrent Bosor, which marks the frontier of Arabia Deserta; then touched and handled the bronze *carcan* of Andromeda, still sealed to the rock of Joppa; Baalbec in Syria; Apamea, on the Orontes, where Nicanor nourished his elephants; the harbour of Eziongeber, where the vessels of Ophir, laden with gold, stopped; Segher, which produced white incense, preferred to that of Hadramauth; the two Syrtes; the mountain of Emerald, Smaragdus; the Nasamones, who pillaged the shipwrecked; the black nation, Agysimba; Adribe, the town of crocodiles; Cynopolis, town of aloes; the wonderful cities of Comagena, Claudia, and Barsalium; perhaps even Tadmor, the town of Solomon,—such were the stages of this almost fabulous pilgrimage of the thinkers. This pilgrimage, did Lucretius make it? One cannot tell. His numerous travels are beyond doubt. He had seen so many men that at the end they were all mixed up in his eye, and this multitude had become to him shadows. He is arrived at that excess of simplification of the universe which is almost its entire fading away. He has sounded until he feels the plummet float. He has questioned the vague specters of Byblos; he has conversed with the severed tree of Chyteron, who is Juno-Thespia. Perhaps he has spoken in the reeds to Oannes, the man-fish of Chaldæa, who had two heads:—at the top the head of a man, below, the head of a hydra, and who, drinking chaos by his lower orifice, revomited it on the earth by his upper lip; in knowledge awful. Lucretius has this knowledge. Isaiah borders on the archangels, Lucretius on larvas. Lucretius twists the ancient veil of Isis, steeped in the waters of darkness, and expresses out of it, sometimes in torrents, sometimes drop by drop, a somber poetry. The boundless is in Lucretius. At times there passes a powerful spondiac verse almost terrible, and full of shadow: "*Circum se foliis ac frondibus involventes.*" Here and there a vast image is sketched in the forest,—"*Tunc Venus in sylvis jungebat corpora amantum*"; and the forest is Nature. These verses are impossible with Virgil. Lucretius turns his back on humanity, and looks fixedly on the Enigma. Lucretius's spirit, working to the very deeps, is placed between this reality, the atom, and this impossibility, the vacuum; by turns attracted by these two precipices. Religious when he contemplates the atom, skeptical when he sees the void; thence his two aspects, equally profound, whether he denies, whether he affirms. One day this traveler commits suicide. This is his last departure. He puts himself *en route* for Death. He departs to see. He has embarked successively on all the pinnaces,—on the galley of Trevirium for Sanastrea in Macedonia; on the trireme of Carystus for Metapontum in Greece; on the skiff of Cyllenus for the island of Samothrace; on the sandale of Samothrace for Naxos, where is Bacchus; on the *cero-*

scaph of Naxos for Syria; on the vessel of Syria for Egypt, and on the ship of the Red Sea for India. It remains for him to make one voyage. He is curious about the dark country; he takes his passage on the coffin, and, himself unfastening the mooring, pushes with foot into space this dark vessel that floats on the unknown wave.

7. Another, Juvenal, has everything in which Lucretius fails,—passion, emotion, fever, tragic flame, passion for honesty, avenging sneer, personality, humanity. He dwells in a certain given point in creation, and he contents himself with it, finding there what may nourish and swell his heart with justice and anger. Lucretius is the universe, Juvenal the locality. And what a locality! Rome. Between the two they are the double voice which speaks to land and town—*urbi et orbi*. Juvenal has, above the Roman Empire, the enormous flapping of wings of the griffin above the rest of the reptiles. He pounces upon this swarm and takes them, one after the other, in his terrible beak,—from the adder who is emperor and calls himself Nero, to the earthworm who is a bad poet and calls himself Codrus. Isaiah and Juvenal have each their harlot; but there is something more gloomy than the shadow of Babel,—it is the crashing of the bed of the Cæsars; and Babylon is less formidable than Messalina. Juvenal is the ancient free spirit of the dead republics; in him there is a Rome, in the bronze of which Athens and Sparta are cast. Thence in his poetry something of Aristophanes and something of Lycurgus. Take care of him, he is severe. Not a cord is wanting to his lyre or to the lash he uses. He is lofty, rigid, austere, thundering, violent, grave, just, inexhaustible in imagery, harshly gracious when he chooses. His cynicism is the indignation of modesty. His grace, thoroughly independent and a true figure of liberty, has talons; it appears all at once, enlivening, by we cannot tell what supple and spirited undulations, the well-formed majesty of his hexameter. You may imagine that you see the Cat of Corinth roaming on the frieze of the Parthenon. There is the epic in this satire; that which Juvenal has in his hand is the sceptre of gold with which Ulysses beat Thersites. "Bombast, declamation, exaggeration, hyperbole," cry the slaughtered deformities; and these cries, stupidly repeated by rhetoricians, are a noise of glory. "Crime is quite equal to committing things or relating them," say Tillemont, Marc Muret, Garasse, etc.—fools, who, like Muret, are sometimes knaves. Juvenal's invective blazes since two thousand years ago,—a fearful flash of poetry which still burns Rome in the presence of centuries. This splendid fire breaks out and, far from diminishing with time, increases under the whirl of its mournful smoke. From it proceed rays in behalf of liberty, probity, heroism; and it may be said that it throws even into our civilization minds full of his light. What is Régnier? What D'Aubigné? What Corneille?—scintillations of Juvenal.

8. Another, Tacitus, is the historian. Liberty is incarnate in him as in Juvenal, and rises, dead, to the judgment-seat, having for a toga its winding-shroud, and summons to his bar tyrants. The soul of a people become the soul of man, is Juvenal, as we have just said: thus it is with Tacitus. By the side of the poet who condemns stands the historian who punishes. Tacitus, seated on the curule chair of genius, summons and seizes *in flagante delicto* these guilty ones, the Cæsars. The Roman Empire is a long crime. This crime commences by four demons,—Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, Nero. Tiberius, the emperor's spy; the eye which watches the world; the first dictator who dared to twist for himself the law of power made for the Roman people; knowing Greek, intellectual, sagacious, sarcastic, eloquent, terrible; loved by informers; the murderer of citizens, of knights, of the senate, of his wife, of his family; having rather the air of stabbing people than massacring them; humble before the barbarians; a traitor with Archelaus, a coward with Artabanes; having two thrones,—Rome for his ferocity, Caprea for his baseness; an inventor of vices and names for vices; an old man with a seraglio of children; gaunt, bald, crooked, bandy-legged, sour-smelling, eaten up with leprosy, covered with suppurations, masked with plasters, crowned with laurels; having ulcers like Job, and the scepter as well, surrounded by an oppressive silence; seeking a successor, smelling out Caligula, and finding him good; a viper who selects a tiger. Caligula, the man who has known fear, the slave become master, trembling under Tiberius, terrible after Tiberius, vomiting his fright of yesterday in atrocity. Nothing comes up to this mad fool. An executioner makes a mistake and kills, instead of the condemned one, an innocent man; Caligula smiles, and says, "The condemned had not more deserved it." He gets a woman eaten alive by dogs, for

the sake of seeing it. He lies publicly with his three sisters, stark naked. One of them dies,—Drusilla. He says, "Behead those who do not bewail her, for she is my sister; and crucify those who bewail her, for she is a goddess." He makes his horse a pontiff, as, later on, Nero made his monkey god. He offers to the universe this wretched spectacle: the annihilation of intellect by power. Prostitute, sharper, a robber, breaking the busts of Homer and Virgil, his head dressed as Apollo with rays, and booted with wings like Mercury; frantically master of the world, desiring incest with his mother, a plague to his empire, famine to his people, rout to his army, resemblance to the gods, and one sole head to the human race that he might cut it off,—such is Caius Caligula. He forces the son to assist at the torment of his father and the husband the violation of his wife, and to laugh. Claudius is a mere sketch of a ruler. He is a near man made a tyrant, a noddle-head crowned. He hides himself; they discover him, they drag him from his hole, and they throw him terrified on the throne. Emperor, he still trembles, having the crown but not sure that he has his head. He feels for his head at times, as if he searched for it. Then he gets more confident, and decrees three new letters to be added to the alphabet. He is a learned man, this idiot. They strangle a senator. He says, "I did not order it, but since it is done, it is well." His wife prostitutes herself before him. He looks at her, and says, "Who is this woman?" He scarcely exists: he is a shadow; but this shadow crushes the world. At length the hour for his departure arrives: his wife poisons him, his doctor finishes him. He says, "I am saved," and dies. After his death they come to see his corpse. While alive they had seen his ghost. Nero is the most formidable figure of *ennui* that has ever appeared among men. The yawning monster that the ancients called Livor and the moderns call Spleen, gives us this enigma to divine,—Nero. Nero seeks simply a distraction. Poet, comedian, singer, coachman, exhausting ferocity to find voluptuousness, trying a change of sex, the husband of the eunuch Sporus, and bride of the slave Pythagoras, and promenading the streets of Rome between his husband and wife. Having two pleasures—one to see the people clutching pieces of gold, diamonds and pearls, and the other to see the lions clutch the people; an incendiary for curiosity's sake, and a parricide for want of employment. It is to these four that Tacitus dedicates his four first pillories. He hangs their reigns to their necks: he fastens that *carcan* to theirs. His book of Caligula is lost. Nothing easier to comprehend than the loss and obliteration of these kinds of books. To read them was a crime. A man having been caught reading the history of Caligula by Suetonius, Commodus had him thrown to the wild beasts. "*Feris objici jussit,*" says Lampridius. The horror of those days is wonderful. Manners, below and above stairs, are ferocious. You may judge of the cruelty of the Romans by the atrocity of the Gauls. A row breaks out in Gaul: the peasants place the Roman ladies, naked and still alive, on harrows whose points enter here and there into the body; then they cut their breasts from them and sew them in their mouths, as though they had the appearance of eating them. "These are scarcely reprisals" (*Vix vindicta est*), says the Roman general, Turpilianus. Those Roman ladies had the practice, while chattering with their lovers, of sticking pins of gold in the breasts of their Persian or Gallic slaves who dressed their hair. Such is the humanity at which Tacitus is present. This view renders him terrible. He states the facts, and leaves you to draw your conclusions. You meet only in Rome Putiphar's woman.

When Agrippina, reduced to her last resource, seeing her grave in the eyes of her son, offers him her bed, when her lips seek those of Nero, Tacitus is there, following her with his eyes, *lasciva oscula et prænuntias flagitii blanditias;* and he denounces to the world this effort of a monstrous and trembling mother to make the parricide miscarry by incest. Whatever Justus Lipsius, who bequeathed his pen to the Holy Virgin, has said, Domitian exiled Tacitus, and did well. Men like Tacitus are unhealthy subjects for authority. Tacitus applies his stylus to the shoulder of an emperor, and the marks remain. Tacitus always makes his thrust at the required spot. A deep thrust. Juvenal, all-powerful poet, deals about him, scatters, makes a show, falls and rebounds, strikes right and left, a hundred blows at a time, on laws, manners, bad magistrates, corrupt verses, libertines and the idle, on Cæsar, on the people,—everywhere. He is lavish, like hail; he is careless, like the whip. Tacitus has the conciseness of red iron.

9. Another, John, is the virgin old man. All the ardent sap of man, become smoke and mysterious shaking, is in his head, as a vision. One does not escape love. Love, un-

satiated and discontented, changes itself at the end of life into a gloomy overflowing of chimeras. The woman wants man; otherwise man, instead of human, will have a phantom poetry. Some beings, however, resist universal procreation, and then they are in that peculiar state where monstrous inspiration can weaken itself on them. The Apocalypse is the almost mad *chef-d'œuvre* of this wonderful chastity. John, while young, was pleasant and wild. He loved Jesus; then could love nothing else. There is a deep resemblance between the Canticle of Canticles and the Apocalypse; the one and the other are explosions of pent-up virginity. The heart, mighty volcano, bursts open; there proceeds from it this dove, the Canticle of Canticles, or this dragon, the Apocalypse. These two poems are the two poles of ecstasy,—voluptuousness and horror; the two extreme limits of the soul are attained. In the first poem ecstasy exhausts love; in the second, terrifies it, and carries to mankind, henceforth forever disquieted, the dreadful fright of the eternal precipice. Another resemblance, not less worthy of attention, there is between John and Daniel. The nearly invisible thread of affinity is carefully followed by the eye of those who see in the prophetic spirit a human and normal phenomenon, and who, far from disdaining the question of miracles, generalize it, and calmly attach it to existing phenomena. Religions lose, and science gains by it. It has not been sufficiently remarked that the seventh chapter of Daniel contains the root of the Apocalypse. Empires are there represented as beasts. Therefore has the legend associated the two poets! it makes the one traverse the den of lions, and the other the cauldron of boiling oil. Independently of the legend, the life of John is fine. An exemplary life which undergoes strange openings, passing from Golgotha to Patmos, and from the execution of Messiah to the exile of the prophet. John, after having been present at the sufferings of Christ, finished by suffering on his own account; the suffering seen made him an apostle, the suffering endured made him a magician,—the growth of the spirit was the result of the growth of the trial. Bishop, he writes the gospel; proscribed, he composes the Apocalypse,—tragic work, written under the dictation of an eagle, the poet having above his head we know not what mournful flapping of wings. The whole Bible is between two visionaries,—Moses and John. This poem of poems merges out of chaos in Genesis, and finishes in the Apocalypse by thunders. John was one of the great vagrants of the language of fire. During the Last Supper his head was on the breast of Jesus, and he could say, "My ear has heard the beating of God's heart." He went to relate it to men. He spoke a barbarous Greek, mixed with Hebrew expressions and Syrian words, harsh and grating, yet charming. He went to Ephesus, he went to Media, he went among the Parthians. He dared to enter Ctesiphon, a town of the Parthians, built as a counterpoise to Babylon. He faced the living idol, Cobaris, king, god, and man, forever immovable on his block, which serves him as throne and latrine. He evangelized Persia, which the Gospel calls Paras. When he appeared at the Council of Jerusalem, they thought they saw a pillar of the Church. He looked with stupefaction at Cerintus and Ebion, who said that Jesus was but a man. When they questioned him on the mystery, he answers, "Love you one another?" He died at the age of ninety-four years, under Trajan. According to tradition, he is not dead; he is spared, and John is ever living at Patmos as Barbarossa at Kaiserslautern. There are some waiting-caverns for these mysterious everlasting beings. John, as an historian, has his equals,—Matthew, Luke, Mark; as a visionary he is alone. There is no dream approaches his, so deep it is in the infinite. His metaphors pass out from eternity, distracted; his poetry has a profound smile of madness; the reverberation of the Most High is in the eye of this man. It is the sublime going fully astray. Men do not understand it—scorn it, and laugh. "My dear Thiriot," says Voltaire, "the Apocalypse is filth." Religions, being in want of this book, have taken to worshiping it; but in order not to be thrown to the common sewer, it must be put on the altar. What does it matter? John is a spirit. It is in the John of Patmos, among all, that the communication between certain men of genius and the abyss is apparent. In John they see it, at times they touch it, and have a shivering fit in placing, so to speak, the hand on this somber door. That is the way to the Deity. It seems, when you read the poem of Patmos, that some one pushes you from behind; you have a confused outline of the dreadful opening. It fills you with terror and attraction. If John had only that, he would be immense.

10. Another, Paul, a saint for the Church, a great man for humanity, repre-

sents this prodigy, at the same time human and divine,—conversion. He is the one who has had a glimpse of the future. It leaves him haggard; and nothing can be more magnificent than this face, forever wondering, of the man conquered by the light. Paul, born a Pharisee, had been a weaver of camel's-hair for tents, and servant of one of the judges of Jesus Christ, Gamaliel; then the scribes had advanced him, trusting to his natural ferocity. He was the man of the past; he had taken care of the mantles of the stone-throwers. He aspired, having studied with the priests, to become an executioner; he was on the road for this. All at once a wave of light emanates from the darkness, throws him down from his horse, and henceforth there will be in the history of the human race this wonderful thing,—the road to Damascus. That day of the metamorphosis of Saint Paul is a great day; keep the date,—it corresponds to January 25th in our Gregorian calendar. The road to Damascus is necessary to the march of Progress. To fall into the truth and to rise a just man, a fall and transfiguration, that is sublime. It is the history of Saint Paul. From his day it will be the history of humanity. The flash of light is beyond the flash of lightning. Progress will carry itself on by a series of scintillations. As for Saint Paul, who has been turned aside by the force of new conviction, this harsh stroke from on high opens to him genius. Once on his feet again, behold him proceed: he will no more stop. "Forward!" is his cry. He is a cosmopolite. He loves the outsiders, whom Paganism calls barbarians, and Christianity calls Gentiles; he devotes himself to them. He is the apostle of the outer world. He writes to the nations epistles on behalf of God. Listen to him speaking to the Galatians: "O insane Galatians! how can you go back to the yokes to which you were tied? There are no more Jews, or Greeks, or slaves. Do not carry out your grand ceremonies ordained by your laws. I declare unto you that all that is nothing. Love each other. Man must be a new creature. Freedom is awaiting you." There were at Athens, on the hill of Mars, steps hewn in rock, which may be seen to this day. On these steps sat the great judges before whom Orestes had appeared. There Socrates had been judged. Paul went there; and there, at night (the Areopagus only sat at night), he said to the grave men, "I come to announce to you the unknown God." The Epistles of Paul to the Gentiles are simple and profound, with the subtlety so marked in its influence over savages. There are in these messages gleams of hallucination; Paul speaks of the Celestials as if he distinctly saw them. Like John, half-way between life and eternity, it seems that he had one part of his thought on the earth and one in the Unknown; and it may be said, at moments, that one of his verses answers to another from beyond the dark wall of the tomb. This half-possession of death gives him a personal certainty, and one often distinctly apart from the dogma, and a mark of conviction on his personal conceptions, which makes him almost heretical. His humility, bordering on the mysterious, is lofty. Peter says, "The words of Paul may be taken in a bad sense." The deacon Hilaire and the Luciferians ascribe their schism to the Epistles of Paul. Paul is at heart so anti-monarchical that King James I., very much encouraged by the orthodox University of Oxford, caused the Epistle to the Romans to be burned by the hand of the common hangman. It is true it was one with a commentary by David Pareus. Many of Paul's works are rejected by the Church; they are the finest; and among them his Epistle to the Laodiceans, and above all his Apocalypse, erased by the Council of Rome under Gelasius. It would be curious to compare it with the Apocalypse of John. On the opening that Paul had made to heaven the Church wrote, "Entrance forbidden." He is not less holy for it. It is his official consolation. Paul has the restlessness of the thinker; text and formulary are little for him. The letter does not suffice; the letter, it is matter. Like all men of progress, he speaks with reserve of the written law; he prefers grace, as we prefer justice. What is grace? It is the inspiration from on high; it is the breath, *flat ubi vult;* it is liberty. Grace is the spirit of law. This discovery of the spirit of law belongs to Saint Paul; and what he calls "grace" from the heavenly point of view, we, from an earthly point, call "right." Such is Paul. The greatness of a spirit by the irruption of clearness, the beauty of violence done by truth to one spirit, breaks forth in this man. In that, we insist, lies the virtue of the road to Damascus. Henceforth, whoever wishes this increase, must follow the guide-post of Saint Paul. All those to whom justice shall reveal itself, every blindness desirous of the day, all the cataracts looking to be healed, all searchers after conviction, all the great adventurers

after virtue, all the holders of good in quest of truth, shall go by this road. The light that they find there shall change nature, for the light is always relative to darkness; it shall increase in intensity. After having been revelation, it shall be rationalism; but it shall always be light. Voltaire is like Saint Paul on the road to Damascus. The road to Damascus shall be forever the passage for great minds. It shall also be the passage for peoples,—for peoples, these vast individualisms, have like each of us their crisis and their hour. Paul, after his glorious fall, rose up again armed against ancient errors, with that flaming sword, Christianity; and two thousand years after, France, struck by the light, arouses herself, she also holding in hand this sword of fire, the Revolution.

11. Another, Dante, has mentally conceived the abyss. He has made the epic poem of specters. He rends the earth; in the terrible hole he has made he puts Satan. Then he pushes through purgatory up to heaven. Where all end Dante begins. Dante is beyond man; beyond, not without,—a singular proposition, which, however, has nothing contradictory in it, the soul being a prolongation of man into the indefinite. Dante twists light and shade into a huge spiral; it descends, then it ascends. Wonderful architecture! At the threshold is the sacred mist; across the entrance is stretched the corpse of Hope; all that you perceive beyond is night. The infinite anguish is sobbing somewhere in the invisible darkness. You lean over this gulf-poem. Is it a crater? You hear reports; the verse shoots out narrow and livid, as from the fissures of a solfatara. It is vapour now, then lava. This paleness speaks; and then you know that the volcano, of which you have caught a glimpse, is hell. This is no longer the human medium; you are in the unknown abyss. In this poem the imponderable submits to the laws of the ponderable, with which it is mixed, as in the sudden tumbling down of a building on fire, the smoke carried down by the ruins, falls and rolls with them, and seems caught under the timber and the stones; thence strange effects: the ideas seem to suffer and to be punished in men. The idea, sufficiently man to undergo expiation, is the phantom (a form that is shade), impalpable, but not invisible—an appearance retaining yet a sufficient amount of reality for the chastisement to have a hold on it; sin in the abstract state, but having kept the human figure. It is not only the wicked who grieves in this Apocalypse, it is the evil; there all possible bad actions are in despair. This spiritualization of pain gives to the poem a powerful moral import. The depth of hell once sounded, Dante pierces it, and remounts to the other side of the infinite. In rising, he becomes idealized; and thought drops the body as a robe. From Virgil he passes to Beatrice. His guide to hell, it is the poet; his guide to heaven, it is poetry. The epic poem continues, and has more grandeur yet; but man comprehends it no more. Purgatory and paradise are not less extraordinary than gehenna; but the more he ascends the less interested is man. He was somewhat at home in hell, but he is no longer so in heaven. He cannot recognize himself in angels. The human eye is perhaps not made for so much sun; and when the poem draws happiness, it becomes tedious. It is generally the case with all happiness. Marry the lovers, or send the souls to dwell in paradise, it is well; but seek the drama elsewhere than there. After all, what does it matter to Dante if you no longer follow him? He goes on without you. He goes alone, this lion. His work is a wonder. What a philosopher is this visionary! What a sage is this madman! Dante lays down the law for Montesquieu; the penal divisions of "L'Ésprit des Lois" are an exact copy of the classifications in the hell of the "Divina Commedia." That which Juvenal does for the Rome of the Cæsars, Dante does for the Rome of popes; but Dante is a more terrible judge than Juvenal. Juvenal whips with cutting thongs; Dante scourges with flames. Juvenal condemns; Dante damns. Woe to the living on whom this awful traveller fixes the unfathomable glare of his eyes!

12. Another, Rabelais, is the soul of Gaul. And who says Gaul says also Greece, for the Attic salt and the Gallic jest have at bottom the same flavour; and if anything, buildings apart, resembles the Piræus, it is La Rapée. Aristophanes is distanced; Aristophanes is wicked. Rabelais is good; Rabelais would have defended Socrates. In the order of lofty genius, Rabelais chronologically follows Dante; after the stern face, the sneering visage. Rabelais is the wondrous mask of ancient comedy detached from the Greek proscenium, from bronze made flesh, henceforth a human living face, remaining enormous, and coming among us to laugh at us, and with us. Dante and Rabelais spring from the school of the Franciscan friars,

as later Voltaire springs from the Jesuits. Dante the incarnate sorrow, Rabelais the parody, Voltaire the irony,—they came from the Church against the Church. Every genius has his invention or his discovery. Rabelais has made this one: the belly. The serpent is in man; it is the intestines. It tempts, betrays, and punishes. Man, single being as a spirit and complex as man, has within himself for his earthly mission three centres,—the brain, the heart, the stomach. Each of these centres is august by one great function which is peculiar to it: the brain has thought, the heart has love, the belly has paternity and maternity. The belly may be tragic. "*Feri ventrem,*" says Agrippina. Catherine Sforza, threatened with the death of her children, kept in hostage, exhibits herself naked to her navel on the battlements of the citadel of Rimini and says to the enemy, "With this I can give birth to others." In one of the epic convulsions of Paris, a woman of the people, standing on a barricade, raised her petticoat, showed the soldiery her naked belly, and cried, "Kill your mothers!" The soldiers perforated that belly with balls. The belly has its heroism; but it is from it that flows in life corruption, in art comedy. The breast, where the heart rests, has for its summit the head; the belly has the phallus. The belly being the center of matter, is our gratification and our danger; it contains appetite, satiety, and putrefaction. The devotion, the tenderness, which we feel then are subject to death; egotism replaces them. Easily do the affections become intestines. That the hymn can become a drunkard's hiccup, that the strophe can be deformed into a couplet, is sad. That comes from the beast that is in man. The belly is essentially this beast. Degradation seems to be its law. The ladder of sensual poetry has for its topmost round the Canticle of Canticles, and for its lowest the coarse jest. The belly god is Silenus; the belly emperor is Vitellius; the belly animal is the pig. One of those horrid Ptolemies was called the Belly—*Physcon.* The belly is to humanity a formidable weight: it breaks every moment the equilibrium between the soul and the body. It fills history. It is responsible for nearly all crimes. It is the bottle of all vices. It is the belly which by voluptuousness makes the sultan and by drunkenness the czar; it is this that shows Tarquin the bed of Lucrece; it is this that ends by making that senate which had waited for Brennus and dazzled Jugurtha deliberate on the sauce of a turbot. It is the belly which counsels the ruined libertine, Cæsar, the passage of the Rubicon. To pass the Rubicon, how well that pays one's debts! To pass the Rubicon, how readily that throws women into one's arms! What good dinners afterward! And the Roman soldiers enter Rome with the cry, "*Urbani, claudit uxores; mœchum calvum adducimus.*" The appetite debauches the intellect. Voluptuousness replaces will. At starting, as is always the case, there is some nobleness. It is the orgy. There is a gradation between being fuddled and being dead drunk.

Then the orgy degenerates into bestial gluttony. Where there was Solomon there is Ramponneau. Man becomes a barrel; an inner sea of dark ideas drowns thought; conscience submerged can not warn the drunken soul. Beastliness is consummated; it is not even any longer cynical, it is empty and beastly. Diogenes disappears; there remains but the barrel. We commence by Alcibiades, we finish by Trimalchion. It is complete; nothing more, neither dignity, nor shame, nor honour, nor virtue, nor wit, —animal gratification in all its nakedness, thorough impurity. Thought dissolves itself in satiety; carnal gorging absorbs everything; nothing survives of the grand sovereign creature inhabited by the soul. As the word goes, the belly eats the man. Such is the final state of all societies where the ideal is eclipsed. That passes for prosperity, and is called aggrandizing one's self. Sometimes even philosophers thoughtlessly aid this degradation by inserting in their doctrines the materialism which is in the consciences. This sinking of man to the level of the human beast is a great calamity. Its first fruit is the turpitude visible at the summit of all professions,—the venal judge, the simoniacal priest, the hireling soldier; laws, manners, and beliefs are a dungheap,—*totus homo fit excrementum.* In the sixteenth century all the institutions of the past are in that state. Rabelais gets hold of that situation; he proves it; he authenticates that belly which is the world. Civilization is, then, but a mass; science is matter; religion is blessed with a stomach, feudality is digesting; royalty is obese. What is Henry VIII.? A paunch. Rome is a fat-gutted old woman. Is it health? Is it sickness? It is perhaps obesity; it is perhaps dropsy—query. Rabelais, doctor and priest, feels the pulse of Papacy; he shakes his head and bursts out laughing. Is it because he has found life? No, it is because

he has felt death; it is, in reality, breathing its last. While Luther reforms, Rabelais jests. Which tends better to the end? Rabelais ridicules the monk, the bishop, the Pope; laughter and death-rattle together; fool's bell sounding the tocsin! Well, then, what? I thought it was a feast; it is agony. One may be deceived by the nature of the hiccup. Let us laugh all the same. Death is at the table; the last drop toasts the last sigh. The agony feasting,—it is superb. The inner colon is king; all that old world feasts and bursts, and Rabelais enthrones a dynasty of bellies,—Grangousier, Pantagruel, and Gargantua. Rabelais is the Æschylus of victuals; indeed, it is grand when we think that eating is devouring. There is something of the gulf in the glutton. Eat, then, my masters, and drink, and come to the finale. To live is a song, of which to die is the refrain. Others dig under the depraved human race fearful dungeons. For subterraneous caves the great Rabelais contents himself with the cellar. This universe, which Dante put into hell, Rabelais confines in a wine-cask; his book is nothing else. The seven circles of Alighieri bung and encompass this extraordinary tun. Look within the monstrous cask, and you see them there. In Rabelais they are entitled, Idleness, Pride, Envy, Avarice, Anger, Luxury, Gluttony, and it is thus that you suddenly meet again this formidable jester. Where?—in church. The seven sins are this *curê's* sermon. Rabelais is priest. Castigation, properly understood, begins at home; it is therefore on the clergy that he strikes first. It is something, indeed, to be at home! The Papacy dies of indigestion. Rabelais plays the Papacy a trick,—the trick of a Titan. The Pantagruelian joy is not less grandiose than the mirth of a Jupiter,—jaw for jaw. The monarchical and priestly jaw eats; the Rabelaisian jaw laughs. Whoever has read Rabelais has forever before his eyes this stern opposition; the mask of Theocritus gazed at fixedly by the mask of Comedy.

13. Another, Cervantes, is also a form of epic mock-cry; for, as the writer of these lines said in 1827, there are between the Middle Ages and the modern times, after the feudal barbarism, and placed there, as it were, for a conclusion, two Homeric buffoons, —Rabelais and Cervantes. To sum up horror by laughter, is not the least terrible manner of doing it. It is what Rabelais did; it is what Cervantes did. But the raillery of Cervantes has nothing of the large Rabelaisian grin. It is the fine humour of the noble after the joviality of the *curé*. I am the Signor Don Miguel Cervantes de Saavedra, Caballero, poet-soldier, and, as a proof, one-armed. No broad, coarse jesting in Cervantes. Scarcely a flavour of elegant cynicism. The satirist is fine, sharp-edged, polished, delicate, almost gallant, and would even run the risk sometimes of diminishing his power with all his affected ways if he had not the deep poetic spirit of the Renaissance. That saves his charming grace from becoming prettiness. Like Jean Goujon, like Jean Cousin, like Germain Pilon, like Primatice, Cervantes has the chimera within himself. Thence all the unexpected marvels of his imagination. Add to that a wonderful intuition of the inmost deeds of the mind, and a philosophy, inexhaustible in aspects, which seems to possess a new and complete chart of the human heart. Cervantes sees the inner man. His philosophy blends with the comic and romantic instinct. Thence does the unexpected break in at each moment in his characters, in his action, in his style,—the unforeseen, magnificent adventure. Personages remaining true to themselves, but facts and ideas whirling around them, with a perpetual renewing of the original idea, with the unceasing breathing of that wind which carries flashes of lightning,—such is the law of great works. Cervantes is militant; he has a thesis; he makes a social book. Such poets are the fighting champions of the mind. Where have they learned fighting? On the battlefield itself. Juvenal was a military tribune; Cervantes arrives from Lepanto, as Dante from Campalbino, as Æschylus from Salamis. After which they pass to a new trial. Æschylus goes into exile, Juvenal into exile, Dante into exile, Cervantes into prison. It is just, for they have served you well. Cervantes, as poet, has the three sovereign gifts,—creation which produces types, and clothes ideas with flesh and bone; invention, which hurls passions against events, makes man flash brightly over destiny, and brings forth the drama; imagination, sun of the brain, which throws light and shade everywhere, and, giving relief, creates life. Observation, which is acquired, and which, in consequence, is a quality rather than a gift, is included in creation. If the miser were not observed, Harpagon would not be created. In Cervantes, a new-comer, glimpsed at in Rabelais, puts in a decided appearance; it is common-sense. You have caught sight of it in Panurge; you see it plainly in Sancho Panza. It arrived like the Silenus of Plautus; and it may also say,

"I am the god mounted on an ass." Wisdom at once, reason by-and-by; it is indeed the strange history of the human mind. What more wise than all religions? What less reasonable? Morals true, dogmas false. Wisdom is in Homer and in Job; reason, such as it ought to be to overcome prejudices,—that is to say, complete and armed *cap-à-pie*—will be found only in Voltaire. Common-sense is not wisdom and is not reason; it is a little of one and a little of the other, with a dash of egotism. Cervantes makes it bestride ignorance; and, at the same time, completing his profound satire, he gives fatigue as a nag to heroism. Thus he shows one after the other, one with the other, the two profiles of man, and parodies them, without more pity for the sublime than for the grotesque. The hippogriff becomes Rosinante. Behind the equestrian figure, Cervantes creates and gives movement to the asinine personage. Enthusiasm takes the field, Irony follows in its footsteps. The wonderful feats of Don Quixote, his riding and spurring, his big lance, steady in the rest, are judged by the donkey, a connoisseur in windmills. The invention of Cervantes is so masterly that there is, between the man type and the quadruped complement, statuary adhesion; the reasoner, like the adventurer, is part of the beast which belongs to him, and you can no more dismount Sancho Panza than Don Quixote. The Ideal is in Cervantes as in Dante; but it is called the impossible, and is scoffed at. Beatrice is become Dulcinea. To rail at the ideal would be the failing of Cervantes; but this failing is only apparent. Look well! The smile has a tear. In reality, Cervantes is for Don Quixote what Molière is for Alcestis. One must learn how to read in a peculiar manner in the books of the sixteenth century; there is in almost all, on account of the threats hanging over the liberty of thought, a secret that must be opened, and the key of which is often lost. Rabelais had something unexpressed, Cervantes had an aside, Machiavelli had a secret recess,—several, perhaps; at all events, the advent of common-sense is the great fact in Cervantes. Common-sense is not a virtue; it is the eye of interest. It would have encouraged Themistocles and dissuaded Aristides. Leonidas has no common-sense; Regulus has no common-sense; but in the face of egotistical and ferocious monarchies dragging poor peoples into wars undertaken for themselves, decimating families, making mothers desolate, and driving men to kill each other with all those fine words,—military honour, warlike glory, obedience to discipline, etc.,—it is an admirable personification, that common-sense coming all at once and crying to the human race, "Take care of your skin!"

14. Another, Shakespeare, what is he? You might almost answer, He is the earth. Lucretius is the sphere; Shakespeare is the globe. There is more and less in the globe than in the sphere. In the sphere there is the whole, on the globe there is man. Here the outer, there the inner, mystery. Lucretius is the being; Shakespeare is the existence. Thence so much shadow in Lucretius; thence so much movement in Shakespeare. Space,—*the blue*, as the Germans say,—is certainly not forbidden to Shakespeare. The earth sees and surveys heaven; the earth knows heaven under its two aspects, darkness and azure, doubt and hope. Life goes and comes in death. All life is a secret,—a sort of enigmatical parenthesis between birth and the death-throw, between the eye which opens and the eye which closes. This secret imparts its restlessness to Shakespeare. Lucretius is; Shakespeare lives. In Shakespeare the birds sing, the bushes become verdant, the hearts love, the souls suffer, the cloud wanders, it is hot, it is cold, night falls, time passes, forests and crowds speak, the vast eternal dream hovers about. The sap and the blood, all forms of the fact multiple, the actions and the ideas, man and humanity, the living and the life, the solitudes, the cities, the religions, the diamonds and pearls, the dunghills and the charnel-houses, the ebb and flow of beings, the steps of the comers and goers,—all, all are on Shakespeare and in Shakespeare; and this genius being the earth, the dead emerge from it. Certain sinister sides of Shakespeare are haunted by specters. Shakespeare is a brother of Dante. The one completes the other. Dante incarnates all supernaturalism, Shakespeare all Nature; and as these two regions, Nature and supernaturalism, which appear to us so different, are really the same unity, Dante and Shakespeare, however dissimilar, commingle outwardly, and are but one innately. There is something of the Alighieri, something of the ghost in Shakespeare. The skull passes from the hands of Dante into the hands of Shakespeare. Ugolino gnaws it, Hamlet questions it; and it shows perhaps even a deeper meaning and a loftier teaching the second than in the first. Shakespeare shakes it and makes stars fall from it. The isle of Prospero, the forest

of Ardennes, the heath near Forres, the platform of Elsinore, are not less illuminated than the seven circles of Dante's spiral by the somber reverberation of hypothesis. The unknown—half fable, half truth—is outlined there as well as here. Shakespeare as much as Dante allows us to glimpse at the crepuscular horizon of conjecture. In the one as in the other there is the possible,—that window of the dream opening on reality. As for the real, we insist on it, Shakespeare overflows with it; everywhere the living flesh. Shakespeare possesses emotion, instinct, the true cry, the right tone, all the human multitude in his clamour. His poetry is himself, and at the same time it is you. Like Homer, Shakespeare is element. Men of genius, re-beginners,—it is the right name for them,—rise at all the decisive crises of humanity; they sum up the phases and complete the revolutions. In civilization, Homer stamps the end of Asia and the commencement of Europe, Shakespeare stamps the end of the Middle Ages. This closing of the Middle Ages, Rabelais and Cervantes have fixed also; but, being essentially satirists, they give but a partial aspect. Shakespeare's mind is a total; like Homer, Shakespeare is a cyclic man. These two geniuses, Homer and Shakespeare, close the two gates of barbarism,—the ancient door and the gothic one. That was their mission; they have fulfilled it. That was their task; they have accomplished it. The third great human crisis is the French Revolution; it is the third huge gate of barbarism, the monarchical gate, which is closing at this moment. The nineteenth century hears it rolling on its hinges. Thence for poetry, the drama, and art arises the actual era, as independent of Shakespeare as of Homer.

Dancing

The "White Poplar," Imperial Concubine of the Emperor Ming Huang

By YANG KUEI-FEI

Translated by Florence Ayscough and Amy Lowell

WIDE sleeves sway.
Scents,
Sweet scents
Incessantly coming.

It is red lilies,
Lotus lilies,
Floating up,
And up,
Out of Autumn mist.

Thin clouds
Puffed,
Fluttered,
Blown on a rippling wind
Through a mountain pass.

Young willow shoots
Touching,
Brushing,
The water
Of the garden pool.

The Green Cockatoo

Grotesquery in One Act

By ARTHUR SCHNITZLER

Englished by Grace Isabel Colbron

CHARACTERS

EMILE (*Duke de Cadignan*).
FRANCOIS (*Vicomte de Nogeant*).
ALBIN (*Chevalier de la Tremouille*).
MARQUIS DE LANSAC.
SEVERINE (*his wife*).
ROLLIN (*poet*).
PROSPERE (*host of "The Green Cockatoo," formerly manager of a theater*).
HENRI, BALTHASAR, GUILLAUME, SCAEVOLA, JULES, ETIENNE, MAURICE, GEORGETTE, MICHETTE, *and* FLIPOTTE (PROSPERE'S *troupe*).
LEOCADIE (*actress*, HENRI'S *wife*).
GRASSET (*philosopher*).
LEBRET (*tailor*).
GRAIN (*a tramp*).
A POLICE SERGEANT.
ARISTOCRATS, ACTORS *and* ACTRESSES; CITIZENS (*of Paris*).

The action takes place in Paris on the evening of July 14, 1789, in PROSPERE'S *wine-room, "The Green Cockatoo."*

A cellar room of moderate size into which seven steps lead down from a door at the right, well to the rear. There is another door in the back wall at the left, scarcely visible. About all the available space in the room is filled by plain wooden tables and chairs. The bar is in the center of the left wall; behind it are casks of wine fitted with bung-pipes. The room is lit by small hanging lamps.

PROSPERE *is behind the bar,* GRASSET *and* LEBRET *enter.*

GRASSET (*still on the steps*)—This way, Lebrêt. I know this source. My old friend and former manager always has a cask of wine hidden somewhere hereabouts when all Paris else is athirst.

PROSPERE—Good evening, Grasset—showing yourself here again? At odds with philosophy, eh? Have you a wish to take engagement with me again?

GRASSET—In a manner, yes—I want wine. I am the guest, you the host.

PROSPERE—Wine, indeed? And where should I get wine, Grasset? They plundered all the wine shops of Paris last night—and I wager you had a hand in it.

GRASSET—Bring wine, I say. For the rabble that will be here in an hour—(*he listens as if to some sound outside*)—do you hear anything, Lebrêt?

LEBRET—It is like distant thunder.

GRASSET—Well done, citizens of Paris! (*To* PROSPERE) You surely have a cask in hiding for the rabble you expect later. Bring it out now. My friend and admirer here, citizen Lebrêt, tailor of the Rue St. Honoré, will pay for all we drink.

LEBRET—Yes, yes, I will pay. (PROSPERE *hesitates.*)

GRASSET—Show him that you have money, Lebrêt. (LEBRET *takes out a well-filled purse.*)

PROSPERE—Well, I will see if—(*he fills two glasses from one of the casks*). Where have you been, Grasset? At the Palais Royal?

GRASSET—Yes, and I made a speech there, too. It is my turn now, friend Prospère. And do you know whom I followed with my speech?

PROSPERE—Well?

GRASSET—Camille Desmoulins! Yes, I dared it! And tell me, Lebrêt, which of us had the greater applause, Desmoulins or I?

LEBRET—You did, beyond a doubt.

GRASSET—And how did I bear myself?

LEBRET—Magnificently.

GRASSET—Do you hear that, Prospère? I stood on the table—I looked like some great monument—yes, I did. And all the thousand, the five thousand, the ten thousand, gathered around me just as they had gathered around Camille Desmoulins, and called to me, and cheered me——

LEBRET—They cheered louder for you.

GRASSET—Yes—not much, but still it was louder—and now they are storming the Bastille—and I may say they have followed my call—before the evening is out we will have taken it.

PROSPERE—Maybe—if the walls could fall before your speeches.

GRASSET—Speeches? Have you no ears? They're shooting now. Our valiant soldiers are with us—they have the same hellish hatred for that accursed prison that we have—they know it is their fathers and their brothers who are behind those walls—but they would not shoot had they not heard us talk. Yes, my dear Prospère, great is the power of the intellect. (*To* LEBRET) Where are the papers?

LEBRET—Here they are. (*He draws a handful of pamphlets from his pocket.*)

GRASSET—Here are the newest pamphlets given out in the Palais Royal. Here is one by my friend Cerutti, "A Record for the French People"; here one by Desmoulins—he speaks better than he writes—"Free France"——

PROSPERE—And where will yours appear, that you're always telling me about?

GRASSET—We need no more words, the time for deeds has come. A coward, who sits within his four walls to-day—a man's place is in the streets.

LEBRET—Bravo! Bravo!

GRASSET—They've killed their Mayor in Toulon; they've plundered a dozen houses in Brignolles; we Parisians are the stupid dolts who endure everything——

PROSPERE—They can hardly say that of us now.

LEBRET (*has been drinking steadily*)—Arise!—Citizens—arise!

GRASSET—To arms!—shut up your place and come with us.

PROSPERE—I will come, at the proper time.

GRASSET—When there's no longer any danger?

PROSPERE—I am as great a lover of Freedom as you are, friend—but I have my business.

GRASSET—There is but one business for citizens of Paris to-day—and that is to set their brothers free.

PROSPERE—For those who have nothing else to do, you mean.

LEBRET—What's that? He's mocking us?

PROSPERE—No such intention. But see that you take yourselves off now. My performance will begin shortly, and I have no use for you then.

LEBRET—A performance? Is this a theater?

PROSPERE—It is. Your friend here played with us not two weeks ago.

LEBRET—You played here, Grasset? Do you let the rascal make game of you unpunished?

GRASSET—Calm yourself—it is true. I did play here. This is no ordinary wine-room, it is a den of thieves—come now.

PROSPERE—Payment first, please.

LEBRET—If this is a den of thieves, I sha'n't pay a sou.

PROSPERE—Tell your friend where he is.

GRASSET—This is a strange place. There are people here who play the criminal—and others who are criminals without knowing it.

LEBRET—Indeed!

GRASSET—I would like you to notice that what I have just said was extremely brilliant. It would make the success of an entire speech.

LEBRET—But I don't understand a word of it all.

GRASSET—I told you that Prospère was my former manager. He is still acting here with his troupe, but not in the usual way. My former colleagues sit round here and pretend to be criminals. Do you understand? They tell hair-raising stories that never happened—they speak of awful deeds which they never committed—and the audience that assembles to hear them enjoys the sensation of sitting in the same room with the most dangerous scum of Paris—with swindlers, thieves, and murderers.

LEBRET—What sort of an audience is it?

PROSPERE—The most fashionable people of Paris——

GRASSET—Noblemen——

PROSPERE—Gentlemen of the Court——

LEBRET—Down with them!

GRASSET—This is something to their taste—this whips up their jaded senses. Yes—this is where I began, Lebrêt, this is where I made my first speech, in pretended

jest—and this is where I began to hate the dogs as they sat here with us—with their fine clothes, their perfumes, their rottenness. And I am well pleased, my good Lebrêt, that you should see the place from whence your great friend went forth to larger things— (*In a changed tone*) Say, Prospère, if there should be any slip——

PROSPERE—Slip? How?

GRASSET—In my political career—would you engage me again?

PROSPERE—Not at any price.

GRASSET (*easily*)—Why not? Don't you think there could be a chance for any one beside your belovèd Henri?

PROSPERE—Apart from that—I'd be afraid you would forget yourself some day and really attack one of my paying customers——

GRASSET (*flattered*)—That might be possible——

PROSPERE—I—I can control myself.

GRASSET—Of a truth, Prospère, I could admire your self-control—did I not happen to know that you are a coward.

PROSPERE—My dear friend, I am satisfied with my own way of doing things. I find sufficient pleasure in telling them my true opinion of them, to their very faces—in reviling them to my heart's desire—while they look upon it as a joke. That, too, is a way of relieving one's feelings. (*He draws a dagger and turns it to catch the light.*)

LEBRET—What does this mean, Citizen Prospère?

GRASSET—Don't be afraid, I wager the dagger is not even sharpened.

PROSPERE—You might lose your wager, friend. The day will come when the joke turns to bitter earnest—and I am ready for it.

GRASSET—That day is near! It is a great age we live in. Come, Citizen Lebrêt, we must join the others. Farewell, Prospère—you will see me as one of the great ones—or never again!

LEBRET (*staggering*)—As one of the great—or—never. (*They both go out.*)

PROSPERE (*seats himself on a table, reads from one of the pamphlets*)—"The beast is in the noose, strangle it." Not bad, little Desmoulins. "Never was richer booty for a conqueror—forty thousand palaces and castles, two-fifths of all the wealth in France, will be the reward of bravery—those who think themselves the conquerors will be overthrown, and the nation will be purged." (*The* POLICE SERGEANT *enters.*)

PROSPERE (*measure him*)—The rabble is appearing in good season to-night.

SERGEANT—Spare your jokes, friend Prospère. I am the Police Sergeant for your district.

PROSPERE—And what can I do for you?

SERGEANT—I have been ordered to attend this evening's performance in your place here.

PROSPERE—I am greatly honoured.

SERGEANT—That's not the point, good Prospère. The authorities wish to know just exactly what happens here. For some weeks——

PROSPERE—It is a pleasure resort, Sergeant, nothing more.

SERGEANT—Let me talk, please. For some weeks, so they say, this place has been the scene of vile orgies.

PROSPERE—The rumour is false, Sergeant. Jokes, harmless jokes, that is all.

SERGEANT—That's the way it begins, I know. But it ends very differently, my report says—you were an actor?

PROSPERE—A manager, Sergeant. Manager of an excellent troupe which played last in St. Denis.

SERGEANT—That is immaterial. (*He reads from a note-book.*) You inherited some money——

PROSPERE—Hardly worth mentioning.

SERGEANT—Your ensemble scattered?

PROSPERE—So did the money.

SERGEANT—Very good. (*Both smile, then seriously again.*) You opened this wine-room?

PROSPERE—Which paid very badly.

SERGEANT (*still reading*)—Then you hit upon an idea to which a certain originality cannot be denied.

PROSPERE—You flatter me, Sergeant.

SERGEANT—You collected your troupe again, and let them give a performance, which has been characterized as peculiar—and somewhat doubtful.

PROSPERE—If it were at all doubtful, Sergeant, I should not have my audience—I may say—the most aristocratic audience in Paris. The Vicomte de Nogeant is my daily guest. The Marquis de Lansac comes very frequently, and the Duke de Cadignan, Sergeant, is the most ardent admirer of my leading actor, the celebrated Henri Baston.

SERGEANT—And an admirer also of the art—or the arts—of your actresses?

PROSPERE—If you could see my little actresses, Sergeant, you would not blame anyone for admiring them.

SERGEANT—Enough of this. It has been reported to the authorities that the amusement offered by your—what shall I say?

PROSPERE—The word "artists" might suffice.

SERGEANT—I shall use the word "hirelings"—the amusement offered by your hirelings goes beyond the bounds of the permissible. The report says that there are speeches made by—what shall I say?—by your artificial criminals which—what does the report say?—(*he reads from his note-book*)—which are not only immoral—that would not trouble us—but which are most seditious and liable to do harm—this cannot be a matter of indifference to the authorities, particularly not in such troublous times.

PROSPERE—My dear Sergeant, my only answer to all this is a polite invitation to visit the performance. You will soon discover that there is nothing seditious going on—mainly because my audience would not be susceptible to sedition. We give a theatrical performance, that is all.

SERGEANT—I am not allowed to accept your invitation, but I shall remain here in my official capacity.

PROSPERE—I can promise you a very pleasant evening. But if you permit a word of advice, I would recommend that you exchange your official uniform for civilian clothes. The spontaneity of my artists—and the mood of my audience, would both suffer from the presence of a police official in uniform.

SERGEANT—You are right, M. Prospère. I will disappear for a short time and return as a young gentleman of fashion.

PROSPERE—That will be easy for you, Sergeant. And you are equally welcome as a vagabond—that would not attract attention here—only not as police official.

SERGEANT—Good evening, then. (*He goes toward door.*)

PROSPERE (*bowing*)—When will that blessed day dawn, when you and your like—— (*The* SERGEANT *meets* GRAIN *in the doorway.* GRAIN, *who is ragged and dirty, starts when he sees the* SERGEANT. *The* SERGEANT *looks at him sharply, then smiles and turns to* PROSPERE.)

SERGEANT—One of your artists already? (*He goes out.*)

GRAIN (*comes down, whining*)—Good evening.

PROSPERE (*when he has looked him over sharply*)—If you *are* one of my actors I must compliment you—for I do not recognize you.

GRAIN—What did you say?

PROSPERE—Stop this nonsense and take off your wig. I want to know who you are. (*He pulls at* GRAIN's *hair.*)

GRAIN—Ouch!——

PROSPERE—The devil—that is real hair—who are you? You seem to be a genuine tramp.

GRAIN—I am.

PROSPERE—Then what do you want of me?

GRAIN—Have I the honour of addressing Citizen Prospère?—host of the "Green Cockatoo"?

PROSPERE—I am he.

GRAIN—Grain is my name—or sometimes Carniche—and they sometimes call me the "Bellowing Brimstone"—but they imprisoned me under the name of Grain, Citizen Prospère, and that's the main point.

PROSPERE—Oh, I understand. You want an engagement here and are showing me what you can do. Good—continue.

GRAIN—Citizen Prospère, pray don't think me a swindler. I am a man of honour. When I tell you that I have been in prison, I am telling you the truth. (PROSPERE *looks at him suspiciously, and* GRAIN *takes a paper from his pocket.*) Citizen Prospère, look at this. It will tell you that I was released yesterday afternoon at four o'clock.

PROSPERE (*reading the paper*)—After an imprisonment of two years—why, this is—genuine.

GRAIN—Did you still doubt it, Citizen Prospère?

PROSPERE—But what did you do, to be imprisoned two years?

GRAIN—They would have hanged me—but fortunately I was still half a child when I murdered my poor aunt——

PROSPERE—Man! Why did you murder your aunt?

GRAIN—I should not have done it, Citizen Prospère, had she not been false to me, and with my best friend, too——

PROSPERE—Your aunt?

GRAIN—Yes. She was more to me than aunts usually are to their nephews. Our family relationships were peculiar. I was embittered—deeply embittered. Shall I tell you about it?

PROSPERE—Yes, do. We may be able to come to an agreement.

GRAIN—My sister was still half a child when she ran away—and with whom do you think?

PROSPERE—I could not possibly guess.

GRAIN—With her uncle. Then he deserted her, left her with a child.

PROSPERE—A whole child—I hope.

GRAIN—Citizen Prospère—it is indelicate of you to joke on such subjects.

PROSPERE—Listen to me, you Bellowing

Brimstone—these family affairs of yours bore me. Do you think I am here to listen to every chance vagabond's story of his murders? I suppose you want something of me?

GRAIN—I do, Citizen Prospère. I come to ask for work.

PROSPERE (*scornfully*)—I call your attention to the fact that this is a pleasure resort—there are no aunts to murder here.

GRAIN—One such experience is enough for me, thank you. I wish to become an honest man. I have been sent to you——

PROSPERE—By whom?

GRAIN—By a most amiable young man whom they put into my cell three days ago. Now he is alone there—Gaston is his name—you know him.

PROSPERE—Gaston? That explains why I haven't seen him the last three evenings. He is one of my best men for pickpockets—he can tell stories—the audience shook with laughter.

GRAIN—Yes—but now they have caught him.

PROSPERE—Caught him? He didn't really steal?

GRAIN—Yes, he did. But it must have been the first time, for he seems to have been incredibly clumsy at it. Just imagine—(*confidentially*)—he puts his hand in a lady's pocket on the Boulevarde des Capucines—and just pulled out her purse—like a real amateur. You inspire confidence, Citizen Prospère, so I'll confess to you there was a time when I would do that sort of little trick myself—but never without my dear father. Ah—while I was still a child—when we were all together—when my poor aunt was still alive——

PROSPERE—Stop that sniveling; it is very bad taste. Didn't you kill her yourself?

GRAIN—Alas, too late. But as I was going to say—take me into your service. I wish to reverse Gaston's method. He acted the criminal and then became one in earnest—I——

PROSPERE—I'll try you; your appearance will help you considerably. At the proper moment you can tell about your aunt—just as it happened—some one will start you off with a question.

GRAIN—I thank you, Citizen Prospère—and as for my salary——

PROSPERE—You play on trial to-night; I cannot pay you for that. You will have plenty to eat and drink, and a few francs for a night's lodging, if you need it.

GRAIN—I thank you. You can introduce me to the other players as a guest from the province.

PROSPERE—No, we'd better tell them at once that you are a real murderer—they will like that better.

GRAIN—Pardon me, I don't want to say anything to my own discredit—I can't quite understand——

PROSPERE—When you have been on the stage a little longer you *will* understand. (SCAEVOLA *and* JULES *enter*.)

SCAEVOLA—Good evening, most genial Manager.

PROSPERE—Mine host, please. How often must I tell you that you spoil the whole effect if you call me manager?

SCAEVOLA—Well, whatever you are—I don't believe we'll play to-night.

PROSPERE—Why not?

SCAEVOLA—People won't be in the mood for it—there's a hellish noise in the streets, and the mob before the Bastille are screaming like mad devils.

PROSPERE—What does that matter to us? We have had the noise now for months, and our audience has never failed us. They enjoy themselves just the same.

SCAEVOLA—Yes, with the enjoyment of people about to be hanged.

PROSPERE—If I could only live to see it!

SCAEVOLA—But meanwhile give us something to drink, to put me in the right mood. I don't feel at all inspired to-night.

PROSPERE—That happens to you frequently, friend. Let me tell you that I wasn't at all satisfied with you yesterday.

SCAEVOLA—May I ask why not?

PROSPERE—Your story of the house robbery was simply silly.

SCAEVOLA—Silly?

PROSPERE—Yes, silly and quite unconvincing. You can't get your effect by mere yelling.

SCAEVOLA. I never yell.

PROSPERE—You always yell. I see I must rehearse these things with you. I cannot depend upon your own ideas. Henri is the only one——

SCAEVOLA—Henri! Always Henri! Henri is a ranter. My robbery yesterday was a masterpiece; Henri couldn't do it in a lifetime. If you are not satisfied with me, friend Prospère, I shall go to some respectable theatre. (*Sees* GRAIN.) Who is this? He's not one of us. Are you engaging new people. What sort of a make-up does he call that?

PROSPERE—Don't be alarmed, he is not a professional. He is a real murderer.

SCAEVOLA—Oh, I see. (*He goes to*

GRAIN.) Delighted to make your acquaintance. My name is Scaevola.

GRAIN—Thank you. They call me Grain. (JULES *has been walking up and down all this time, halting occasionally, like a man suffering from strong emotion.*)

PROSPERE—What's the matter with you, Jules?

JULES—I'm studying.

PROSPERE—Studying what?

JULES—Pangs of conscience. I'll show you a conscience-stricken sinner to-night. Look at me—how do you like the furrow in my brow? Do I not look as if all the furies of hell were pursuing me? (*He rages up and down.*)

SCAEVOLA (*roars*)—Wine, bring wine!

PROSPERE—Keep cool, the audience hasn't arrived yet— (HENRI *and* LEOCADIE *come in.*)

HENRI (*to* PROSPERE)—Good evening. (*With a light gesture toward the others*) Good evening, gentlemen.

PROSPERE—Good evening, Henri. But what's this I see? You're with Léocadie?

GRAIN (*has been looking attentively at* LEOCADIE, *speaks aside to* SCAEVOLA.)—Why, I know her. (*Speaks further with him.*)

LEOCADIE—Yes, dear Prospère, it is I.

PROSPERE—I haven't seen you for a whole year. Permit me. (*Is about to kiss her.*)

HENRI—None of that, please. (*His eyes rest on her with pride and passion, but with a certain anxiety.*)

PROSPERE—Why, Henri, old friends like us! And your former manager, Léocadie!

LEOCADIE—Ah, those were pleasant days, Prospère.

PROSPERE—Why do you sigh? You've made your career—of course, it's easier for a beautiful young woman——

HENRI (*angrily*)—I will not hear it.

PROSPERE—You needn't scream at me so, just because you happen to be with her again.

HENRI—Stop that talk—she is my wife—since yesterday——

PROSPERE—Your wife? (*To* LEOCADIE) Is he joking?

LEOCADIE—No, he has really married me.

PROSPERE—My congratulations. Scaevola, Jules, Henri is married.

SCAEVOLA (*comes forward*)—Congratulations! (*Winks at* LEOCADIE. JULES *shakes hands with both.*)

GRAIN (*comes forward, speaks to* PROSPERE)—Strange—I saw this woman—just a few moments after they had let me out.

PROSPERE—How is that?

GRAIN—It was the first beautiful woman I had seen for two years. I was greatly moved—but there was another man with her— (*Talks to* PROSPERE.)

HENRI (*in a high-pitched tone of ecstasy, which must not be declamatory*)—Léocadie, my belovèd—my wife—all that has been is no more—a moment like this wipes out all the past. (SCAEVOLA *and* JULES *drop back.* PROSPERE *comes forward to* HENRI.)

PROSPERE—What moment?

HENRI—A holy sacrament unites us now—that is more—far more, than mere human vows. God now watches over us—we can forget all that has gone before. A new life begins for us, Léocadie—our love is sacred, our kisses, however wild they may be, are holy now. Léocadie, my belovèd, my wife. (*With a passionate glance.*) Is she not different now, Prospère? is not her glance clearer, her brow more pure? All that was, is wiped out—is it not so, my Léocadie?

LEOCADIE—Certainly, Henri.

HENRI—And all is well with us. We leave Paris to-morrow. Léocadie appears to-night for the last time at the Porte St. Martin and this is my last evening with you.

PROSPERE (*startled*)—Are you crazy, Henri! You want to leave me?—The manager of the Porte St. Martin won't think of letting Léocadie go? She is his greatest success—the men flock to see her, they say.

HENRI—Be quiet! Léocadie goes with me—she will never leave me. Tell me you will never leave me, Léocadie? (*Brutally*) Tell me——

LEOCADIE—I will never leave you, Henri.

HENRI—If you did, I would— (*Pause.*) I am weary of this life, I want rest—peace.

PROSPERE—But what will you do with yourself, Henri? It is absurd. Listen. I have a suggestion to make. Take Léocadie away from the Porte St. Martin, if you want to, but let her stay here with me. I'll engage her. I lack a clever actress, anyway.

HENRI—My decision is made, Prospère; we leave the city—we go out into the country.

PROSPERE—Into the country? Where?

HENRI—To my old father, who lives all alone in his poor village—my father, whom I have not seen for seven years. He had scarcely hoped to see his lost son again—he will welcome me with joy.

PROSPERE—And what will you do there? The people are starving in the country. They're worse off even than in Paris here.

What will you do with yourself there? You are not the man to till the fields—don't delude yourself into thinking you are.

HENRI—I will prove that I am.

PROSPERE—There'll soon be no more grain growing in all France—you go to certain misery.

HENRI—To certain happiness, Prospère—is it not so, Léocadie? We've dreamed of it often—ah—I long for the peace of the great open stretches—yes, Prospère, in my dreams I see myself walking with her evenings across the fields, in an endless quiet—under a marvelously soothing sky. We will flee this horrible, this dangerous city, and a great peace will come over us. Have we not often dreamed of it, my Léocadie?

LEOCADIE—Yes, we have often dreamed of it.

PROSPERE—Listen, Henri, think it over. I will raise your salary gladly, and I will give Léocadie just as much as I give you.

LEOCADIE—Oh Henri, do you hear that?

PROSPERE—I don't know of any one who can take your place here. None of my people have such clever ideas as you do, and not one of them is as popular with our audience—don't leave me.

HENRI—I can easily believe that you'll not find any one to take my place.

PROSPERE—Stay here, Henri. (*He looks meaningly at* LEOCADIE *and she answers with a glance that intimates she will arrange it.*)

HENRI—The parting will be hard, I promise you—for the others, not for me. I have prepared something for my last appearance to-day—something that will make them all shudder—they will feel the breath of coming annihilation, of the end of their world—for the end of their world is near. I shall not be here to see it. They will tell us of it out there, Léocadie, many days later.—But they will shudder to-night, I promise you. And you yourself, Prospère, you will say that Henri never played so well before.

PROSPERE—What will you play? Do you know, Léocadie?

LEOCADIE—He never tells me anything.

HENRI—Does any one realize what an artist I am?

PROSPERE—We do; of course we do. And that is why I say you should not bury a talent like yours in the country—you wrong yourself, you wrong the cause of art——

HENRI—What do I care for art? I want peace, rest. You cannot understand it, Prospère; you have never loved——

PROSPERE—Oh——

HENRI—As I love. I want to be alone with her—thus only, Léocadie, can we forget it all. And we shall be happy—happier than ever mortals before us. We will have children. You will be a good mother, Léocadie—and a good wife—all else—all, will be wiped out forever— (*There is a long pause.*)

LEOCADIE—It is growing late, Henri, I must be at the theater. Good-by, Prospère. I am glad I've finally seen this celebrated place of yours where Henri scores such triumphs.

PROSPERE—Why have you never been here before?

LEOCADIE—Henri did not wish it—he does not want me to sit about with the men, you know.

HENRI (*goes back*)—Let me have a taste of that, Scaevola. (*He drinks.*)

PROSPERE (*alone with* LEOCADIE). (*Aside to her*)—Henri is a fool—you have done worse things than that.

LEOCADIE—No remarks, please.

PROSPERE—I warn you, you Canaille, have a care—he will kill you some day.

LEOCADIE—What's the matter now?

PROSPERE—You were seen with one of your fellows, only yesterday.

LEOCADIE—Idiot, do you know who that was——?

HENRI (*turns suddenly*)—What are you saying to her? No whispering, please—no secrets from me—she is my wife now.

PROSPERE—What did you give her for a wedding present?

LEOCADIE—Oh, he never thinks of such things.

HENRI—You shall have your present to-day.

LEOCADIE—What?

SCAEVOLA *and* JULES—What are you going to give her?

HENRI (*absolutely serious*)—When your scene is out, you may come here to see me act. (*The others laugh.*) No woman ever had a more costly present. Come now, Léocadie. Au revoir, Prospère; I will be back shortly. (HENRI *and* LEOCADIE *go out.* FRANCOIS, VICOMTE DE NOGEANT, *and* ALBIN, CHEVALIER DE LA TREMOUILLE, *come in together.*)

SCAEVOLA—What a contemptible braggart!

PROSPERE (*to the newcomers*)—Good evening, pigs. (ALBIN *starts.*)

FRANCOIS (*pays no attention*)—Was not that little Léocadie of the Porte St. Martin, who went out there with Henri?

PROSPERE—Surely it was. I suppose she could make even you remember that you're something of a man, if she tried hard, eh?

FRANCOIS (*laughing*)—Possibly. We are early, it seems.

PROSPERE—You can amuse yourself with your minion, for a time. (ALBIN *starts angrily.*)

FRANCOIS—Don't do that—I told you what it was like here. Bring us wine.

PROSPERE—I will. But the time will come when you will be glad to get water from the Seine.

FRANCOIS—Possibly. However, I want wine to-day, and of the best. (PROSPERE *goes to the bar.*)

ALBIN—What a dreadful man!

FRANCOIS—It is all a joke, I tell you. But there are places where you might hear such things said in earnest.

ALBIN—Is it not forbidden?

FRANCOIS (*laughs*)—It's easy to see you are fresh from the province.

ALBIN—It's nearly as bad down our way these days; the peasants are becoming alarmingly insolent. We hardly know what to do about it.

FRANCOIS—The poor devils are hungry, that's the whole secret.

ALBIN—But how can I help that? Or my great-uncle, either?

FRANCOIS—Why your great-uncle?

ALBIN—They held a meeting in our village, and they called my great-uncle, the Count de Tremouille, a grain usurer—just imagine.

FRANCOIS—Was that all?

ALBIN—Well, I must say——

FRANCOIS—We will go to the Palais Royal to-morrow, and you'll hear some speeches that will surprize you. But we let them talk—it is safest. They are good souls at bottom; it is wisest to let them vent their feelings this way.

ALBIN (*looking at* SCAEVOLA *and* JULES)—What suspicious-looking fellows—how they stare at us. (*He puts his hand to the sword.*)

FRANCOIS (*seizes* ALBIN'S *hand*)—Don't be a fool. (*To the actors*) You needn't begin until more audience comes in. (*To* ALBIN) Those are the actors, the most respectable people imaginable. I warrant you, you have sat at table with far worse rogues.

ALBIN—But they were better dressed. (PROSPERE *brings them the wine.* MICHETTE *and* FLIPOTTE *come in.*)

FRANCOIS—Good evening, children, come here to us.

MICHETTE—Here we are—come on, Flipotte. She's still so shy.

FLIPOTTE—Good evening, young gentleman.

ALBIN—Good evening, ladies.

MICHETTE—What a dear boy! (*She seats herself on his knee.*)

ALBIN—Please explain, François, are these respectable women?

MICHETTE—What's that he says?

FRANCOIS—The women who come here? Don't be so absurd, Albin.

PROSPERE—What do the Duchesses command?

MICHETTE—Sweet wine for me.

FRANCOIS (*pointing to* FLIPOTTE)—Your friend?

MICHETTE—We live together, and we haven't but one bed between us.

FLIPOTTE (*with a blush*)—Will you find that inconvenient when you come to see her? (*She seats herself on* FRANCOIS' *knee.*)

ALBIN—I should not call her very shy.

SCAEVOLA (*rises, comes to table, speaks with gloomy mien*)—Have I found you at last? (*To* ALBIN) Miserable seducer, she is mine— (PROSPERE *watches him.*)

FRANCOIS (*to* ALBIN)—A joke, I tell you.

ALBIN—She is not his?

MICHETTE—I shall sit where it pleases me. (SCAEVOLA *stands still with clenched fist.*)

PROSPERE (*behind him*)—Well?

SCAEVOLA—Ha! Ha!

PROSPERE (*takes him by the collar, speaks aside to him*)—Is that all you can do? You haven't a sou's worth of talent. You can't do anything but yell.

MICHETTE (*to* FRANCOIS)—He was much better the other evening.

SCAEVOLA (*to* PROSPERE)—I'm not in the mood yet. I'll do it better when there are more people present. I need an audience. (*Enter the* DUKE DE CADIGNAN.)

DUKE—In full blast already? (MICHETTE *and* FLIPOTTE *run to him.*)

MICHETTE—My sweet Duke!

FRANCOIS—Good evening, Émile. (*Introducing*) My young friend Albin, Chevalier de la Tremouille—Duke de Cadignan.

DUKE—I am charmed to meet you. (*To the girls who cling to him*) Not so close, girls. (*To* ALBIN) You've come to have a look at this queer wine-room?

ALBIN—It quite dazes me.

FRANCOIS—The Chevalier has only just come to Paris.

DUKE (*laughing*)—You have chosen a good time to come.

ALBIN—Why?

MICHETTE—He's using another delicious perfume! There isn't a man in Paris smells so sweet.

DUKE—She is thinking of the seven or eight hundred others whom she knows as well as she knows me.

FLIPOTTE—May I play with your sword? (*She draws out his sword and lets it sparkle in the light.*)

GRAIN (*aside to* PROSPERE)—That was the man—the man who was with her. (*He talks further to him, and* PROSPERE *seems surprised.*)

DUKE—Henri not here yet? (*To* ALBIN) When you see Henri, you will not regret coming here.

PROSPERE (*to the* DUKE)—So you are here again? Charmed—but I shan't have that pleasure long.

DUKE—Why not? I rather like it here.

PROSPERE—I believe that. But you are likely to be one of the first to go——

ALBIN—What does he mean?

PROSPERE—He understands—the most fortunate will be the first to fall. (*He goes back to the bar.*)

DUKE (*after a moment's thought*)—If I were king I would make that man my Court Jester—that is, I would have many jesters, but he should be one of them.

ALBIN—What did he mean?—that you were too fortunate?

DUKE—Chevalier, he means——

ALBIN—Oh pray do not call me Chevalier, they all call me Albin. Because I look so young, you know.

DUKE (*smiling*)—Gladly. But you must call me Emile.

ALBIN—If you permit it, Emile.

DUKE—These people grow alarmingly witty.

FRANCOIS—Why alarming? It reassures me— As long as the mob is in a mood for jesting, nothing serious can happen.

DUKE—The jests are passing strange, sometimes. I have just heard of something that set me thinking.

FRANCOIS—Tell us about it.

MICHETTE *and* FLIPOTTE—Yes, tell us, sweet Duke.

DUKE—Do you know Lelange?

FRANCOIS—The village? Why yes, the Marquis de Montserrat has one of his finest hunting preserves there.

DUKE—Quite right. My brother is with him at his castle, and he wrote me of this affair. They have a Mayor in Lelange who is very unpopular.

FRANCOIS—Can you name one who is not unpopular now?

DUKE—But listen—the women of the village marched to the Mayor's house, carrying a coffin.

FLIPOTTE—Carrying a coffin? Oh, I could never carry a coffin.

FRANCOIS—Be quiet, child, no one asks that you shall. (*To the* DUKE) Well?

DUKE—Some of the women entered the Mayor's room and announced that he was about to die—but that he should be granted the honour of a burial.

FRANCOIS—Well, and did they kill him?

DUKE—No—at least my brother did not mention that.

FRANCOIS—There, you see—braggarts, blusterers, clowns—that's all they are. Here in Paris they are yelling at the Bastille for a change—as they have done half a dozen times before.

DUKE—Yes—were I the king, I should have put an end to it long ago.

ALBIN—Is it true that the King is so mild and gentle?

DUKE—You haven't been presented to His Majesty yet?

FRANCOIS—The Chevalier is in Paris for the first time.

DUKE—Yes, you are incredibly young—how old are you, if I may ask?

ALBIN—I only look so young. I am seventeen.

DUKE—Seventeen—ah, how much lies before you yet! I am four and twenty—and already I begin to regret that I have lost so much of my youth.

FRANCOIS (*laughing*)—That's good! You, Duke, you count each day lost, on which you have not won a woman or killed a man.

DUKE—But one hardly ever wins the right woman—and invariably kills the wrong man. And so youth is lost after all—just as Rollin says——

FRANCOIS—What does Rollin say?

DUKE—I was thinking of his new play that they are giving in the Comédie—he makes such a pretty comparison, do you remember?

FRANCOIS—I have no memory for verse.

DUKE—Nor I, unfortunately—I can only remember the sense of the words. He says that youth which is not enjoyed is like a feather-ball left lying in the sand instead of being tossed into the air.

ALBIN (*precocious*)—Very true.

DUKE—Is it not? The feathers lose their color and fall out—it is better to toss it somewhere into a bush where it cannot be found again.

ALBIN—How do you understand that, Emile?

DUKE—It's more a matter of feeling. If I knew the verses, you would understand it at once.

ALBIN—I believe you could write verse, Emile, if you wanted to.

DUKE—Why do you think so?

ALBIN—Since you come in, all life seems to flame up brighter.

DUKE (*smiling*)—Indeed?

FRANCOIS—Will you not sit down here with us? (*Two more* NOBLEMEN *have come in and taken places at another table.* PROSPERE *brings them wine, and appears to be insulting them.*)

DUKE—I can't stay now—but I will come back later.

MICHETTE—Stay with me.

FLIPOTTE—Take me with you. (*The girls try to hold him.*)

PROSPERE (*joins them*)—Let him go; you are not bad enough for his taste—he's going to some woman of the street—that's where he feels happiest.

DUKE—I'll return surely—I would not miss Henri.

FRANCOIS—Oh, just as we came in, we met Henri going out with Léocadie.

DUKE—Yes, he has married her. Did you know it?

FRANCOIS—Really? What will the others say to that?

ALBIN—What others?

FRANCOIS (*laughing*)—She is a great favourite.

DUKE—And he wants to take her away from Paris—so I am told.

PROSPERE—Ah—so you are told. (*With a meaning glance at the* DUKE.)

DUKE—It is too stupid. Léocadie was created to be one of the world's greatest courtesans.

FRANCOIS—Who does not know that?

DUKE—Could there be anything more unreasonable than to take a human being out of his or her true profession? (FRANCOIS *laughs.*) No, I am not jesting now—a courtesan is born, not made—just as is a conqueror or a poet.

FRANCOIS—You are paradoxical.

DUKE—I am sorry for her—and for Henri. He should remain here—that is, not in this den—I would have him in the Comédie—although even there I feel as if no one could understand him as I do. I may deceive myself, however—I often have that sensation where any artist is concerned who pleases me. But I will say, that were I not the Duke de Cadignan, I would prefer to be an actor—such an actor——

ALBIN—Like Alexander the Great.

DUKE (*smiling*)—Yes, like Alexander the Great. (*To* FLIPOTTE) Give me my sword. (*He puts his sword back in its sheath, speaking slowly*) Is there a better way to mock at the world? He who can show himself to the world in any shape he may choose is greater than all of us— (ALBIN *looks at him in surprize.*) Don't trouble your head about anything I may say. It is true only in the moment that I utter it. Au revoir.

MICHETTE—Give me a kiss before you go.

FLIPOTTE—And me? (*The girls cling to the* DUKE. *He kisses them both, as they go to the door with him.*) (*During this:*)

ALBIN—What a marvelous man!

FRANCOIS—True—but the fact that such men exist is a sufficient reason for not marrying.

ALBIN—Tell me what sort of women those are.

FRANCOIS—They are actresses of Prospère's troupe. He's now the host of this wine-room. They never did much more than they are doing now, however.

GUILLAUME (*rushes in breathless, staggers to where the actors sit, breathing painfully, with his hands clasped to his heart*)—Saved—I am saved!

SCAEVOLA—What is the matter? What has happened?

ALBIN—What is the matter with the man?

FRANCOIS—Listen, now: this is part of the performance.

ALBIN—Oh——

MICHETTE *and* FLIPOTTE (*joining* GUILLAUME)—What is it? What has happened?

SCAEVOLA—Sit down—take a drink——

GUILLAUME—More wine, Prospère, more wine. Ah, how I ran—my tongue cleaves to my palate—they are at my heels.

JULES (*starts*)—Hush—they are at our heels, always——

PROSPERE—Come, tell us what has happened? (*Aside to the actors*) More movement there—livelier!

GUILLAUME—Women—where are the women? (*Throws his arm around* FLIPOTTE.) Ah, that gives fresh strength again. (*Suddenly, to* ALBIN, *who is quite startled*) Devil take me, boy, if I thought I should ever see you in this life again. (*As if listening.*) They are coming—they are coming. (*He runs to the door.*) No—nothing. It is nothing. (*Back again.*)

ALBIN—How odd?—there really is a noise outside, as if many people were hurrying past—do they stage that from here?

SCAEVOLA (*aside to* JULES)—He does that trick every time—stupid.

PROSPERE—Tell us why they are at your heels.

GUILLAUME—Oh, it's nothing of importance. But if they caught me it might cost me my head. I set fire to a house—— (*During this scene more young* NOBLEMEN *come in and take places at the tables.*)

PROSPERE (*aside*)—Go on, go on.

GUILLAUME—Go on? Isn't that enough?

FRANCOIS—Why did you set fire to the house?

GUILLAUME—Because the President of the Supreme Court lived in it. We've chosen him to begin with—we wish to teach the good house-owners of Paris that it is dangerous to have tenants who can send us poor devils to prison if they so please.

GRAIN—That is good—that is good.

GUILLAUME (*looks at* GRAIN *in surprize, then continues*)—All such houses must be razed—three more such men as I am and there'd soon be no judges left in Paris.

GRAIN—Death to all judges!

JULES—There is one judge whom we cannot destroy.

GUILLAUME—I'd like to know who he is.

JULES—The Judge within our own conscience.

PROSPERE (*aside*)—That's insipid; stop it. Scaevola, roar your loudest—this is the moment.

SCAEVOLA—Bring wine, Prospère, bring wine—we will drink to the death of all the judges in France. (*During the last words, the* MARQUIS DE LANSAC, SEVERINE, *his wife, and the poet,* ROLLIN, *enter from the street.*)

SCAEVOLA—Death to all those who now hold power—death!

MARQUIS—You see, Séverine, this is the way they receive us.

ROLLIN—I warned you, Marquise.

SEVERINE—And why should you?

FRANCOIS (*rising*)—Marquise! is it really you? (*He kisses her hand.*) Good evening, Marquis—greetings, Rollin—you venture to enter here, Marquise?

SEVERINE—I have heard so much about this place—and then, we seem to be out for adventures to-day.

MARQUIS—Yes, just fancy, Vicomte, where do you suppose we have been? To the Bastille.

FRANCOIS—Are they still making such a noise there?

SEVERINE—Noise, indeed—it looks as if they intended to storm the prison.

ROLLIN (*declaims*)—

Like to the flood, that breaks upon the rocks
In anger grim that his own child, the earth,
Should dare resistance.

SEVERINE—Don't, Rollin—we halted our carriage quite close—it was well worth seeing. Great crowds are always magnificent.

FRANCOIS—Yes—if only they didn't smell so vilely.

MARQUIS—And then my wife insisted upon us bringing her here.

SEVERINE—Well, and what is there so remarkable about this place?

PROSPERE (*to the* MARQUIS)—You here, too, you dried-up old rascal? Did you bring your wife because you were afraid to leave her at home alone?

MARQUIS (*with a forced laugh*)—He is such an original.

PROSPERE—Have a care that you do not lose her here. These fine ladies sometimes take a fancy to see what a real vagabond is like.

ROLLIN—I cannot stand this, Séverine.

MARQUIS—I warned you, my dear—we can still go if you wish it.

SEVERINE—What is the matter? I think it charming here. Sha'n't we sit down?

FRANCOIS—Marquise, will you permit me to introduce the Chevalier de la Tremouille, who is also here for the first time? Marquis de Lansac, Rollin, the celebrated poet. (*They bow to each other, and all sit down.*)

ALBIN (*aside to* FRANCOIS)—Is she one of the actresses, or—I am quite confused.

FRANCOIS—Don't be so dull-witted. That is the real wife of the Marquis de Lansac, a lady of position.

ROLLIN (*aside to* SEVERINE)—Tell me that you love me?

SEVERINE—Yes, yes, but don't ask me so often.

MARQUIS—Have we lost any good scenes?

FRANCOIS—Not much—that fellow there is acting the incendiary.

SEVERINE—Chevalier, are you not the cousin of little Lydia de la Tremouille who was married to-day?

ALBIN—I am, Marquise. The wedding was the main reason for my coming to Paris.

SEVERINE—I remember seeing you in the church.

ALBIN (*embarrassed*)—I am greatly flattered, Marquise.

SEVERINE (*to* ROLLIN)—What a dear boy.

ROLLIN—Ah, Séverine, you never saw the man yet who did not please you.

SEVERINE—Oh yes, one—so I married him at once.

ROLLIN—And yet I fear there are moments when even your own husband attracts you.

PROSPERE (*brings them the wine*)—Here is your wine. I wish it were poison, but I am not permitted to give you that yet—Canaille!

FRANCOIS—The time will come, Prospère.

SEVERINE (*to* ROLLIN)—Who are those two pretty girls? Why don't they come nearer? As I am here, I want to see and do all that there is to be seen and done. Thus far, I think it is most disgustingly stupid.

MARQUIS—It will be livelier soon.

SEVERINE—The street is by far the most amusing place these days. Just imagine what happened to us yesterday as we were driving down the Promenade de Longchamps——

MARQUIS—My dear Séverine, why mention that——

SEVERINE—One fellow sprang up on the step of our carriage and screamed into our faces, "Next year you'll stand up behind your coachman and we will ride in your carriages."

FRANCOIS—That is rather strong.

MARQUIS—The less said about these things the better, I think. Paris is in fever—it will soon pass over.

GUILLAUME (*suddenly*)—I see flames—red flames—everywhere—high red flames.

PROSPERE (*aside to him*)—That's a madman, not a criminal.

SEVERINE—He sees flames?

FRANCOIS—This is only preliminary fun, Marquise.

ALBIN (*to* ROLLIN)—I can't tell you how all this confuses me.

MICHETTE (*comes to* MARQUIS)—I haven't said good evening to you yet, you dear old pig.

MARQUIS (*in embarrassment*)—She is joking, Séverine.

SEVERINE—It sounds quite real. Tell me, little one, how many lovers have you had?

MARQUIS (*to* FRANCOIS)—Is it not remarkable how the Marquise can adapt herself to any situation?

ROLLIN—It is indeed admirable.

MICHETTE—Have you counted yours?

SEVERINE—I did—when I was still as young as you are.

ALBIN (*to* ROLLIN)—Tell me, M. Rollin, is the Marquise acting, or is she really—I can't tell what is true and what is false here.

ROLLIN—Reality—acting—can you always tell the difference, Chevalier?

ALBIN—Why, yes, I think so.

ROLLIN—I cannot—and what I find so remarkable here is that the apparent differences are done away with. Truth dissolves into pretense, pretense into truth. Look at the Marquise now—see how she chats with those women as if she were one of themselves—and yet she is——

ALBIN—Something quite different.

ROLLIN—I thank you, Chevalier.

PROSPERE (*to* GRAIN)—What was that story?

GRAIN—What story?

PROSPERE—The story about your aunt, the affair that cost you two years in prison?

GRAIN—I told you, I strangled her.

FRANCOIS—He's weak. He must be an amateur. I haven't seen him here before. (GEORGETTE *comes in dressed like a prostitute of the lowest grade.*)

GEORGETTE—Good evening. Is my Balthasar here yet?

SCAEVOLA—Georgette, come here and sit down by me. Your Balthasar will settle his affair all right.

GEORGETTE—If he isn't here in ten minutes, he hasn't settled it right—he'll not be here at all then.

FRANCOIS—Watch her, Marquise. In real life she's the wife of this Balthasar she is talking about. She's playing a low streetwalker, and Balthasar is her bully. But she's really the most faithful wife in all Paris. (BALTHASAR *comes in,* GEORGETTE *runs to him, embraces him.*)

GEORGETTE—My Balthasar!

BALTHASAR—That affair's settled. (*The others are quiet and listen.*) It was hardly worth the trouble—I'm almost sorry for him. You should choose your people more carefully, Georgette. I'm sick of killing promising youth for the sake of a few francs.

FRANCOIS—Excellent!

ALBIN—What?

FRANCOIS—His phrasing is so good. (*The* POLICE SERGEANT *comes in, in disguise, sits down at a table.*)

PROSPERE (*aside to him*)—You've come just at the right time, Sergeant. This is one of my best actors.

BALTHASAR—I must look for some other livelihood. On my soul, I'm none of your cowards, but this is hard-earned bread.

SCAEVOLA—I believe you.

BALTHASAR—I tell you, Georgette, you're too affectionate with those young men.

GEORGETTE—What a silly he is. I have to be affectionate to win their confidence.

ROLLIN—Her words are deeply true.

BALTHASAR—If I ever thought that you had any feeling—with another man——

GEORGETTE—Listen to that! This stupid jealousy will be his death yet.

BALTHASAR—I heard a sigh to-day—and that in a moment when his confidence was quite won——

GEORGETTE—I can't stop pretending all in a moment.

BALTHASAR—Have a care, Georgette—the Seine is deep— (*Wildly.*) If you deceive me—

GEORGETTE—Never—never.

ALBIN—I can't understand that at all.

SEVERINE—Rollin, that is the true philosophy——

ROLLIN—Do you think so?

Marquis—We can still go, if you wish it, Séverine.

SEVERINE—But why? I am beginning to enjoy myself.

GEORGETTE—My Balthasar. I adore you— (*Embrace.*)

FRANCOIS—Bravo!—Bravo!

BALTHASAR—Who is that imbecile?

SERGEANT—That is too much—(MAURICE *and* ETIENNE *come in dressed as young noblemen, but in shabby theater costumes.*)

THE ACTORS—Who are those?

SCAEVOLA—Devil take me, but I believe it is Maurice and Etienne.

GEORGETTE—Of course it is.

BALTHASAR—Georgette!

SEVERINE—What good-looking young men.

ROLLIN—It is painful to see how every attractive face excites you, Séverine.

SEVERINE—Well, what did I come here for?

ROLLIN—Then at least you might tell me that you love me.

SEVERINE (*throws him a glance*)—You have a short memory.

ETIENNE—Where do you think we have been to-day?

FRANCOIS—Listen to them, Marquise; they are clever boys.

MAURICE—We have been to a wedding.

ETIENNE—You have to dress up for that. Otherwise the confounded Secret Service police are after you at once.

SCAEVOLA—Did you make a good haul?

PROSPERE—Yes, show us what you took.

MAURICE (*taking several watches from his coat*)—What will you give me for these?

PROSPERE—A louis for this one.

MAURICE—I dare say.

SCAEVOLA—That is all it is worth.

MICHETTE—That is a lady's watch; give it to me.

MAURICE—What will you give me for it?

MICHETTE—Look at me, is that not enough?

FLIPOTTE—No, look at me—give it to me——

MAURICE—Dear children, I can have that pleasure any day without risking my head for it.

MICHETTE—You are a conceited little monkey.

SEVERINE—I don't believe that is acting.

ROLLIN—No, there is a shred of truth in all of it—and that's just the charm.

SCAEVOLA—What wedding was it?

MAURICE—The wedding of Mlle. de la Tremouille—she married the Comte de Banville.

ALBIN—Francois, do you hear that? I assure you these are real thieves.

FRANCOIS—Nonsense. I know the men. I have seen them act a dozen times. They make a specialty of pickpockets. (MAURICE *takes several purses from his coat.*)

SCAEVOLA—You two can afford to be generous to-day.

ETIENNE—It was a very fine wedding. The entire nobility of France was present and the King sent a representative.

ALBIN (*excited*)—That is all true.

MAURICE (*throws money on the table*)—Here's something for you, my friends, to show you that we are loyal.

FRANCOIS—Theatrical properties, my dear Albin. We can have some of it, too. (*He rises and catches a few coins.*)

PROSPERE—Yes, take it—you've never earned any so honestly before.

MAURICE (*holds up a jeweled garter*)—To whom shall I give this? (GEORGETTE, MICHETTE *and* FLIPOTTE *snatch at it.*) Patience, my darlings. We'll talk it over. I will give it to the one who invents a new caress.

SEVERINE (*to* ROLLIN)—Would you allow me to enter the competition?

ROLLIN—Séverine, you drive me mad.

MARQUIS—Shall we not go, Séverine? I really think——

SEVERINE—Oh, no, I am enjoying myself immensely. (*To* ROLLIN) Ah, it excites me so——

MICHETTE—How did you get that garter?

MAURICE—There was such a crowd in the church—she thought I was making advances—(*They all laugh.* GRAIN *steals* FRANCOIS' *purse.*)

FRANCOIS (*returning to* ALBIN)—There, you see, they're only counters—are you satisfied now? (GRAIN *attempts to steal from the room.*)

PROSPERE (*catches him, speaks low*)—

Give me that purse at once—give it to me, I say, or you will regret it.

GRAIN—You needn't get rough about it. (*Gives him the purse.*)

PROSPERE—And do not leave this place. I have no time to search you now, and you may have taken something else. Go back to your place. (GRAIN *obeys.*)

FLIPOTTE—I'll win that garter!

PROSPERE (*goes to* FRANCOIS, *throws him the purse*)—Here is your purse; it fell out of your pocket.

FRANCOIS—Thanks, Prospère. (*To* ALBIN) You see what a respectable place we are in. (HENRI *has been present for some time, sitting at a rear table. He now rises suddenly.*)

ROLLIN—Henri—there is Henri.

SEVERINE—Is that the man you told me of?

MARQUIS—Yes. It is really for his sake that we come here. (HENRI *walks forward in, with exaggerated theatricism. He is still silent.*)

ACTORS—What is it, Henri?

ROLLIN—Observe his glance, what a world of passion—he plays the criminal from passion.

SEVERINE—I admire that.

ALBIN—Why doesn't he speak?

ROLLIN—He is in a trance—watch him now—he has committed some dreadful crime.

FRANCOIS—He is rather theatrical to-night—he seems to be preparing a monologue.

PROSPERE—Henri, where have you been?

HENRI—I have just killed a man.

ROLLIN—What did I say?

SCAEVOLA—Who?

HENRI—My wife's lover. (PROSPERE *looks at him with a momentary flash of belief that it might be true.*)

HENRI (*looks up*)—Yes, I have done it—why do you all stare at me so? These things happen—what is there so remarkable about it? You all know what my wife is—it could end only that way——

PROSPERE—And she? Where is she?

FRANCOIS—See how the host appears to believe it. That makes it seem so real—(*Noise outside, not too loud.*)

JULES—What noise is that?

MARQUIS—Do you hear it, Séverine?

ROLLIN—It sounds as if troops were passing.

FRANCOIS—Oh, no, that is our dear people of Paris—hear them growl. (*There is a slight uneasiness among the guests in the cellar; the noise outside dies away.*) Go on, Henri.

PROSPERE—Yes, tell us, Henri—where is your wife? Where did you leave her?

HENRI—I am not alarmed for her; it will not kill her. This one or that one, what does a woman like that care? There are a thousand other handsome men in Paris—what does it matter?

BALTHASAR—So be it with all of them—all those who take our women from us.

SCAEVOLA—With all who take what belongs to us!

SERGEANT (*to* PROSPERE)—Those are revolutionary speeches.

ALBIN—It is dreadful—those people really mean what they say!

SCAEVOLA—Down with the usurers of France! Shall we wager that the fellow he found with his wife was one of those damned dogs who steal our bread as well?

ALBIN—Oh, let us go.

SEVERINE—Henri! Henri!

MARQUIS—Marquise!

SEVERINE—Oh, my dear Marquis, please ask the man how he discovered his wife's infidelity—or shall I ask him myself?

MARQUIS (*after a vain attempt at refusal*)—Tell us how you found them, Henri?

HENRI (*has been sunk in thought*)—Do you know my wife? She is the most beautiful and the most depraved creature under the sun—and I loved her. We had known each other seven years; but she is my wife only since yesterday. In all these seven years there was not one day—not one single day, on which she did not lie to me—for everything about her lies: her eyes and her lips—her kisses and her smile.

FRANCOIS—He is a little declamatory to-day.

HENRI—The old ones and the young ones; every one who interested her—every one who would pay her—every one, even, who desired her—could have her—and I knew it.

SEVERINE—Not every man can say that.

HENRI—And yet she loved me, friends—can you understand that? Again and again she came back to me—came back from everywhere, from every one—from the handsome ones and the ugly—from the clever and from the stupid ones—from the vagabonds and the cavaliers—came back to me always.

SEVERINE (*to* ROLLIN)—If you could but understand that this coming back is real love.

HENRI—Oh, how I suffered—torture—torture!

ROLLIN—It is heartrending!

HENRI—And yesterday I married her.

We dreamed a dream—no, it was I who dreamed—I dreamed I might take her away from here—away into silence and solitude—into the peace of the wide fields. We should live as do other happy couples. I dreamed of a child, too.

ROLLIN (*very low*)—Séverine!

SEVERINE—Yes—yes——

ALBIN—François, this man speaks the truth.

FRANCOIS—Certainly, the love story is real—the murder is the fiction.

HENRI—I was one day late—she'd forgotten one—otherwise—I believe—there wasn't one missing—but I found them together—and he is dead.

ACTORS—Who? Who? How did it happen? Where is he? Are they following you? How was it? Where is she?

HENRI (*more and more excited*)—I accompanied her to the theater—it was to be the last time—I kissed her—at the door. She went up to her dressing-room—I walked away like a man who has nothing to fear. But scarce a hundred paces from the house—it began in me—do you understand?—a horrible uneasiness—something pulled and tugged at me to go back—and I did turn and go back.—Then I was ashamed and walked away again—and again I was a hundred paces from the theater—and again it seized and tore me—and I returned again. Her scene was over—she hasn't much to do—she stands a short time on the stage—half naked—and then she is through. I stood before her dressing-room—I put my ear to the door and listened—I heard whispering—I could not hear the words. The whispering stopped—I broke open the door. (*Screams like a wild animal.*) It was the Duke de Cadignan—and I killed him——

PROSPERE (*who now believes it to be true*)—Madman! (HENRI *looks up, gazes at* PROSPERE *as if dazed.*)

SEVERINE—Bravo! Bravo!

ROLLIN—O Marquise, what are you doing? The moment you applaud, you drag it all down to the level of an ordinary theater—and the delicious shivery sensation is lost.

MARQUIS—I can't say that I find the shivers so delightful. Let us applaud, friends, and free ourselves from this spell.

PROSPERE (*comes to* HENRI, *during the applause, whispers*)—Henri, save yourself. Flee for your life!

HENRI—What—what?

PROSPERE—That is enough—hurry now—get away from here.

FRANCOIS—Silence there!—listen to what our host is saying.

PROSPERE (*after a second's thought*)—I tell him that he must get away before the watch at the city gates have been notified. The handsome Duke was a favourite with the king—they will put you to the wheel! Ah, had you but killed that wretch, your wife, instead!

FRANCOIS—What splendid ensemble work!—magnificent!

HENRI—Prospère, it is you or I that is mad now. (*He tries to read the other's eyes.*)

ROLLIN—It is marvelous—we all know that he is acting—and yet if the Duke de Cadignan should come in now, he would seem like a ghost to us. (*The noise outside has been growing stronger for some time—the door is thrown open, faces look in—yells and shouts are heard—people press in at the door, led by* GRASSET, LEBRET *following him. Shouts of "Liberty! Liberty!" outside.*)

GRASSET—Here we are, friends—this is the place.

ALBIN—What is that? Is that part of the play?

FRANCOIS—No——

MARQUIS—What does this mean?

SEVERINE—Who are these people?

GRASSET—This way, friends. As I told you—my friend Prospère has always an extra barrel of wine hidden somewhere—and we have earned it to-night. Friends—brothers—we have taken it—we have taken it! (*Shouts outside "Liberty! Liberty!"*)

SEVERINE—What is happening?

MARQUIS—Let us go—the mob is crowding in.

ROLLIN—How do you think to get out?

GRASSET—The Bastille has fallen—the Bastille has fallen!

PROSPERE—What's that you're saying?—Is he telling the truth?

GRASSET—Can't you hear? (ALBIN *puts his hand to his sword.*)

FRANCOIS—No—don't do that—we are lost if you do——

GRASSET (*staggers down the steps*)—If you hasten, you can see a merry sight out there—you can see the head of our beloved Delaunay on the top of a tall pole.

MARQUIS—Is the man crazy?

SHOUTS—Liberty!—Liberty!

GRASSET—We've lopped off a dozen of their heads. The Bastille is ours—the prisoners are free! Paris belongs to the people!

PROSPERE—Do you hear? Do you hear? Paris is ours!

GRASSET—See!—See!—now he has courage! Scream all you want to, Prospère, you cannot come to harm now.

PROSPERE (*to the noblemen*)—What do you say to this, you pigs? The comedy is over——

ALBIN—Did I not say so?

PROSPERE—The people of Paris have conquered.

SERGEANT—Quiet there—(*Several laugh.*) I forbid the continuation of this performance.

GRASSET—What imbecile is this?

SERGEANT—Prospère, I make you responsible for these revolutionary speeches——

GRASSET—Is the man crazy?

PROSPERE—The comedy is over, don't you understand? Henri, tell them—you can tell them now; we will protect you—the people of Paris will protect you——

GRASSET—Yes, the people of Paris. (HENRI *stands as if dazed.*)

PROSPERE—Henri has really murdered the Duke de Cadignan.

FRANCOIS *and* MARQUIS—What's that?

ALBIN *and* OTHERS—Henri! What does this all mean?

PROSPERE—He found him with his wife—and he killed him.

HENRI—But it isn't true!

PROSPERE—You need have no fear now—you can shout it out for all the world to hear. An hour ago I could have told you myself that your wife was the Duke's mistress—by God, I was near telling you—you—Bellowing Brimstone, you—we knew it, didn't we?—you saw them.

HENRI—Who saw them? Where were they seen?

PROSPERE—What does that matter now? The man's crazy!—you killed him—what more could you do?

FRANCOIS—For Heaven's sake—is this true or not?

PROSPERE—Yes, it is true.

GRASSET—Henri, you must be my friend—hurrah for Liberty!—Liberty!

FRANCOIS—Henri—won't you speak?

HENRI—She was his mistress? She was the Duke's mistress? I did not know it—and he still lives—he *lives*—— (*Strong emotion in the audience.*)

SEVERINE—What is the truth now?

ALBIN—My God——! (*The* DUKE *pushes his way through the crowd on the steps.*)

SEVERINE (*first to see him*)—The Duke!

SEVERAL OTHERS—The Duke!

DUKE—Why, yes—what is the matter?

PROSPERE—Are you a ghost?

DUKE—Not that I know—let me pass here.

ROLLIN—Shall we wager that it is all part of the comedy? That mob there are Prospère's troupe—bravo, Prospère! It was a great success.

DUKE—Are you still trifling here? While outside—do you know that things are happening outside—? I have seen the head of Delaunay carried past me on a pole— Why do you all look at me like this? (*Comes forward.*) Henri——

FRANCOIS—Have a care of Henri! (HENRI *hurls himself at the* DUKE *like a madman and buries his dagger in his throat.*)

SERGEANT—This is going too far.

ALBIN—He bleeds!

ROLLIN—This is murder!

SEVERINE—The Duke is dying!

MARQUIS—I am inconsolable, my dear Séverine, to think I should have brought you here just to-day.

SEVERINE—And why? (*With difficulty.*) It was a rare chance—one cannot see a real Duke really murdered every day——

ROLLIN—I am still dazed.

SERGEANT—Quiet there—no one must leave the place.

GRASSET—What does the fool mean?

SERGEANT—I arrest this man in the name of the law.

GRASSET (*laughs*)—We make the laws now, imbecile. Out with this rabble here! He who kills a Duke is the friend of the people—hurrah for liberty!

ALBIN (*draws his sword*)—Make way there—follow me, friends. (LEOCADIE *pushes in through the crowd on the steps.*)

SEVERAL VOICES—Léocadie!

OTHERS—His wife!

LEOCADIE—Let me in here—where is my husband! (*She runs forward, sees what has happened, screams.*) Who did that? Henri? (HENRI *looks at her.*)

LEOCADIE—Oh, Henri, why did you do it?

HENRI—Why?

LEOCADIE—Ah yes, I know—it was for my sake—ah no—no—say it was not that—I am not worth it—I am not worth it!

GRASSET (*beginning a speech*)—Citizens of Paris, let us celebrate our victory. Chance has led us through the streets of Paris to this agreeable resort—we could not have hit upon a better place—nowhere could the cry of "Liberty forever!" sound more beautiful than beside the corpse of a Duke.

SHOUTS—Liberty forever!

FRANCOIS—We had better go—the mob is quite mad——

ALBIN—Shall we leave them the body?

SEVERINE—Liberty forever! Liberty!

MARQUIS—Are you crazy?

CITIZENS *and* ACTORS—Liberty!—Liberty forever!

SEVERINE (*at the head of the group of aristocrats as they go toward the door, aside to* ROLLIN)—Rollin, wait before my window to-night—I will throw down the key as before—we will have an hour of bliss—my nerves are deliciously excited.

SHOUTS—Hurrah for liberty—hurrah for Henri!

LEBRET—Watch the dogs—they are running away.

GRASSET—Let them go for to-day—let them go—they will not escape us!

CURTAIN

The Society Upon the Stanislaus

By BRET HARTE

I RESIDE at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James;
I am not up to small deceit or any sinful games;
And I'll tell in simple language what I know about the row
That broke up our Society upon the Stanislow.

But first I would remark, that it is not a proper plan
For any scientific gent to whale his fellow-man,
And, if a member don't agree with his peculiar whim,
To lay for that same member for to "put a head" on him.

Now nothing could be finer or more beautiful to see
Than the first six months' proceedings of that same Society,
Till Brown of Calaveras brought a lot of fossil bones
That he found within a tunnel near the tenement of Jones.

Then Brown he read a paper, and he reconstructed there,
From those same bones, an animal that was extremely rare;
And Jones then asked the Chair for a suspension of the rules,
Till he could prove that those same bones was one of his lost mules.

Then Brown he smiled a bitter smile and said he was at fault,
It seemed he had been trespassing on Jones's family vault;
He was a most sarcastic man, this quiet Mr. Brown,
And on several occasions he had cleaned out the town.

Now I hold it is not decent for a scientific gent
To say another is an ass,—at least, to all intent;
Nor should the individual who happens to be meant
Reply by heaving rocks at him, to any great extent.

Then Abner Dean of Angel's raised a point of order, when
A chunk of old red sandstone took him in the abdomen,
And he smiled a kind of sickly smile, and curled up on the floor,
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.

For, in less time than I write it, every member did engage
In a warfare with the remnants of a palæozoic age;
And the way they heaved those fossils in their anger was a sin,
Till the skull of an old mammoth caved the head of Thompson in.

And this is all I have to say of these improper games,
For I live at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James;
And I've told in simple language what I know about the row
That broke up our Society upon the Stanislow.

A Marked Man

By W. W. JACOBS

"TATTOOING is a gift," said the night-watchman, firmly. "It 'as to be a gift, as you can well see. A man 'as to know wot 'e is going to tattoo an' 'ow to do it; there's no rubbing out or altering. It's a gift, an' it can't be learnt. I knew a man once as used to tattoo a cabin-boy all over every v'y'ge trying to learn. 'E was a slow, painstaking sort o' man, and the langwidge those boys used to use while 'e was at work would 'ardly be believed, but 'e 'ad to give up trying arter about fifteen years and take to crochet-work instead.

"Some men won't be tattooed at all, being proud o' their skins or sich-like, and for a good many years Ginger Dick, a man I've spoke to you of before, was one o' that sort. Like many red-'aired men 'e 'ad a very white skin, which 'e was very proud of, but at last, owing to a unfortnit idea o' making 'is fortin, 'e let hisself be done.

"It come about in this way: Him and old Sam Small and Peter Russet 'ad been paid off from their ship and was 'aving a very 'appy, pleasant time ashore. They was careful men in a way, and they 'ad taken a room down East India Road way, and paid up the rent for a month. It came cheaper than a lodging-'ouse, besides being a bit more private and respectable, a thing old Sam was always very pertickler about.

"They 'ad been ashore about three weeks, when one day old Sam and Peter went off alone becos Ginger said 'e wasn't going with 'em. He said a lot more things, too; 'ow 'e was going to see wot it felt like to be in bed without 'aving a fat old man groaning 'is 'eart out and another one knocking on the mantelpiece all night with twopence and wanting to know why he wasn't being served.

"Ginger Dick fell into a quiet sleep arter they'd gone; then 'e woke up and 'ad a sip from the water-jug—he'd 'a had more, only somebody 'ad dropped the soap in it—and then dozed off agin. It was late in the afternoon when 'e woke, and then 'e see Sam and Peter Russet standing by the side o' the bed looking at 'im.

"'Where've you been?' ses Ginger, stretching hisself and yawning.

"'Bisness,' ses Sam, sitting down an' looking very important. 'While you've been laying on your back all day me an' Peter Russet 'as been doing a little 'ead-work.'

"'Oh!' ses Ginger. 'Wot with?'

"Sam coughed and Peter began to whistle, an' Ginger he laid still and smiled up at the ceiling, and began to feel good-tempered agin.

"'Well, wot's the business?' he ses, at last.

"Sam looked at Peter, but Peter shook 'is 'ead at him.

"'It's just a little bit o' bisness we 'appened to drop on,' ses Sam, at last, 'me an' Peter, and I think that, with luck and management, we're in a fair way to make our fortunes. Peter, 'ere, ain't given to looking on the cheerful side o' things, but 'e thinks so, too.'

"'I do,' ses Peter, 'but it won't be managed right if you go blabbing it to everybody.'

"'We must 'ave another man in it, Peter,' ses Sam; 'and, wot's more, 'e must 'ave ginger-coloured 'air. That being so, it's only right and proper that our dear old pal Ginger should 'ave the fust offer.'

"It wasn't often that Sam was so affeckshunate, and Ginger couldn't make it out at all. Ever since 'e'd known 'im the old man 'ad been full o' plans o' making money without earning it. Stupid plans they was, too, but the stupider they was the more old Sam liked 'em.

"'Well, wot is it?' asks Ginger, agin.

"Old Sam walked over to the door and shut it; then 'e sat down on the bed and spoke low so that Ginger could hardly 'ear 'im.

"'A little public-'ouse,' he ses, 'to say nothing of 'ouse property, and a red-'aired old landlady wot's a widder. As nice a old lady as any one could wish for, for a mother.'

"'For a mother!' ses Ginger, staring.

"'And a lovely barmaid with blue eyes and yellow 'air, wot 'ud be the red-'edded man's cousin,' ses Peter Russet.

"'Look 'ere,' ses Ginger, 'are you going to tell me in plain English wot it's all about, or are you not?'

"'We've been in a little pub down Bow way, me an' Peter,' ses Sam, 'and we'll tell you more about it if you promise to join us an' go shares. It's kep' by a widder woman whose on'y son—*red-'aired son*—went to sea twenty-three years ago, at the age o' fourteen, an' was never 'eard of arterwards. Seeing we was sailor-men, she told us all about it, an' 'ow she still 'opes for him to walk into 'er arms afore she dies.'

"'She dreamt a fortnit ago that 'e turned up safe and sound, with red whiskers,' ses Peter.

"Ginger Dick sat up and looked at 'em without a word; then 'e got up out o' bed, an' pushing old Sam out of the way began to dress, and at last 'e turned round and asked Sam whether he was drunk or only mad.

"'All right,' ses Sam; 'if you won't take it on we'll find somebody as will, that's all; there's no call to get huffy about it. You ain't the on'y red-'edded man in the world.'

"Ginger didn't answer 'im; he went on dressing, but every now and then 'e'd look at Sam and give a little larf wot made Sam's blood boil.

"'You've got nothin' to larf at, Ginger,' he ses, at last; 'the landlady's boy 'ud be about the same age as wot you are now; 'e 'ad a scar over the left eyebrow same as wot you've got, though I don't suppose *he* got it by fighting a chap three times 'is size. 'E 'ad bright blue eyes, a small, well-shaped nose, and a nice mouth.'

"'Same as you, Ginger,' ses Peter, looking out of the winder.

"Ginger coughed and looked thoughtful.

"'It sounds all right, mates,' 'e ses at last, 'but I don't see 'ow we're to go to work. I don't want to get locked up for deceiving.'

"'You can't get locked up,' ses Sam; 'if you let 'er discover you and claim you, 'ow can you get locked up for it? We shall go in an' see her agin, and larn all there is to larn, especially about the tattoo marks, and then——'

"'*Tattoo marks!*' ses Ginger.

"'That's the strong p'int,' ses Sam. ''Er boy 'ad a sailor dancing a 'ornpipe on 'is left wrist, an' a couple o' dolphins on his right. On 'is chest 'e 'ad a full-rigged ship, and on 'is back between 'is shoulder-blades was the letters of 'is name—C.R.S.: Charles Robert Smith.'

"'Well, you silly old fool,' ses Ginger, starting up in a temper, 'that spiles it all. I ain't got a mark on me.'

"Old Sam smiles at 'im and pats him on the shoulder. 'That's where you show your want of intelleck, Ginger,' he ses, kindly. 'Why don't you think afore you speak? Wot's easier than to 'ave 'em put on?'

"'*Wot?*' screams Ginger. 'Tattoo *me!* Spile my skin with a lot o' beastly blue marks! Not me, not if I know it. I'd like to see anybody try it, that's all.'

"He was that mad 'e wouldn't listen to reason, and, as old Sam said, 'e couldn't have made more fuss if they'd offered to skin 'im alive, an' Peter Russet tried to prove that a man's skin was made to be tattooed on, or else there wouldn't be tattooers; same as a man 'ad been given two legs so as 'e could wear trousers. But reason was chucked away on Ginger, an' 'e wouldn't listen to 'em.

"They started on 'im agin next day, but all Sam and Peter could say didn't move 'im, although Sam spoke so feeling about the joy of a pore widder woman getting 'er son back agin arter all these years that 'e nearly cried.

"They went down agin to the pub that evening, and Ginger, who said 'e was curious to see, wanted to go too. Sam, who still 'ad 'opes of 'im, wouldn't 'ear of it, but at last it was arranged that 'e wasn't to go inside, but should take a peep through the door. They got on a tram at Aldgate, and Ginger didn't like it becos Sam and Peter talked it over between theirselves in whispers and pointed out likely red-'aired men in the road.

"And 'e didn't like it when they got to the Blue Lion, and Sam and Peter went in and left 'im outside, peeping through the door. The landlady shook 'ands with them quite friendly, and the bar-maid, a fine-looking girl, seemed to take a lot o' notice of Peter. Ginger waited about outside for nearly a couple of hours, and at last they came out, talking and larfing, with Peter wearing a white rose wot the barmaid 'ad given 'im.

"Ginger Dick 'ad a good bit to say about keeping 'im waiting all that time, but Sam said that they'd been getting valuable information, an' the more 'e could see of it the easier the job appeared to be, an' then him an' Peter wished for to bid Ginger good-by, while they went and 'unted up a red-'aired friend o' Peter's named Charlie Bates.

"They all went in somewhere and 'ad a few drinks first, though, and arter a time Ginger began to see things in a different light to wot 'e 'ad before, an' to be arf ashamed of 'is selfishness, and 'e called Sam's pot a loving-cup, an' kep' on drinking out of it to show there was no ill-feeling, although Sam kep' telling him there wasn't.

Then Sam spoke up about tattooing agin, and Ginger said that every man in the country ought to be tattooed to prevent the smallpox. He got so excited about it that old Sam 'ad to promise 'im that he should be tattooed that very night, before he could pacify 'im.

"They all went off 'ome with their arms round each other's necks, but arter a time Ginger found that Sam's neck wasn't there, an' 'e stopped and spoke serious to Peter about it. Peter said 'e couldn't account for it, an' 'e had such a job to get Ginger 'ome that 'e thought they would never ha' got there. He got 'im to bed at last an' then 'e sat down and fell asleep waiting for Sam.

"Ginger was the last one to wake up in the morning, an' before 'e woke he kept making a moaning noise. His 'ead felt as though it was going to bust, 'is tongue felt like a brick, and 'is chest was so sore 'e could 'ardly breathe. Then at last 'e opened 'is eyes and looked up and saw Sam an' Peter and a little man with a black moustache.

"'Cheer up, Ginger,' ses Sam, in a kind voice, 'it's going on beautiful.'

"'My 'ead's splittin',' ses Ginger, with a groan, 'an' I've got pins an' needles all over my chest.'

"'Needles,' ses the man with the black moustache. 'I never use pins; they'd pison the flesh.'

"Ginger sat up in bed and stared at 'im; then 'e bent 'is 'ead down and squinted at 'is chest, and next moment 'e was out of bed and all three of 'em was holding 'im down on the floor to prevent 'im breaking the tattooer's neck which 'e'd set 'is 'eart upon doing, and explaining to 'im that the tattooer was at the top of 'is profession, and that it was only by a stroke of luck 'e had got 'im. And Sam reminded 'im of wot 'e 'ad said the night before, and said he'd live to thank 'im for it.

"'Ow much is there done?' ses Ginger, at last, in a desprit voice.

"Sam told 'im, and Ginger lay still and called the tattooer all the names he could think of, which took 'im some time.

"'It's no good going on like that, Ginger,' ses Sam. 'Your chest is quite spiled at present, but if you on'y et 'im finish it'll be a perfeck picter.'

"'I take pride in it,' ses the tattooer; 'working on your skin, mate, is like painting on a bit o' silk.'

"Ginger gave in at last, and told the man to go on with the job and finish it, and 'e even went so far as to do a little bit o' tattooing 'imself on Sam when he wasn't looking. 'E only made one mark, becos the needle broke off, and Sam made such a fuss that Ginger said any one would ha' thought 'e'd hurt 'im.

"It took three days to do Ginger altogether, and he was that sore 'e could 'ardly move or breathe and all the time 'e was laying on 'is bed of pain Sam and Peter Russet was round at the Blue Lion enjoying theirselves and picking up information. The second day was the worst, owing to the tattooer being the worse for licker. Drink affects different people in different ways, and Ginger said the way it affected that chap was to make 'im think 'e was sewing buttons on instead o' tattooing.

"'Owever, 'e was done at last; his chest and 'is arms and 'is shoulders, and he nearly broke down when Sam borrowed a bit o' looking-glass and let 'im see hisself. Then the tattooer rubbed in some stuff to make 'is skin soft agin, and some more stuff to make the marks look a bit old.

"Sam wanted to draw up an agreement, but Ginger Dick and Peter Russet wouldn't 'ear of it. They both said that that sort o' thing wouldn't look well in writing, not if anybody else happened to see it, that is; besides which Ginger said it was impossible for 'im to say 'ow much money he would 'ave the handling of. Once the tattooing was done 'e began to take a'most kindly to the plan, an' being an orfin, so far as 'e knew, he almost began to persuade hisself that the red-'aired landlady *was* 'is mother.

"They 'ad a little call over in their room to see 'ow Ginger was to do it, and to discover the weak p'ints. Sam worked up a squeaky voice, and pretended to be the landlady, and Peter pretended to be the good-looking barmaid.

"They went all through it over and over agin, the only unpleasantness being caused by Peter Russet letting off a screech every time Ginger alluded to 'is chest wot set 'is teeth on edge, and old Sam as the landlady offering Ginger pots o' beer which made 'is mouth water.

"'We shall go round to-morrow for the last time,' ses Sam, 'as we told 'er we're sailing the day arter. Of course me an' Peter, 'aving made your fortin, drop out altogether, but I dessay we shall look in agin in about six months' time, and then perhaps the landlady will interduce us to you.'

"'Meantime,' ses Peter Russet, 'you mustn't forget that you've got to send us Post Office money-orders every week.'

"Ginger said 'e wouldn't forget, and they

shook 'ands all round and 'ad a drink together, and the next arternoon Sam and Peter went to the Blue Lion for a last visit.

"It was quite early when they came back. Ginger was surprised to see 'em, and he said so, but 'e was more surprised when 'e heard their reasons.

"'It come over us all at once as we'd bin doing wrong,' Sam ses, setting down with a sigh.

"'Come over us like a chill, it did,' ses Peter.

"'Doing wrong?' ses Ginger Dick, staring. 'Wot are you talking about?'

"'Something the landlady said showed us as we was doin' wrong,' ses old Sam, very solemn; 'it come over us in a flash.'

"'Like lightning,' ses Peter.

"'All of a sudden we see wot a cruel, 'ard thing it was to go and try and deceive a poor widder woman,' ses Sam, in a 'usky voice; 'we both see it at once.'

"Ginger Dick looks at 'em 'ard, 'e did, and then, 'e ses, jeering like:

"'I 'spose you don't want any Post Office money-orders sent you, then?' he ses.

"'No,' says Sam and Peter, both together.

"'You may have 'em all,' ses Sam; 'but if you'll be ruled by us, Ginger, you'll give it up, same as wot we 'ave—you'll sleep the sweeter for it.'

"'Give it up!' shouts Ginger, dancing up an' down the room, 'arter being tattooed all over? Why, you must be crazy, Sam—wot's the matter with you?'

"'It ain't fair play agin a woman,' says old Sam, 'three strong men agin one poor old woman; that's wot we feel, Ginger.'

"'Well, *I* don't feel like it,' ses Ginger; 'you please yourself, and I'll please myself.'

"'E went off in a huff, an' next morning 'e was so disagreeable that Sam an' Peter went and signed on board a steamer called the *Penguin*, which was to sail the day arter. They parted bad friends all round, and Ginger Dick gave Peter a nasty black eye, and Sam said that when Ginger came to see things in a proper way agin he'd be sorry for wot 'e'd said. And 'e said that 'im and Peter never wanted to look on 'is face agin.

"Ginger Dick was a bit lonesome arter they'd gone, but 'e thought it better to let a few days go by afore 'e went and adopted the red-'aired landlady. He waited a week, and at last, unable to wait any longer, 'e went out and 'ad a shave and smartened hisself up, and went off to the Blue Lion.

"It was about three o'clock when 'e got there, and the little public-'ouse was empty except for two old men in the jug-and-bottle entrance. Ginger stopped outside a minute or two to try and stop 'is trembling, and then 'e walks into the private bar and raps on the counter.

"'Glass o' bitter, ma'am, please,' he ses to the old lady as she came out o' the little parlour at the back o' the bar.

"The old lady drew the beer, and then stood with one 'and holding the beer-pull and the other on the counter, looking at Ginger Dick in 'is new blue jersey and cloth cap.

"'Lovely weather, ma'am,' ses Ginger, putting his left arm on the counter and showing the sailor-boy dancing the horn-pipe.

"'Very nice,' ses the landlady, catching sight of 'is wrist an' staring at it. 'I suppose you sailors like fine weather?'

"'Yes, ma'am,' ses Ginger, putting his elbows on the counter so that the tattoo marks on both wrists was showing. 'Fine weather an' a fair wind suits us.'

"'It's a 'ard life, the sea,' ses the old lady.

"She kept wiping down the counter in front of 'im over an' over agin, an' 'e could see 'er staring at 'is wrists as though she could 'ardly believe her eyes. Then she went back into the parlour, and Ginger 'eard her whispering, and by and by she came out agin with the blue-eyed barmaid.

"'Have you been at sea long?' ses the old lady.

"'Over twenty-three years, ma'am,' ses Ginger, avoiding the barmaid's eye wot was fixed on 'is wrists, 'and I've been shipwrecked four times; the fust time when I was a little nipper o' fourteen.'

"'Pore thing,' ses the landlady, shaking 'er 'ead. 'I can feel for you; my boy went to sea at that age, and I've never seen 'im since.'

"'I'm sorry to 'ear it, ma'am,' ses Ginger, very respectful-like. 'I suppose I've lost my mother, so I can feel for you.'

"'Suppose you've lost your mother!' ses the barmaid; 'don't you know whether you have?'

"'No,' ses Ginger Dick, very sad. 'When I was wrecked the fust time I was in a open boat for three weeks, and, wot with the exposure and 'ardly any food, I got brain-fever and lost my memory.'

"'Pore thing,' ses the landlady agin.

"'I might as well be a orfin,' ses Ginger, looking down; 'sometimes I seem to see a kind, 'andsome face bending over me, and fancy it's my mother's, but I can't remember 'er name, or my name, or anythink about 'er.'

"'You remind me o' my boy very much,' ses the landlady, shaking 'er 'ead; 'you've got the same coloured 'air, and, wot's extraordinary, you've got the same tattoo marks on your wrists. Sailorboy dancing on one and a couple of dolphins on the other. And 'e 'ad a little scar on 'is eyebrow, much the same as yours.'

"'Good 'evins,' ses Ginger Dick, starting back and looking as though 'e was trying to remember something.

"'I s'pose they're common among seafaring men?' ses the landlady, going off to attend to a customer.

"Ginger Dick would ha' liked to ha' seen 'er a bit more excited, but 'e ordered another glass o' bitter from the barmaid, and tried to think 'ow he was to bring out about the ship on his chest and the letters on 'is back. The landlady served a couple o' men and by and by she came back and began talking agin.

"'I like sailors,' she ses; 'one thing is, my boy was a sailor; and another thing is, they've got such feelin' 'earts. There was two of 'em in 'ere the other day, who'd been in 'ere once or twice, and one of 'em was that kind 'earted I thought he would ha' 'ad a fit at something I told him.'

"'Ho,' ses Ginger, pricking up his ears, 'wot for?'

"'I was just talking to 'im about my boy, same as I might be to you,' ses the old lady, 'and I was just telling 'im about the poor child losing 'is finger———'

"'Losing 'is *wot?*' ses Ginger, turning pale and staggering back.

"'Finger,' ses the landlady. ''E was only ten years old at the time, and I'd sent 'im out to——— Wot's the matter? Ain't you well?'

"Ginger didn't answer 'er a word; he couldn't. 'E went on going backwards until 'e got to the door, and then 'e suddenly fell through it into the street, and tried to think.

"Then 'e remembered Sam and Peter, and when 'e thought of them safe and sound aboard the *Penguin* he nearly broke down altogether, as 'e thought how lonesome he was.

"All 'e wanted was 'is arms round both their necks same as they was the night afore they 'ad 'im tattooed."

The True Art of Making Oriental Coffee

ON ENTERING the zenanah, the old governante, Kamalia, having counted us on her four skinny fingers, proceeded to fulfil that sacred rite, never omitted in the East, of presenting refreshments; without the heartless and niggardly ceremony of appealing to the guests, as is wont in Europe, to learn whether they will take them or not. . . .

I followed Kamalia to know how the genuine Oriental coffee is made. Good mussulmans alone can make good coffee; for, being interdicted from the use of ardent spirits, their palate is more exquisite and their relish greater.

Thus it is:

A bright charcoal fire was burning in a small stove. She first took, for four persons, four handsfull of the small, pale mocha berry, little bigger than barley. These had been carefully picked and cleaned. She put them into an iron vessel, where, with admirable quickness and dexterity, they were roasted till their colour was somewhat darkened, and the moisture not exhaled. The over-roasted ones were picked out, and the remainder, while very hot, put into a large wooden mortar, where they were instantly pounded. . . .

This done, Kamalia passed the powder through a camel's-hair cloth; and then repassed it through a finer cloth. Meanwhile, a coffee-pot, containing exactly four cups of water, was boiling. This was taken off, one cup of water poured out, and three cups full of the powder, after she had ascertained its impalpability between her finger and thumb, were stirred in with a stick of cinnamon.

When replaced on the fire, on the point of over-boiling, it was taken off, the heel of the pot struck against the hob, and again put on the fire. This was repeated five or six times. I forgot to mention she added a very minute piece of mace, not enough to make its flavour distinguishable; and that the coffee-pot must be open, and uncovered, or it cannot form a thick cream on the surface, which it ought to do.

After it was taken, for the last time, from the fire, the cup of water which had been poured from it was returned. It was then carried into the room, without being disturbed, and instantly poured into the cups, where it retained its rich cream at the top.

Thus made, its fragrance filled the room, and nothing could be more delicious to the palate.

EDWARD JOHN TRELAWNEY.

The Last Will of Don Javier

By EMILIA PARDO-BAZAN

THE Angel of Death was drawing nearer and nearer to Don Javier de Campuzano, but he watched its approach without fear, for he repented of all his sins and trusted in the mercy of Him who died to obtain pardon for all the children of men. There was only one thing that disquieted him during the long sleepless nights that so weary the old and feeble. He feared that after his death dissensions might arise, and bitter conflicts and litigations might take place between his children and only heirs, in regard to the division of his estates. Don Javier was the possessor of vast domains—a man of great wealth, but he was not ignorant of the fact that the fiercest battles for money have always been waged by the rich.

He remembered the litigation he had had with his elder brother, a litigation so intricate, so relentless, so interminable, which began by cooling their brotherly love, and finished by changing it into cruelest hatred. The sin of wishing all kinds of evil to his brother, of having injured and defamed him, and even—dreadful memory—of having watched for him one night in the shadow of the oak grove for the purpose of challenging him to mortal combat, was the burden that for many years had weighed heavily upon the conscience of Don Javier. So far as his intention was concerned, he had been a fratricide, and he trembled at the thought that perhaps his children, whom he loved so tenderly, should come to hate each other for a handful of gold.

Nature had given Don Javier an eloquent example and severe lesson: his two children, a boy and a girl, were twins; by uniting them from their origin in the same womb, by sending them forth into the world at the same hour, God had given them an imperative commandment to love one another; and at the same time had afflicted the imagination of Don Javier from the time of their birth with the dreadful thought that perhaps these two drops of blood from the same veins, nourished at the same time from the same breast, might, notwithstanding all this, come in time to abhor one another even to the commitment of mortal sin.

In order to prevent jealousy arising from supposed paternal favouritism, Don Javier had selected a military career for his son, so that he was nearly always separated from him; only at last, when he knew that old age and his increasing ailments were hastening him to the grave, did he send for José María in order that he might alternate with María Josefa in ministering to his needs.

After long deliberation the old man had formed a plan, and began to put it into operation by calling his daughter apart one day, before the arrival of her brother, and saying to her with great solemnity:

"My daughter, before the arrival of your brother there are some very important instructions that I wish to give you. Listen carefully, and do not forget a single word of mine. It is not necessary that I tell you again that I love you very, very dearly, but besides this, it is necessary that you should be especially protected and receive greater favour on account of your sex. I have considered carefully how I might leave to you a bequest, so that after I am gone no one could dispute my gift to you.

"As soon as I close my eyes—as soon as you offer up a prayer for my soul—you will go to the farmhouse at Guadeluz. In the basement there is a large Gothic chest, very old and very heavy; count to your left, from the door, sixteen bricks—notice carefully—sixteen—do you understand? and raise the seventeenth brick that has on it the sign of the cross, and those immediately surrounding it. Underneath these bricks you will find a stone with a large staple in it, cemented with strong mortar. Remove the mortar, take out the stone, and there will appear a hiding-place, and in it a million *reales* in double doubloons, and in one hundred-*reales* pieces ($25 gold pieces). These are my savings for many years. The million is yours, yours only. I leave it to you as its undisputed possessor. And now, hush, not a word, we will never discuss this subject again. When I die——"

María Josefa smiled sweetly, acknowledged her gratitude to him with words of love and tenderness, and assured him that she hoped she might never have occasion to collect the rich legacy he had left her. José María arrived that same night, and the brother and sister watched by turns over the beloved father who was slowly fading away before their eyes. The critical moment, the supreme hour, did not linger long in presenting itself, and in the midst of the convulsive twitchings of that sorrowful moment, María Josefa noticed that the dying one pressed her hand in a significant manner, and it seemed to her that the glazing eyes said to her:

"Remember the seventeenth brick—a million of *reales*."

The first few days after the funeral were naturally devoted to mourning and tears, to receiving visits of condolence and expressions of sympathy from loving friends. The brother and sister, overwhelmed with sorrow and with eyelids reddened with much weeping, exchanged but few words with each other, and neither made any allusion to the inheritance left them by their father. Nevertheless, it became necessary in the course of time to unseal the will and testament of their father, to confer with notaries, attorneys, and executors. It happened that one night while these things were under discussion, José María and María Josefa found themselves alone in the vast reception hall, the dim light in the spacious apartment just making the darkness, as it were, visible. The sister drew near to the brother, touched him on the shoulder, and murmured timidly in a low voice:

"José, I have something to tell you—a very strange thing—about papa."

"Tell me, darling—a strange thing?"

"In truth, it is. Do you not wonder? There is a million *reales* in gold hidden in the farmhouse at Guadeluz."

"No, foolish one!" he exclaimed, surprised and with sudden vehemence. "You have not understood correctly. Where this million really is hidden is in the pasture field at Corchada."

"But, José, dear, papa described the place where it was hidden so carefully to me, with the most minute details. It is in the basement; you must count sixteen bricks to the left from the door, and under the seventeenth brick lies the stone with the staple in it that covers the treasure."

"But, Josefa, I am certain that you are in error, because papa gave me such a careful description of the place that I cannot possibly be mistaken. It is in the pasture field. Near the wall of the old sheep-fold, that is now no longer used, is a kind of pool where the herd used to drink; behind it there is a small half-ruined arch, and at the foot of the arch lies a paving-stone with the corner broken off. Loosen this paving-stone and you will find a brick-lined niche, in which is hidden a million *reales*."

"My dearest boy, but it is impossible! Believe me. When papa found that he was so much worse—in fact, was hopelessly ill, perhaps his mind was not altogether right; poor, dear papa! I have his words engraved——"

"María," declared José, seizing the hand of the young girl, "after thinking the matter over, I am convinced there must be two deposits, for this is the only reasonable explanation of the matter. Papa told me that this money was exclusively for me."

"And to me that the money at Guadeluz was mine alone."

"Poor, dear papa!" murmured the officer, much affected. "What a strange thing for him to do! Well, if it is agreeable to you, we will go first to Guadeluz and then afterward to Corchada. In this way we can solve the mystery. How queer it would be were there only one deposit."

"You speak well," responded María, triumphantly, "but go first to Guadeluz, because I am sure you will find the treasure hidden there."

"And also because you were tactful enough to speak first about the matter. Do you want to know the truth, little one? Then you shall know it. I did not tell you before because I feared to wound you; you might think that papa excluded you because he loved me best. What could I do? I intended to draw the money and give you half of it without saying anything about papa's preference. Now I see that I was unwise."

"No, no, you were right," replied María, confused and grieved. "I am an impudent girl and a chatterbox. I ought to have foreseen this phase of the subject. I should have searched for the treasure, and when it was found, done as you thought of doing, divided it without saying from whence it came. What a lack of cleverness!"

"Then I am sorry that I anticipated you," responded José with sincerity, pressing his sister's hand with tenderness.

A few days later the brother and sister made an excursion to Guadeluz and found

everything exactly as María Josefa had described it. The treasure was locked up in a small iron coffer, the key of which could not be found. They carried the coffer away with them without attempting to open it and went on their way to Cochada, where at the foot of the ruined arch they found also another iron box, of equal weight and size as the first. They carried the boxes home, and José got some tools from a locksmith and forced them open. As the lids burst open, disclosing the golden treasure, the brother and sister, without counting them, poured their contents together in a heap on the carpet. Suddenly María trembled:

"There is a paper in the bottom of my box."

"And one in mine, too," observed the brother.

"It is a letter from papa."

"Yours, what does it say?"

"Listen. Come to the light. This is what it says: 'My son, if you read this alone, I sympathize with you and I forgive you; but if you read it with your sister, I will come forth from my grave to bless you.'"

"The meaning of mine is the same!" exclaimed María, a moment later, sobbing and laughing at the same time.

The papers were dropped, and the brother and sister, standing on the heap of gold, treading the scattered coins into the carpet, clasped each other in a long embrace.

Spanish Folk Songs

Translated by Havelock Ellis

YOUR loving thoughts and my loving thoughts
Towards each other lean,
Just like the branches of two trees
Across the road between.

If marriage a day and night lasted,
Or even a week or so,
Why then I too could marry
But forever? Nc, no, no!

Once on a time I thought
Love was a thing for play.
Since I loved you I know
It's a thing for the Judgment Day.

Eat and drink, my darling,
And continue to believe
That you hold me as securely
As—water in a sieve.

Oh, put not your trust in women!
I'm a woman and know by birth
That a woman is always too clever
For the cleverest man on earth.

Whenever you come to see me
Wait till night covers the ground,
For then my mother will fancy
You're the donkey roaming round.

Mother, don't let me marry
A little man,
Whom I must lift and carry
Just like a fan.

To see you every hour
I'd gladly cease to live,
And never to have met you
I know not what I'd give.

The New Automatic Shot-gun

A Story Without Words

1

2

3

4

By CARAN D'ACHE
(Emmanuel Poiré)

5

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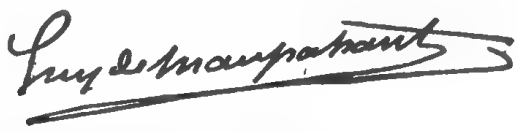
7

8

The Devouring Crowd

By GUY DE MAUPASSANT



A LARGE crowd was gathered in front of the church. Some one was being married. A priest was authorizing in Latin with pontifical gravity the solemn and comical act which so disturbs mankind, bringing with it so much mirth, suffering, and tears. According to custom, the families had invited all their relatives and friends to the funeral service of a young girl's innocence, to listen to the piously indecorous ecclesiastical admonitions, preceding those of the mother, and to the public benediction bestowed on that which is otherwise so carefully veiled.

And the whole countryside, full of broad jokes, moved by the greedy and idle curiosity that draws the common herd to such a scene, had come there to see how the bride and bridegroom would comport themselves. I mingled with the crowd, and watched.

Good heavens, how ugly men are! For at least the hundredth time I noticed, in the midst of this festive scene, that, of all races, the human race is the most hideous. The whole air was pervaded by the odour of the people, the nauseous, sickening odour of unclean bodies, greasy hair and garlic, that odour of garlic exhaled by the people of the South, through nose, mouth, and skin, just as roses spread abroad their perfume.

Certainly men are every day as ugly, and smell as obnoxious, but our eyes, accustomed to the sight of them, our nostrils used to their odour, fail to distinguish their ugliness and their emanations, unless we have been spared for some time the sight and stink of them.

Mankind is hideous! To obtain a gallery of grotesque figures, fit to raise a laugh from the dead, it would be sufficient to take the ten first-comers, set them in a line, and photograph them with their irregular heights, their legs either too long or too short, their bodies too fat or too thin, their red or pale, bearded or smooth faces, their smirking or solemn looks.

Formerly, in primeval days, the wild man, the strong naked man, was certainly as handsome as the horse, the stag, or the lion. The exercise of his muscles, a life free from restraint, the constant use of his vigour and his agility, kept up in him a grace of motion, which is the first condition of beauty, and an elegance of form, which is produced only by physical exercise. Later, the artistic nations, enamoured of form, knew how to preserve this grace and this elegance in intelligent man, by the artificial means of gymnastics. The care bestowed on the body, the trials of strength and suppleness, the use of ice-cold water and vapour baths, made the Greeks true models of human beauty, and they have left us their statues, to show us what were the bodies of these great artists.

But now, O Apollo! look at the human race moving about in its festive scenes. The children rickety from the cradle, deformed by premature study, stupefied by the school life that wears out the body at fifteen years of age, and cramps the mind before it is formed, reach adolescence with limbs badly grown, badly jointed, in which all normal proportions have completely disappeared.

And let us contemplate the people in the street, trotting along in their dirty clothing! As for the peasant! Good Heavens! Let us go and watch the peasant in the fields, his gnarled, knotted frame, lanky, twisted, bent, more hideous than the barbarous types exhibited in a museum of anthropology.

In comparison how splendid are those men of bronze, the negroes; in shape, if not in face; how elegant, both in their movements and their figure, the tall, lithe Arabs. Moreover, I have yet another reason for having a horror of crowds.

I cannot go into a theatre, nor be present at any public entertainment. I at once experience a curious and unbearable feeling of discomfort, a horrible unnerving sensation, as though I were struggling with all my might against a mysterious and irresistible influence. And, in truth, I struggle with the spirit of the mob, which strives to take possession of me.

How often have I observed that the intelligence expands and grows loftier when we live alone, and that it becomes meaner and lower when we again mix among other men. The contact, the opinions floating in the air, all that is said, all that one is compelled to listen to, to hear, to answer, acts upon the mind. A flow and ebb of ideas goes from head to head, from house to house, from street to street, from town to town, from nation to nation, and a level is established, an average of intellect is created, by all large agglomerations of individuals.

The inherent qualities of intellectual initiative, of free will, of wise reflection, and even of sagacity, belonging to any individual being, generally disappear the moment that being is brought in contact with a large number of other things.

The following is a passage from a letter of Lord Chesterfield to his son (1751) which sets forth with rare humility the sudden elimination of all active qualities of the mind in every large body of people:

"Lord Macclesfield, who had the greatest share in forming the bill, and who is one of the greatest mathematicians and astronomers in Europe, spoke afterward with infinite knowledge, and all the clearness that so intricate a matter would admit of, but as his words, his periods, and his utterance were not near so good as mine, the preference was most unanimously, though most unjustly, given to me.

"This will ever be the case; every numerous assembly is *mob*, let the individuals who compose it be what they will. Mere reason and good sense is never to be talked to a mob; their passions, their sentiments, their senses, and their seeming interests are alone to be applied to.

"Understanding they have collectively none," etc. . . .

This deep observation of Lord Chesterfield's, a remark, however, that has often been made, and noted with interest by philosophers of the scientific school, constitutes one of the most serious arguments against representative government.

The same phenomenon, a surprising one, is produced each time a large number of men are gathered together. All these persons, side by side, distinct from each other, of different minds, intelligences, passions, education, beliefs, and prejudices, become suddenly, by the sole fact of their being assembled together, a special being, endowed with a new soul, a new manner of thinking in common, which is the unanalyzable resultant of the average of these individual opinions.

It is a crowd, and that crowd is a person, one vast collective individual, as distinct from any other mob as one man is distinct from any other man.

A popular saying asserts that "the mob does not reason." Now why does not the mob reason, since each particular individual in the crowd does reason? Why should a crowd do spontaneously what none of the units of the crowd would have done? Why has a crowd irresistible impulses, ferocious wills, stupid enthusiasms that nothing can arrest, and, carried away by these thoughtless impulses, why does it commit acts that none of the individuals composing it would commit alone?

A stranger utters a cry, and behold! a sort of frenzy takes possession of all, and all, with the same impulse, which no one tries to resist, carried away by the same thought, which instantaneously becomes common to all, notwithstanding different castes, opinions, beliefs, and customs, will fall upon a man, murder him, drown him, without a motive, almost without a pretext, whereas each one of them, had he been alone, would have precipitated himself, at the risk of his life, to save the man he is now killing.

And in the evening, each one on returning home will ask himself what passion or what madness had seized him, and thrown his nature and his temperament out of its ordinary groove; how he could have given way to this savage impulse?

The fact is, he had ceased to be a man, to become one of a crowd. His personal will had become blended with the common will, as a drop of water is blended with and lost in a river.

His personality had disappeared, had become an infinitesimal particle of one vast and strange personality, that of the crowd. The panics which take hold of an army, the storms of opinion which carry away an entire nation, the frenzy of dervish dances, are striking examples of this identical phenomenon.

In short, it is not more surprising to see an agglomeration of individuals make one whole, than to see molecules that are placed near each other form one body.

To this mysterious attraction must without doubt be attributed the peculiar temperament of theater audiences, and the strange difference of judgment, that exists between the audience of general rehearsals and that of the audience of first representations, and again between the audience of a first representation and that of the succeeding performances, and the change in the telling effects, from one evening to another; and the errors of judgment condemning a play like *Carmen*, which afterward turns out an immense success.

What I say about crowds must be applied to all society, and he who would carefully preserve the absolute integrity of his thought, the proud independence of his opinion, and look at life, humanity, and the universe as an impartial observer free from prejudice, preconceived belief and fear, must absolutely live apart from all social relations; for human stupidity is so contagious that he will be unable to frequent his fellow creatures, even see them, or listen to them, without being, in spite of himself, influenced on all sides by their conversations, their ideas, their superstitions, their traditions, their prejudices, which by their customs, laws, and surprisingly hypocritical and cowardly code of morality will surely contaminate him.

Those who strive to resist these lowering and incessant influences struggle in vain amid petty, irresistible, innumerable, and almost imperceptible fetters; and through sheer fatigue soon cease to fight.

But a backward movement took place in the crowd; the newly married couple were coming out. And immediately I followed the general example, raised myself on tiptoe to see—and longed to see—with a stupid, low, repugnant longing, the longing of the common herd. The curiosity of my neighbours had intoxicated me; I was one of a crowd.

Feminine and Masculine Morality

I AM inclined to believe that for a woman love is the supreme authority—that which judges the rest and decides what is good or evil. For a man, love is subordinate to right. It is a great passion, but it is not the source of order, the synonym of reason, the criterion of excellence. . . . Thus the woman who absorbs herself in the object of her love is, so to speak, in the line of nature; she is truly woman; she realizes her fundamental type. On the contrary, the man who should make life consist in conjugal adoration . . . such a one is but half a man; he is despised by the world, and perhaps secretly disdained by women themselves.

The woman who loves truly seeks to merge her own individuality in that of the man she loves. She desires that her love should make him greater, stronger, more masculine, and more active. Thus each sex plays its appointed part: the woman is first destined for man, and man is destined for society. Woman owes herself to one, man owes himself to all; and each obtains peace and happiness only when he or she has recognized this law and accepted this balance of things. The same thing may be a good in the woman and an evil in the man, may be strength in her, weakness in him.

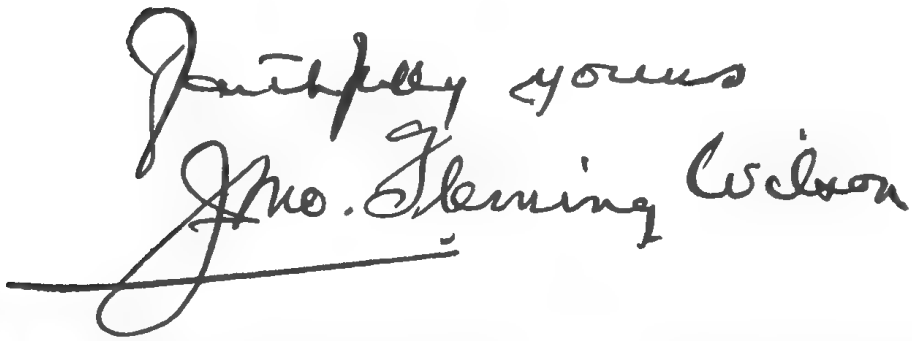
There is then a feminine and a masculine morality—preparatory chapters, as it were, to a general human morality. Below the virtue which is evangelical and sexless, there is a virtue of sex. And this virtue of sex is the occasion of mutual teaching, for each of the two incarnations of virtue makes it its business to convert the other, the first preaching love in the ears of justice, the second justice in the ears of love. . . .

Such at least is our European idea of the harmony of the sexes in a graduated order of functions. America is on the road to revolutionize this ideal by the introduction of the democratic principle of the equality of individuals in a general equality of functions. Only, when there is nothing left but a multitude of equal individualities, neither young or old, neither men nor women, neither benefited nor benefactors—all social difference will turn upon money. The whole hierarchy will rest upon the dollar, and the most brutal, the most hideous, the most inhuman of inequalities will be the fruit of the passion for equality. What a result! Plutolatry—the worship of wealth, the madness of gold—to it will be confided the task of chastising a false principle and its followers. And plutocracy will be in its turn executed by equality. It would be a strange end for it, if Anglo-Saxon individualism were ultimately swallowed up in Latin socialism.

HENRI-FRÉDÉRIC AMIEL (Translated by Mrs. Humphrey Ward).

Tad Sheldon, Second Class Scout

By JOHN FLEMING WILSON



THERE is no har-rm in the story, though it speaks ill for us big people with Misther to our names," said Chief Engineer Mickey O'Rourke, balancing his coffee cup between his two scarred hands. "Ye remimber the lasht toime I was on leave—and I wint down to Yaquina Bay with Captain Tyler on his tin gas schooner, thinkin' to mesilf it was a holiday—and all the fun I had was insthructin' the gasoline engineer in the mysteries of how to expriss one's sintimints without injurin' the skipper's feelin's? Well, I landed in the bay and walked about in the woods, which is foine for the smell of thim which is like fresh tar; and one afternoon I finds two legs and small feet stickin' out of a hole under a stump. I pulled on the two feet and the legs came out, and at the end of thim a bhoy, mad with rage, and dirt in his eyes.

"'Ye have spoiled me fun!' says he, lookin' at me very fierce.

"'Do yez dig yer fun out of the ground, like coal?' I demands.

"'I'm investigatin' the habits of squirrels,' says he. 'I must find out how a squirrel turns round in his hole. Does he turn a summersault, or stick his tail between his ears and go over backward?'

"'He turns inside out, like an ould sock,' I informs him, and he scorns me natural history. On the strength of mutual language we get acquainted. He is Tad Sheldon, the eldest son of Surfman No. 1, of the life-saving crew. He is fourteen years ould. Me bould Tad has troubles of his own, consisting of five other youngsters who are his gang. 'We are preparing to inter the ranks of the Bhoy Scouts,' he tells me, settin' be the side of the squirrel-hole. 'We are all tenderfeet and we can't get enlisted with the rest of the bhoys in the United States because each scout must have a dollar in the bank and between the six of us we have only one dollar and six bits and that's in me mother's apron pocket and in no bank at all.'

"'Explain,' says I.

"''Tis this way,' says me young sprig. 'All the bhoys in the country of America have joined the scouts, which is an army of felleys that know the woods and about animals and how to light a fire, and know the law.'

"'Stop!' I orders. 'No one knows the law without gold in one hand and a book in the other. If ye knew the law ye would have yer dollar.'

"''Tis the scouts' law,' says he. 'It tells ye to obey yer superiors and be fair to animals and kind to people ye care little for. Ye must know how to take care of yourself anywhere and be ready whin the counthry needs ye.'

"'And ye need a dollar?' I asks. 'Thin, why not work for it and stop pokin' yer nose down squirrel-holes, where there is neither profit nor wages?'

"'Because I'm to be the pathrol-leader and I must know more than me men,' he retorts.

"Now, ye remimber I had in me pocket three pay checks, besides the money of Mr. Lof, the second engineer, which I had got for him and was carryin' about to send to him by the first friend I saw. So I took off me cap and pulled out one of the checks and said: 'Me bould bhoy, go down to the town and get the cash for this. Bring it back to me and I'll give ye a dollar; and thin ye can become a scout.'

"The lad looked at me and then at the Governmint check. He shook his head till the dirt rolled into his ears, for he was still full of the clods he had rubbed into himsilf in the hole. 'I can't take a dollar from a man in the service,' he says. 'I must earn it.'

"'The Governmint's money is clane,' I rebukes him. 'I'm ould and me legs ends just above me feet, so that I walk with difficulty. 'Tis worth a dollar to get the coin without trampin'.'

"'I will earn it from somebody not in the service,' says me bould bhoy, with great firmness.

"'I'm no surfman, thank Hivin!' I remarks. 'I'm in the establishmint and look down on ye.'

"'If I'd known ye were a lighthouseman I'd have taken all ye had at first,' he retorts. 'But ye have made me a fair offer and I forgive ye. My father works for his living.'

"Ye know how the life-savers and the lighthouse people pass language between thim whin they meet. The lad and I exchanged complimints, but he spared me because I had gray hairs. 'In time ye will become a keeper of a station and perform for the idification of the summer gur-rl,' I concludes. 'But, if ye were more industhrious and had more iducation, ye might in time get into the establishmint and tind a third-order light.'

"'Why should I bury mesilf among ould min without arms and legs?' he inquires haughtily. 'Me youngest sister clanes the lamps in our house with a dirty rag and an ould toothbrush.'

"'Well,' says I, seein' that it was poor fortune to be quarrelin' with a slip of a kid, 'do yez want the dollar or not?'

"And at that we got down to facts and he explained that this scout business was most important. It appeared that the other five bhoys depinded on him to extricate thim from their difficulties and set them all up as scouts, with uniforms and knives and a knowledge of wild animals and how to build a fire in a bucket of watther. We debated the thing back and forth till the sun dropped behind the trees and the could air came up from the ground and stuck me with needles of rheumatism.

"The lad was a good lad and he made plain to me why his dollar was har-rd to get. He had thought of savin' the life of a summer visitor, but the law read that he must save life anyhow, without lookin' for pay. 'And we can't all save lives,' he mourns; 'for some of the kids is too young.'

"'But ye must earn money, ye scut,' I says. 'Ye're fourteen and whin I was that age I was me mother's support and joy. I made four shillin's a wake mixin' plaster for a tile-layer.'

"'I work,' he responds dolefully. 'But it goes to me mother to put with the savings in the bank against the time me father will be drownded and leave us without support, for ye must know that we life-savers get no pensions.'

"'I niver hear-rd of a life-saver bein' drownded,' I remarks. 'But it may be, for I see ye are of an exthraordinary family and anything may come to such. How many are there of yez?'

"'There are six of us childher, all gur-rls but mesilf,' says he, with rage in his voice. 'And Carson—he was No. 4—broke his hip in a wreck last year and died of the bruise and left five, which the crew is lookin' after. Young Carson is one of me gang and makes a dollar and four bits a week deliverin' clams to the summer folks. Ye see he can't save a dollar for the bank.' And we got up and discussed the matther going down the hill toward the town. Before we parted Tad tould me where he lived.

"'I'd call on yer father and mother,' says I, 'if I cud be sure they would appreciate the honour. 'Tis a comedown for an officer in the lighthouse establishmint to inter the door of a surfman.'

"'Me father has a kind heart and is good to the ould,' he answers me. 'We live beyond the station, on the bluff.'

"With that we went our ways and I ate an imminse meal in the hotel with the dishes all spread out before me—and a pretty gur-rl behind me shoulder to point out the best of thim. Thin I walked out and started for the house of me bould Tad.

"I found thim all seated in the parlour excipt the missus, who was mixin' bread in the kitchen. I inthroduced mesilf, and Sheldon, who had No. 1 on his sleeve, offered me a pipe, which I took. I came down to business, houldin' me cap full of checks and money on me lap. 'Yer bould bhoy wants to be a scout and lacks a dollar,' I says.

'I like his looks, though I discovered him in a hole under a tree. He won't take me money and scorns me and the establishmint.'

"'He must earn it,' he answers, scowlin' over his pipe.

"'But I'll spind it,' I insists, peerin' at the bhoy out of the tail of me eye. 'If yer town weren't dhry I'd have given it to the saloon man for the good of the family he hasn't got. So why bilge at a single dollar?'

"'Tis the scout's law,' puts in me bould Tad. 'I must make it honestly.' And he settled his head between his hands and gazed reproachfully at the clane floor. So I saved me money and sat till eight o'clock exchangin' complimints with Misther Sheldon. Thin the bell rang on the hill beyond the station and he pulled his cap off the dresser, kissed his wife and the five gur-rls and wint out to his watch and a good sleep. Whin he was gone I stood in the doorway and Missus Sheldon tould me of the little Carsons and how Missus Carson had sworn niver to marry again excipt in the life-saving service. 'She says the Governmint took away her husband and her support,' says the good lady, 'and she'll touch no money excipt Governmint checks, bein' used to thim and Uncle Sam owin' her the livin' he took away.'

"'With five childher she shud look up and marry one of the men in the establishmint,' I informs her. 'They are good husbands and make money.'

"'Though a widow, she has pride,' she respons sharply; and I left, with young Tad follerin' at me heels till I let him overtake me and whisper: 'If ye'd buy some clams off of young Carson it wud help the widow.'

"'I am starved for clams,' I whispers back like a base conspirator for the hand of the lovely gur-rl in the castle. 'Show me the house of me bould Carson.' He pointed to a light through the thin woods.

"They thought I was crazy whin I returned to the hotel with a hundred pounds of clams dripping down me back. 'I dug thim with me own hands this night,' I tould the man in the office. 'Cook thim all for me breakfast.'

"'Ye're a miracle of strength and endurance under watther,' says he; 'for 't is now high tide and the surf is heavy.'

"'I found their tracks in the road and followed thim to their lair,' I retorts. 'Do I get them for breakfast?'

"And in the mor-rnin', whin I was that full of clams that I needed a shell instead of a weskit, I walked on the beach with the admirin' crowds of summer tourists and lovely women. It was fine weather and the little ones were barefooted and the old ones bareheaded, and the wind was gentle, and the life-savers were polishin' their boat in full view of the wondherin' throng; and I thought of this ould tub out here on the ind of a chain and pitied yez all. Thin I sthrolled around the point to the bay and found me bould Tad dhrillin' his gang in an ould skiff, with home-made oars in their little fists and Tad sthandin' in the stern-sheets, with a huge steerin' sweep between his arms and much loud language in his mouth. Whin I appeared they looked at me and Tad swung his boat up to the beach and invited me in. 'We will show you a dhrill ye will remimber,' says he, very polite. And with my steppin' in he thrust the skiff off and the bhoys rowed with tremenjous strength. We wint along a full three knots an hour, till he yelled another ordher and the bhoys dropped their oars and jumped over to one side; and I found mysilf undher the boat, with me mouth full of salt watther and ropes. Whin I saw the sun again me bould Tad says to me with disapprobation: 'Ye aren't experienced in capsize dhrill.'

"'In the establishmint we use boats to keep us out of the watther,' I responds, hunting for the papers out of me cap. 'The newspapers are full of rebukes for thim that rock boats to their own peril.' With that they all felt ashamed and picked up me papers and grunted at each other, tryin' to blame somebody else. And whin I had me checks and me papers all safe again I smiled on thim and me bould Tad took heart. ''Tis not to tip the boat over,' says he, 'but to get it back on an even keel after a sea's capsized her—that is the point of the dhrill.' And we pulled ashore to dhry.

"Whiles we were sittin' on the sand drainin' the watther out of our shoes a small, brassy launch came down the bay, with manny men and women on her little decks. Me bould Tad looked at her with half-shut eyes and snorted. 'Some day it will be the life-saving crew that must bring those ninnies back to their homes,' he says. 'The Pacific is nothing to fool with in a gasoline launch. 'T is better to be safe and buy your fish.' And we watched the launch chug by and out on the bar and to sea. I learned that she was the *Gladys* by name and fetched tourists to the fishing grounds, nine miles down the coast.

"All the bhoys were respictful to me excipt young Carson, who recognized in me

bould Mickey the man who had asked for a hundredweight of clams. He stared at me superciliously and refused to have speech with me, bein' ashamed, if I can judge of his youthful thoughts, of bein' in the same company with a fool.

"But I discovered that the gang was all bent on becomin' what they called second-class scouts, which they made plain to me was betther by one than a tenderfoot. But they niver mintioned the lackings of the dollar, bein' gintlemin. They wanted to know of me whether I thought that boat-manship and knowledge of sailing would be accipted be the powers instid of wisdom as to bird-tracks and intimacy with wild animals and bugs. And the heart of me opened, the youth of me came back; and I spoke to thim as one lad to another, with riferince to me years in a steamer and the need of hard hands and a hard head.

"The ind of it was that they rowled across the sand to me side and we all lay belly down over a chart, which me bould Tad had procured after the manner of bhoys, and they explained to me how they knew the coast for twelve miles each side of Yaquina Bay, with the tides and currents all plain in their heads. And I was surprized at what the young scuts knew—God save thim!

"At noon the visitors suddenly stopped lookin' at the scenery and hastened away with hunger in their eyes. The crew ran the surfboat back into the station and the bhoys drew their skiff up out of har-rm's way; and I wint back to me hotel and more clams. On the steps I found young Carson, grinnin' like a cat.

"'Ye don't have to eat thim shell fish,' says he, lookin' away. 'Gimme the sack of thim and I'll peddle thim to the tourists and bring ye the money.'

"'Whisht and away with ye!' I commanded. 'Who are you to be dictatin' the diet of yer betthers?' And he fled, without glancin' behind him.

"There was some remar-rks passed upon me wet clothes, but I tould the clerk in the office that me duty often called me to get drippin' soaked, and went into the dinin' room with a stiff neck under me proud chin. There was but few in the place, and the gur-rl who stood by me shoulder to pilot me through the various coorses infor-rmed me that the most of the guests were out on the *Gladys* fishin'. 'And the most of thim will have little appetite for their dinners,' she mused gently, thereby rebukin' me for a second helpin' of the fresh meat.

"In the afternoon I sthrolled out on the beach again, but saw little. A heavy fog was rowlin' from the nor'ard and the breeze before it was chill and damp as a widow's bed. I walked for me health for an hour and then ran to kape war-rm. At the ind of my spurt I was amazed to find mesilf exactly at the hotel steps. I wint in and laid me down be the fire and slept. I woke to hear a woman wailin'.

"Whin me eyes were properly open, and both pointed in the same direction, I found mesilf in the midst of a crowd. The sittin' room was full of people, all with misery in their faces. The woman whose cries had woke me was standin' be the windey, with one hand around a handkerchief. 'My God!' she was sayin'—'My God! And me bhoy is on that boat!' And I knew that it was throuble and that many people would have their heads in their hands that night, with aches in their throats. I got up—shoes in me hand. At sight of me bright unifor-rm ten men flung themselves on me. 'You will help save them?' they cried at me.

"'I will so soon as I get me shoes on,' I remar-rked, pushing them off me toes. I put on me boots and stood up. 'Now I'll save thim,' says I. 'Where are they?'

"'They're on the *Gladys*,' says three at once. 'Thirty of our people—women and men and childher.'

"'Why wake me?' I demanded crosslike. 'Aren't the brave life-savers even now sitting be the fire waitin' for people to come and be saved? I'm a chief engineer in the lighthouse establishmint and we save no lives excipt whin we can't help it. Get the live-saving crew.'

"And they explained to me bould Mickey that the crew was gone twenty miles up the coast to rescue the men on a steam schooner that was wrecked off the Siletz, word of it having come down but two hours since. They looked at me unifor-rm and demanded their relatives at me hands. I shoved thim away and wint out to think. In the prociss it occurred to me that the *Gladys* might not be lost. I wint back and asked thim how they knew it was time to mourn. 'If that launch is ashore they are as close to the fire as they can get,' I tould thim. 'And if she has gone down 't is too late to dhry their stockings.'

"'She is lost in the fog,' I was infor-rmed. She shud have been back at her wharf at four o'clock. 'Twas now turned six and the bar was rough and blanketed in mist. The captain of the harbour tug had stated, with wise shakes of the head, that the

Gladys cud do no more than lay outside the night and wait for sunshine and a smooth crossing. I shoved thim away from me again and wint out to think.

"It was a mur-rky fog, the sort that slathers over the watther like thick oil. Beyond the hill I cud hear the surf pounding like a riveter in a boiler. Overhead was a sheet of gray cloud, flying in curds before the wind, and in me mouth was the taste of the deep sea, blown in upon me with the scent of the storm. Two words with the skipper of the tug tould me the rest. 'It's coming on to blow a little from the south'ard,' said me bould mariner. 'It's so thick the *Gladys* can't find her way back. Her passengers will be cold and hungry whin they retur-rn in the mor-rnin'.'

"'And will ye not go after thim?'

"'I can't,' says he. 'Me steamer is built for the bay, and one sea on the bar wud destroy the investmint. The life-saving crew is up north after a wreck.'

"'Is there no seagoin' craft in this harbour?' I demands.

"'There is not,' says he. 'Captain Tyler took his gas schooner down the coast yesterday.'

"So I sat down and thought, wonderin' how I cud sneak off me unifor-rm and have peace. For I knew that me brass buttons wud keep me tongue busy all night explainin' that I was not a special providence paid be the Governmint to save fools from purgat'ry. In me thoughts I heard a wor-rd in me ear. I looked up. 'T was me bould Tad, with the gang clustherin' at his heels.

"'Ye have followed the sea for many years?' says he.

"'I have followed it whin it was fair weather,' I responded, 'but the most of the time the sea has chased me ahead of it. Me coat-tail is still wet from the times it caught me. Speak up! What is it?'

"The bhoy pulled out of his jacket his ould chart and laid it before me. 'The *Gladys* is at anchor off these rocks,' says he, layin' a small finger on a spot. 'And in this weather she will have to lie there as long as she can. Whin it blows she must up anchor and get out, or go ashore here.' He moved his finger a mite and it rested on what meant rocks.

"'Well?' I remar-rks.

"'Me father and all the bhoys' fathers are gone up north to rescue the crew of a steam schooner that's wrecked. Before they get back it will be too late. I thought——'

"'What were ye thinkin', ye scut?' says I fiercely.

"He dropped one foot on the other and looked me between the eyes. 'I was thinkin' we wud go afther her and save her,' says he, very bould.

"I cast me eyes over the bunch of little felleys and laughed. But me bould Tad didn't wink. 'There's people out there drownding,' says he. 'We've dhrilled and we know all the ropes; but we can't pull our skiff across the bar and the big boat is not for us, bein' the keeper's orders. And we haven't the weight to pull it anyhow.' And he stared me out of me laugh.

"'There's no seagoin' craft in the harbour,' I says, to stop his nonsinse.

"'There is another launch,' he remar-rks casually.

"We looked at each other and he thin says: 'Can ye run a gasoline engine?'

"'I have had to,' I infor-rms him, 'but I dislike the smell.'

"'The owner of this launch is not here,' says me young sprig. 'And he niver tould us not to take it. If you'll run the engine we'll be off and rescue the folks on the *Gladys!*'

"Be the saints! I laughed to kill mesilf, till the little brat up and remar-rks to the gang: 'These lighthouse officers wear a unifor-rm and have no wor-rkin' clothes at all, not needin' thim in their business.'

"So I parleyed with thim a momint to save me face. 'And how will ye save thim that's dyin' in deep watthers?'

"'By to-morrow nobody can cross the bar,' I'm infor-rmed. 'And the skipper of the *Gladys* don't know this coast. We'll just pick him up and pilot him in.'

"'But the bar!' I protests. 'It's too rough to cross a launch inwardbound, even if ye can get out.'

"'I know the soft places,' says the little sprig of a bhoy, very proudly. 'Come on.'

"'And if I don't come?' I inquired.

"He leaned over and touched the brass buttons on me jacket. 'Ye have sworn to do your best,' says he. 'I've not had a chance to take me oath yet as a second-class scout, but between ourselves we have done so. I appeal to yez as one man to another.'

"I got up. 'I've niver expicted to serve undher so small a captain,' I remar-rks, 'but that is neither here nor there. Where is that gasoline engine?'

"We stepped proudly off in the dusk, me bould Tad houldin' himsilf very straight beside me and the gang marchin' at our

heels shouldher to shouldher. Prisintly we came to a wharf, and ridin' to the float below it was a big white launch, cabined and decked. Tad jumped down and the gang folleyed. Thin I lowered mesilf down with dignity and intered the miserable engine room.

"I have run every sort of engine and machine made by experts and other ignoramuses. I balk at nothing. The engine was new to me, but I lit a lantern and examined its inwards with anxiety and superciliousness. Prisintly, by the grace of God, it started off. A very small bhoy held the lantern for me while I adjusted the valves and the carbureter, and this bould lad infor-rmed me with pride that the 'leader' had assigned him to me as my engine-room crew. And whin the machine was revolvin' with some speed that individual thrust his head in at the door to ask me if I was ready. 'If ye are,' says that limb of wickedness, 'we will start, chief.'

"'Ye may start any time,' I says, with great respict. 'But whin we'll stop is another matther.'

"'Ye must keep her goin' whiles we cross the bar,' he infor-rms me, with a straight look.

"The little gong rang and I threw in the clutch and felt the launch slide away. The jingle came and I opened her up. 'T was a powerful machine and whin I felt the jerk and pull of her four cylinders I sint me assistant to find the gasoline tank and see whether we had oil enough. Thinks I, if this machine eats up fuel like this we must e'en have enough and aplenty. The bhoy came back with smut on his nose, and shtated that the tank was full.

"'How do ye know?' I demanded.

"'I've helped the owner fill her up several times,' says the brat. 'The leader insists that we know the insides of every boat on the bay. 'T is part of our practice and whin we get to be scouts we will all learn to run gasoline engines.'

"So we went along and the engines warrmed up; and I trimmed the lantern and sat me down comfortable as a cat on a pan of dough. Thin there was a horrible rumpus on deck and some watther splashed down the back of me neck. ''Tis the bar,' says me proud engine-room crew, balancin' himsilf on the plates.

"'They are shovin' dhrinks across it too fast for me,' I retorts, as more watther simmers down.

"'Oh, the leader knows all the soft places,' he returns proudly, this bould sprig. And with a whoop we drove through a big felley that almost swamped us. Thin, so far as I cud judge, the worst was over.

"Prisintly we got into the trough of the sea and rowled along for an hour more. Then the jingle tinkled and I slowed down. Me bould Tad stuck his head in at the little door. 'The *Gladys* is right inshore from us,' he remar-rks, careless-like. 'We will signal her to up anchor and come with us.' He took me lantern and vanished.

"Whin I had waited long enough for all the oil to have burned out of three lanterns I turned the engines over to me crew and stepped out on deck. It was a weepin' fog, with more rowlin' in all the time, and the feel on me cheek was like that of a stor-rm. I saw me bould Tad on the little for'a'd deck, swingin' his little lamp.

"'What's the matther with that scut of a skipper?' I inquires.

"The bhoy was fair cryin' with rage and shame. 'He cannot undherstand the signal,' says he; 'and 't is dangerous to run closer to him in this sea.'

"'If he don't undherstand yer signals,' says I, ''t is useless to talk more to him with yer ar-rms. Use yer tongue.'

"And at that he raised a squeal that cud maybe be heard a hundred feet, the voice of him bein' but a bhoy's, without noise and power. 'Let be,' says I. 'I've talked me mind across the deep watthers many times.' And I filled me lungs and let out a blast that fetched everybody on deck on the other launch. Thin I tould that skipper, with rage in me throat, that he must up anchor and folley us or be drowned with all his passengers dragging on his coat-tails through purgat'ry. And he listened, and prisintly we saw the *Gladys* creep through the darkness and fog up till us. Whin she crossed our stern me bould Tad tould me to command her to folley us into port.

"Ravin's and ragin's were nothin' to the language we traded across that watther for the five minutes necessary to knock loose the wits of that heathen mariner. In the end he saw the light, and the passengers that crowded his sloppy decks waved their arms and yelled with delight. Me bould Tad went into the little pilot-house and slammed the door. He spoke to me sharply. ''Twill blow a gale before midnight.' He rang the bell for full speed ahead.

"An hour later I was signaled to stop me machines. I dropped the clutch and sint me assistant for news. He came back with big eyes. 'The leader says the other launch can't make it across the bar,' he repo[rts]

"'Well?' I says.

"'We're goin' to take off her passengers and cross in oursilves,' says the brat. With that he vanishes. I folleyed him.

"We were stopped right in the fog, with roily waves towerin' past us and the dull noise of the bar ahead of us. The *Gladys* was right astern of us and even in the darkness I cud catch a glimpse of white faces and hear little screams of women. I went to leeward and there found me bould Tad launchin' the little dingey that was stowed on the roof of the cabin. Whin it was overside four of me bould gang drops into it and pulls away for the other launch. 'They'll be swamped and drownded,' I remar-rks.

"'They will not,' says Tad. 'I trained thim mesilf. 'T is child's play.'

"'Childher play with queer toys in this counthry,' I continues to mesilf; and I had a pain in me pit to see thim careerin' on the big waves that looked nigh to breakin' any minute. But they came back with three women and a baby, with nothin' to say excipt: 'There's thirty-one of thim, leader!'

"'Leave the min,' says he, real sharp. 'Tell the captain we'll come back for thim after we've landed the women safe.'

"I tucked the women down in the afther cabin, snug and warm, and wint back on deck. The boat was away again, swingin' over the seas as easy as a bird. 'That's good boatmanship,' I remar-rks.

"'It's young Carson in command,' says me bould bhoy leader.

"'T was fifteen minutes before the boat came back and thin there was a man in it, with two women. Whin it swung alongside Tad helped out the ladies and thin pushed at the man with his foot. 'Back ye go!' he says. 'No room on this craft for min.'

"'But you're only a lot of bhoys!' says the man in a rage. 'Who are you to give orders? I'll come aboard.'

"'Ye will not,' says me bould Tad, and I reached into the engine room for a spanner whereby to back him up, for I admired the spunk of the young sprig. But the man stared into the lad's face and said nothin'. And the boat pulled away with him still starin' over his shouldher.

"The nixt boatload was all the rest of the women-folks and childher, and Tad ordered the dingey swung in and secured. Thin he tur-rned to me. 'We will go in.'

"'Which way?' I demands.

"He put his little hand to his ear. 'Hear it?' he asks calmly. I listened, and by the great Hivins there was a whistlin' buoy off in the darkness. I wint down to me machines.

"I've run me engines many a long night whin the divil was bruising his knuckles agin the plates beneath me. But the nixt hour made me tin years ouldher. For we hadn't more'n got well started in before it was 'Stop her!' and 'Full speed ahead!' and 'Ease her!' Me assistant was excited, but kept on spillin' oil into the cups and feelin' the bearin's like an ould hand. Once, whin a sea walloped over our little craft, he grinned across at me. 'There ain't many soft places to-night!' says he.

"'Ye're a child of the Ould Nick,' says I, 'and eat fire out of an asbestos spoon. Ye wud be runnin' hell within an hour afther ye left yer little corpse!'

"''Tis the scout's law not to be afraid,' retor-rts me young demon. But me attintion was distracted be a tremenjous scamperin' overhead. 'For the love of mercy, what is that?' I yelled.

"''T is the leader puttin' out the drag,' says me crew. 'Whin the breakers are high it's safer to ride in with a drag over the stern. It keeps the boat from broachin' to.' And to the dot of his last word I felt the sudden, strong pull of something on the launch's tail. Thin something lifted us up and laid us down with a slap, like a pan of dough on a mouldin' board. Me machines coughed and raced and thin almost stopped. Whin they were goin' again I saw me assistant houldin' to a stanchion. His face was pasty white and he gulped. 'Are ye scared at last?' I demanded of him.

"'I am seasick,' he chokes back. And he was, be Hivins!

"So we joggled and bobbled about and I wondhered how many times we had crossed the bar from ind to ind, whin suddenly it smoothed down and I saw a red light through the little windey. Me assistant saw it too. 'That's the range light off the jetty,' says he. 'We're inside.'

"I shoved open the door to the deck and looked out. The fog lay about us thick and the wind was risin'; I cud barely make out the lights ahead. I stuck me head out and glanced astern. 'Way back of us, like a match behind a curtain, I saw a little light bobbing up and down in the fog. I took me crew be the ear and thrust his head out beside mine. 'What is that?' I demanded.

"''Tis the other launch,' he says. 'I guess they folloyed us in.'

"We ran up to the wharf and the gang made everything fast; and then me bould Tad comes to me with a sheepish face. 'Wud ye mind tellin' the ladies and childher that they can go ashore and get to the hotel?' he says.

"So it was me that wint in and tould the ladies they were saved and helped thim to the wharf and saw thim started for the hotel. Thin I came back to the launch, but there was nobody there. Me bould gang had disappeared. Just thin the other launch came up, limpin' on one leg, covered with drippin' men and blasphemy. They didn't wait for the lines to be put out, but jumped for the float like rats out of biscuit barrels and swarmed for the hotel. Whiles I was watchin' thim the skipper of the *Gladys* pulls himself out of his wrecked pilot-house and approaches me with heavy footfalls. 'I'm tould that 't was bhoys that manned this launch,' he remar-rks. 'If it is so I wudn't have come in and nearly lost me ship.'

"'If it hadn't been for the bhoys ye'd now be driftin' into the breakers off yer favorite fishin' spot,' I retor-rts. 'I've seen many a man who'd found the door of hell locked against him swear because he hadn't the key in his pocket. Nixt time ye try suicide, leave the women and childher ashore.' And with the words out of me mouth the gale broke upon us like the blow of a fist.

"We took shelter behind a warehouse and the skipper of the *Gladys* said in me ear: 'I suppose the owner of the launch had to get what crew he cud. Where is he? I'd like to thank him.'

"'If ye will come with me to the hotel ye shall see the man ye owe life to,' I infor-rmed him.

"As we intered the hotel a tall man, with the mar-rk of aut'ority on him, observed me unifor-rm and addressed me: 'What do you know about this?'

"Aut'ority is always aut'ority, and I tould him what I knew and had seen, not forbearin' to mintion the gang and their wild ambitions. And whin I had finished this man said: 'I shall muster thim in tomorrow. I happen to be in command of the scouts in this district.'

"'But they haven't their dollars to put in the little bank,' I remar-rked. 'And they tell me without their dollar they can not be second-class scouts, whativer that is.'

"At this a fat man reached for a hat off the hook and put his hand in his pocket, drew it out and emptied it into the hat, and passed it.

"And while the money jingled into it my respict for the brave lads rose into me mouth. 'They won't take it,' I said. 'They have refused money before. 'Tis their oath.'

"The man with aut'ority looked over at me. 'The chief is right,' he said. 'They have earned only a dollar apiece. Whose launch was that they took?'

"Faith and I don't know,' I said. 'They remar-rked that the owner—Hivin bliss him!—had niver forbidden thim to use it.'

"'Thin we must pay the rint of it for the night,' says he. 'But the bhoys will get only a dollar apiece. Where are they?'

"'They disappeared whin the boat was fast, sir,' says I. 'I think they wint home. 'Tis bedtime.'

"'D'ye know where the pathrol-leader lives?' he demands.

"So we walked up the hill in the darkness and wind till we reached the house of me bould Tad. A knock at the door brought the missus, with a towel on her ar-rm. I pushed in. 'We've come to see yer son,' says I.

"We stepped in and saw the young sprig be the fire, on a chair, with his feet in a bowl of watther and musthard. He was for runnin' whin he saw us, but cudn't, for the lack of clothes. So he scowled at us. 'This is the commander of the scouts,' I says, inthroducin' me tall companion. 'And here's yer five dollars to put with yer dollar and six bits into the little bank, so's yez can all of yez be second-class scouts.'

"'We can't take the money,' says he, with a terrible growl. 'The oath forbids us to take money for savin' life.'

"'Don't be a hero,' I rebukes him. 'Ye're only a small bhoy in his undherclothes with yer feet in hot watther and musthard. No hero was iver in such a predicament. This gintleman will infor-rm ye about the money.'

"Me bould companion looked at the slip of a lad and said sharply: 'Report to me to-morrow morning with yer pathrol at sivin o'clock to be musthered in.'

"With that we mar-rched out into the stor-rm and back to the hotel, where I wint to slape like a bhoy mesilf—me that was sixty-four me last birthday and niver thought to make a fool of mesilf with a gang of bhoys and a gasoline engine—and that on a holiday!"

On the Volga

By VLADIMIR G. KOROLENKO—Translated by Clarence Augustus Manning

I

AS HE went out on the deck of the steamer which was running uptream, Dmitry Parfentyevich drew a deep breath.

The day was ending and the sun was hanging low above the forest-covered mountain. The river furnished a majestic and peaceful picture. Somewhere in the distance a steamboat whistled; a sailboat heavily laden lay on the river and seemed as immobile as the sleepy wife of a merchant. The rafts all carried fires—the men were cooking their dinners. Two small barks, fastened together and heading obliquely across stream, floated by, hardly touching the glassy surface of the river, and beneath them, swinging and swaying, hung their reflection in the blue depths. When the wake of the steamer, spreading ever wider and wider, touched this image, it suddenly broke and scattered. It was a sudden shattering of a mirror, and the fragments floated and sparkled for a long time.

"Are you all right, Grunya?" asked Dmitry Parfentyevich, sitting down beside his daughter.

"Yes," she answered briefly.

The girl wore a dark dress. A Scythian kerchief on her forehead threw a shadow over her pale young face; her large eyes were dreamy and thoughtful.

"The main thing is heavenly blessing and quiet," moralized Dmitry Parfentyevich.

His life was moving toward its close, and he thought that nothing could be better than the quiet of a dying day. . . .

Only quiet and prayer after sinful vanity and weakness. . . . May God grant no new wishes, but save from every new temptation.

"Grunya?" Dmitry Parfentyevich looked at his daughter and he wished to ask about her own thoughts.

"Yes," answered the girl, but her gaze, dreamily running far ahead over the golden river and the mountains with their quiet veil of bluish mist, seemed to be seeking something else.

The passengers on the deck were just as quiet. Some were carrying on private conversations; others were getting ready for tea at the little tables.

In the stern sat a group of Tatars, returning home from Astrakhan. There was an old patriarch with three sons. A fourth, the favourite, had been buried in a strange city. Akhmetzyan had been taken ill with an unknown disease, lay a week and died.

"All is as Allah wills," said the stern face of the old man, but he had still to tell the mother of the death of her beloved son.

Everything breathed of silence and peace, and the mountains on the right bank swam up one after the other and then, receding into the distance, they seemed to wrap themselves in a blue haze.

II

NEAR Dmitry Parfentyevich were the knots of passengers, some on benches by the table, others on the deck and sitting on bundles.

There were several raftsmen from Unzha, a fat and good-natured country woman, and an old man, probably also a small farmer. The center of the group at this moment was a steward for the third class passengers. He was still young, and was dressed in a worn and dirty frock coat, with the number "2" on the left side. A napkin hung over his shoulder, and with this he attained remarkable success in rubbing the wet tables and the glasses. He had just brought to the deck a tray of dishes with his arms wide open and with his eyes looking ahead and at his feet at the same instant. He had put the tray on the table, wiped off the dust around it with his napkin, and then, joining this group of his countrymen, sat down on the end of the bench and at once assumed a leading rôle in the conversation which they had already commenced.

"I'll tell you," he said in a wholly confident tone, "if I cross myself with my fist, it works. This way: in the Name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, Amen. It really works just the same. What do you think?"

He looked at the others with the air of a man who had just propounded a very clever riddle.

"The fist, you say?" asked one of the peasants from Unzha in surprize.

"Yes, the fist."

The listeners shook their heads as a mark of doubt and reproof. The farmer turned sternly to the young fellow:

"N-now, stop that! You claim to be above God. . . ."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, you are a foo-fool to make the sign of the cross with your fist. Impossible. It never works."

"It does!"

The young fellow looked round upon his auditors with a joyously radiant face, and was about to give the answer to the riddle when he heard at one of the tables the impatient tapping of a spoon on a glass.

The fellow jumped up as if he had been shot. In an instant he was at the other end of the deck, grabbed the tea-pots, ran to the machinery and back, set the table, shook himself, ran below again, put up the orders and passed them around the tables, and all the while the conversation continued before an enchanted audience.

"He's beside himself!" said the farmer.

"Due to a stupid mind," added the old woman pityingly.

"The little fellow was a liar, that's all!"

"How can you do it with your fist? . . . That never works. . . ."

The general opinion was evidently very definite.

"Impossible," said several voices suddenly. "It's impudence and nothing else. . . ."

"What———?"

"Where did you get that notion?"

"It's impudence. . . ."

"Just you listen," interrupted the young waiter, suddenly coming up the hatch, "and you may not think it impudent. . . . In the linen factory in the place where I lived there was a fellow, and a machine caught all his fingers, and slash! bang—! That's all! He didn't have a finger left! And his right hand, too. . . . Just imagine: being a man with nothing but his palm left. . . ."

The audience was charmed.

"What are you driving at?"

"You see the question. . . . What would you do, brothers? . . . Could he cross himself with his left hand? . . ."

"What, what?" The farmer waved his hand. "You can't use the left hand. . . . That's for Satan. . . ."

"But he'd lost the fingers on the right, so he couldn't join them. . . . Had only the palm left! . . ."

"That's so. . . ."

The riddle became more popular. The passengers near by listened; those further off got up and walked nearer to the speaker. Even the young merchant who was talking very authoritatively about politics at the tea table with a fat gentleman, deigned to turn his benevolent attention to the all-engrossing riddle. He tapped with his spoon and beckoned to the waiter.

"Waiter, how much? . . . O-oh! What did you say: with the fist?"

"Yes, your excellency, among ourselves. . . . It doesn't interest you. . . ."

"No, but it's really clever, isn't it?" remarked the merchant to his fat friend.

The latter's answer was unintelligible, for the man was struggling with a slice of bread and butter.

But the Tatars sat in the stern without taking any part in the general conversation. They were silent, but once in a while they made brief remarks to one another in their own language.

III

Dmitry Parfentyevich started like a war-horse at the sound of a trumpet. Grunya did not take her eyes from the distant mountains and the river, but it was easy to see that she was not looking at them. Without turning her head, she was listening intently to the conversation of her neighbours.

Dmitry Parfentyevich looked at her askance. Hitherto she would have turned to him immediately with a trusting question: "Papa, how's that?" Now she seemed to pay no attention to her father's opinion.

He waited for her to ask, but her large eyes fell with evident sympathy upon that knot of dark, ignorant people, who were shocked by such a meaningless change in their faith. . . .

He rose and walked up to the disputants. His thick-set, dry figure, savagely pure, in an old-fashioned costume, won for him the immediate attention of all.

"What's the trouble?" he asked.

"It's this way, you see, merchant. . . . This little fellow says you can cross yourself with your fist."

"I heard him, but don't repeat it! That man's a fool!"

"Yes, yes," whispered one timidly, "we're all dark people. . . ."

"That's true, . . . you are. If you follow the teachings of your true masters, you'll find nothing surprizing here."

The audience grew rapidly larger. All were now interested in the tall old man with

quiet and majestically austere manners. Dmitry Parfentyevich was not embarrassed by the attention he was receiving. It was not the first time. There was only one person in that crowd that interested him and that was his scholar, his disobedient and devout Grunya. In his own way he loved his daughter, and his rough heart was torn by her unwearied doubts and her sad look. He passionately wished her to feel that peace from heaven which his own heart had so fully obtained. But her disobedience always aroused in his stern soul a storm of suppressed rage, and this struggled with his love and usually conquered it.

Grunya still kept her seat. She did not stir, but she listened intently.

"Now listen," came to her ears the confident and harsh voice of her father. "This is the true cross, and it is to this cross that we hold in order to be saved."

He raised his hand with two fingers raised, so that all could see.

"A dissenter," was the murmur in the crowd. Two or three merchants who were apparently fond of religious discussions, pressed nearer when they heard this unexpected confession.

"We are not dissenters," continued Dmitry Parfentyevich. "We confess the true faith. This was the form of the cross which the holy fathers and the patriarchs believed in. This was taught by St. Theodoret."

He raised his hand, with the two fingers joined, still higher.

"Press the thumb against the little finger and the ring finger. That is to signify the Holy Trinity. Three Persons united. Raise two fingers: that's for deity and humanity —two natures. Theodoret teaches again that the middle finger is to be bent a little. That symbolizes humanity reverencing deity. See!"

"Wait!" interrupted one of the merchants who had forced his way to the front. "St. Cyril says something else."

"St. Cyril says the same thing. Only he bids you keep both fingers straight."

"That must make a difference."

"Wait, my good man, that's wrong. . . . Don't interrupt. . . ." The speakers stopped. "Let him finish. . . . What about the fist, merchant?"

"Yes . . . that's the main thing."

"It's like this: if he lost his fingers he wasn't to blame. That means: God allowed it. It was His will! But a man can't live without making the sign of the cross. Without the sign of the cross he's worse than this heathen Tatar. He's bound to cross himself . . . with his right hand. . . ."

"Well?"

"And his fingers," concluded Dmitry Parfentyevich after a pause: "His fingers he must place in thought, as he is ordered by the holy fathers and patriarchs. . . ."

The crowd heaved a sigh of relief and joy.

"Merchant, we thank you!"

"He decided. . . ."

"That's it: he just chewed it up and explained it."

"With thought! That's true!"

"Of course! . . . With thought, nothing else!"

"That will work all right. . . ."

Dmitry Parfentyevich looked at his daughter. . . . What did he care for this applause, these praises from strange, ignorant people! She, his daughter, kept looking straight ahead with a look of indifference upon her face, as if her father had said something which she had long known and which had lost all power to touch her confused and weary soul. . . .

The old man frowned and his voice became menacing.

"If he joins his imaginary thumb with the two imaginary fingers beside it—he is wrong. . . . A man who crosses himself that way will be condemned to eternal damnation. . . . Cursed be he in this life, and he will have no lot in the next."

These violent and harsh words, suddenly falling upon the crowd which had just quieted down, changed its mood.

It became excited, began to murmur, separated into smaller groups. A black-eyed, black-haired merchant, who had maintained hitherto an obstinate silence, now struck his fist on the table and said, with a flash of his deep-set and enthusiastic eyes:

"True! The Devil Kuka and his whole crew are in that cursed cross with the thumb and the fingers next to it."

"No, stop!" shouted the Orthodox, "don't insult the true cross! Why do you separate the Three Persons, c-curses on you? . . . This is the Trinity in these three fingers. . . ."

"Where are your first fingers?"

"Merchant, have you read the hundred and fifth article?"

"Yes, it's on the end of the world."

Dmitry Parfentyevich remained the center of the group. He was still composed and calm, but each time when he answered any of his opponents, he transfixed him with a stubborn and unfriendly glance.

With splashing wheels, the steamboat

steadily ascended the river and cleft the blue surface of the stream; it carried with it this group of violently quarreling people; and the clay slopes of the steep bank re-echoed their confused voices.

A steep mountain, which had concealed a bend in the river, now receded to the rear, and a broad sweep of the river appeared in front. The sun hung like a red ball above the water, and from the east, darkness spread over the meadows as if on the soft wing-beats of the evening shadows, overtaking the boat and falling more and more noticeably over the Volga.

IV

The silent group of Tatars suddenly rose from their places in the stern, and with even step moved to the paddle box at the edge of the upper deck. They took off their coats and spread them on the deck. Then they took off their slippers and reverently stepped upon their coats. The glow of the sunset fell upon the rough faces of the Tatars. Their thickset figures were sharply outlined against the light and cooling heavens.

"They're praying," one man whispered, and several left the quarreling group and walked to the railing.

Others followed. The argument quieted down.

The Tatars stood with their eyes closed, their brows were raised and their thoughts were apparently lifted up to that place where the last rays of daylight were fading on the heights. At times they unlocked their arms which were crossed on their breasts and placed them on their knees, and then they bowed their heads with their sheepskin caps, low, so low. They arose again and stretched their hands with the fingers extended toward the light.

The lips of the Moslems were whispering the words of an unknown and unintelligible prayer. . . .

"Look there," said one peasant, and he stopped hesitatingly, without expressing his thought.

"They are fulfilling the rites of their religion," asserted another.

"Yes, they're praying, too. . . ."

The Tatars suddenly knelt, touched their foreheads to the deck, and at once rose again. The three young men took their coats and slippers and went back to their former seats on the stern. The old man was left alone. He sat with his feet crossed under him. His lips moved, and over his beautiful face with its gray beard passed a strange and touching expression of deep sorrow softened by reverence before the will of the Most High. His hands quickly fingered his beads.

"See. . . . He has beads, too."

"A zealous man. . . ."

"Yes, it's for his son. . . . He died in Astrakhan," explained the merchant who had gone down the river with the Tatars.

"Oh, oh, oh!" sighed one of them philosophically. "Every man wishes to be saved. No one wishes to perish, whoever he is, even if he's a Tatar. . . ."

It was too dark to tell who was speaking. The group melted together, but the isolated figure of the old man still at his devotions could be seen at the edge of the paddle box above the water. He was silently swaying backwards and forwards.

"Papa!" suddenly came a soft voice.

It was Grunya calling her father.

"What is it, daughter?"

The girl was silent for a moment; she kept looking at that praying figure of the adherent of an alien faith, and then her young and eager voice clearly sounded through the quiet:

"Please, . . . what do you think: will God hear that prayer?"

Grunya spoke softly, but all heard her. It seemed as if a light breeze had passed along the deck; and in more than one soul the question of the pale girl found response: will God hear that prayer?

All were silent. . . . Their eyes involuntarily turned upward, as if they wished to follow in the blue of the evening sky the invisible flight of that strange and unintelligible but beautiful prayer. . . .

"Why won't He? . . ." came the irresolutely soft words of a good-natured peasant. "You see, he's not praying to any one else. There's only one God."

"Yes, the Father. You see, he's looking to heaven."

"Who knows, who knows? . . ."

"It's a hard question—the ways of the Lord. . . ."

A block creaked at the bow, the light of a golden star flew to the top of the mast; the waves splashed somewhere in the darkness; the distant whistle of an almost invisible steamboat re-echoed above the sleeping river. In the sky the bright stars appeared one after the other, and the blue night hung noiselessly above the meadows, the mountains and the ravines of the Volga.

The earth seemed to be sadly asking some question, but the heavens remained silent with its quiet and its mystery. . . .

The Tenth Muse: *Advertisa*

A SHAVING-SOAP ADVERTISEMENT THAT PULLED A $150,000 SUIT

[*This frivolous announcement, with a picture of the General, brought an action from a relative of the Commander of the Army of the Potomac, asking for heavy damages—the suit being unsuccessful. It is interesting to notice that modern dictionaries contain "burnside" as the term for this particular facial decoration; and a French Emperor, Napoleon III, gave the world "imperial" for the chin tuft, filling the gap between "sideburns."*]

WHEN BURNSIDES WERE IN BLOOM

It is generally believed by people who speak flippantly of "sideburns," "sideboards," etc., that burnsides were so named because they cluttered up both sides of their proprietor's countenance.

That hypothesis can not be supported by a single hair. Burnsides got the name from the gallant General, Ambrose E. Burnside, a Civil War hero, who wore that kind of whiskers. Most of the men who used to think burnsides made them look dashing and dauntless are trying now to keep albums bound in genuine plush from coming to light. It may be admitted that burnsides were not altogether futile. They reduced shaving areas, which was helpful and important.

"DULCE ET DECORUM EST"

N. Y. "World," August 26th

Fifty thousand men, women and children, of many races, all ages, all colours, tramped in uninterrupted parade from early morning until midnight yesterday past the bier of Rudolph Valentino in the Campbell Building in Upper Broadway.

Some giggled; many stared in morbid curiosity. Few mourned over the wan features beneath the glass-covered coffin.

There were half a dozen men and women of the stage and screen who wept hysterically, who leaned to kiss the funeral drapery, who collapsed with dramatic shrieks, and who recovered rapidly to sob their names, addresses and current occupations to reporters or photographers. Of these, the hospital surgeons on duty found not one case of genuine ailment. In the handkerchief of one tearful woman they found a slice of raw onion.

N. Y. "World," August 26th

Announcement!

We wish to announce that the normal decorum and dignity now prevails at The Frank E. Campbell Funeral Church.

"Death is the port where all may refuge find,
The end of labor, entry into rest;
Death hath the bounds of misery confined,
Whose sanctuary shrouds affliction best."
EARL OF STERLING.

Frank E. Campbell,
BROADWAY at SIXTY-SIXTH ST., NEW YORK

STUDIES IN THE ART OF LITERARY EXPRESSION

DAY GIRL WANTED, respectable after holidays.
London Times.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES—Atlanta manufacturing company having a new and proven staple that can be sold nationally needs $2.00 additional capital. Have a most attractive proposition for anyone who will investigate with the view of making this investment.
Atlanta (Ga.) Journal.

LOST—A pig which strayed early this week from the residence of Augustino Juliani, Prospect Street. 1t28. *Berkshire Gleaner (Lee, Mass.)*

I OFFER my services to the public as literary writer on all subjects, whether sollum or joyfüll. Also obituarist, giving departed friends glorious welcome to the hereafter. *Bobbs (Ga.) News.*

ANOTHER LOT of those wonderful Balbriggan dresses. They will not last long. Sizes 14 to 38.
South Bend (Ind.) Tribune.

THOROUGH FEMALE Airedale and seven puppies. Cheap for quick sale. C. W. Calvert, 2 miles north County Infirmary.
South Bend (Ind.) Tribune.

CHURCH NOTICE—Members of the Bible Class of the Railroad Y. M. C. A. will be entertained at the meeting Monday night by Homer A. Rodeheaver, director of music in the Billy Sunday evangelistic campaign. [Mr. Rodeheaver will give vocal solos on his trombone].
Binghamton (N. Y.) Sun.

BURLINGTON HIGH SCHOOL

MOONLIGHT SALE

MONDAY

MAY 31, 1926

Steamer "Ticonderoga"
Burlington (Vt.) Daily News.

A FEW WASHINGS WANTED by Mrs. Fred Sawyer, Hulls Cove, Me. Tel. 272-41.
Bar Harbor (Me.) Times.

COW giving six quarts rich milk. Customers for this amount will be included. Phone 7053.
Lewiston (Idaho) Morning Tribune.

OBSERVED ON A TRANSCONTINENTAL AUTO TRIP:

New York (beauty shop poster)—"This appliance will reduce your hips, or bust."
We detoured!

Memphis (tailor's placard)—"Trousers pressed in the rear."
—where they need it least.

Cincinnati (window sign)—"Dresses one-third off."
We couldn't wait.

Fort Wayne (church signboard)—"My heart is sorely pained within my breast, my soul with deathly tenor is opprest."
We didn't hear him.

"CLASSIFIED" ADVERTISEMENTS OF 250 YEARS AGO

One Robert Taylor, a dancing master, being in company of several neighbours in Covent Garden on Monday night last, about 10 of the clock, upon occasion of some words, killed one Mr. Price, of the same place, at the "Three Tuns" Tavern, in Shandois Street. The said R. Taylor is a person of middle stature, hath a cut across his chin, a scar in his left cheek, having two fingers and a thumb of one hand burnt at the ends shorter than the other, round visaged, thick lipt, his own hair being of a light brown under a periwig; he lived in James Street, in Covent Garden. Whoever apprehends him, and gives notice thereof to Mr. Reynolds, bookseller, in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, shall have ten pounds reward. And whereas it was printed in last week's *Intelligence* that he was taken, you are to take notice that is most notoriously false.
[*London, 1679.*]

Lost upon the 13th inst., a little blackamoor boy in a blew livery, about 10 years old, his hair not much curled, with a silver collar about his neck, inscribed "Mrs. Manby's blackamoor in Warwick Lane." Whoever shall give notice of him to Mrs. Manby, living in the said lane, or to the "Three Cranes," in Pater-Noster Row, shall be well rewarded for his peynes. [*London, 1664.*]

Whereas one John Stuart, of a tall stature, black brows, a wart upon his cheek, in a black periwig, and a tawny or black suit, and campaign coat, has been lately intrusted to sell several pieces of black worsted, crapes, hair chamblets, black philemot, and sky-coloured mohairs, watered and unwatered; with which goods he is run away and cannot yet be heard of. Whoever gives notice of the man and goods (who, it is thought, is gone towards Ireland) to Mr. Howard, in Milk Street Market, shall have 40s. reward. [*1680.*]

SIGN ON A BATH IN ANCIENT GREECE

(*Compare the lyric appeals of feminine beautifiers in some current periodicals.*)

Such women as have desire to please (and ye all have) come here, and ye shall win brighter charms. She who has a husband will give her husband pleasure, and the unmarried girl will stir many to offer her marriage. And she who makes her living by her body, if she bathe here, will have swarms of lovers at her door. *Greek Anthology.*

THE SPORTING MAN'S INN SPEAKS FOR ITSELF

On the one side I have close by me the gymnasium, with a pleasant bath, and on the other the race-course. After seeing the races at the latter and taking a bath in the former, come and rest at my hospitable table. Then in the afternoon you will be in plenty of time for the other races, reaching the course from your room quite near at hand. LEONTIUS.

The Gamblers of the Mississippi

By DAVID A. CURTIS

"I HAVE always found it hard to believe the stories I used to read about the luxury of travel and the magnificence of the appointments on the great Mississippi River steamboats," said the gray-haired young-looking man in the club smoking-room. "It seems to be the generally accepted belief that forty years ago or so people went up and down on the bosom of the Father of Waters in floating palaces, enjoying something like the extreme of sumptuous luxury. Maybe that is true. I didn't travel the river so long ago as that, and, of course, I can't say what the condition of things may or may not have been when I wasn't there to see. What I can say positively is that if it was true in those days, the war or some other disturbing cause changed things very materially before I became as familiar as I did afterward with the river boats. My notion is that the whole thing is a tradition, resting on very little foundation excepting comparison. The mere fact of having a stateroom to sleep in, with only one stranger as a room-mate, and a seat at a table with room for a waiter to pass behind you, served to make travelers at that time think they were in luxury, because they hadn't experienced it before. And I imagine, from what I know of a later period, that that was about the extent of the luxury. Certainly none of the boats I was ever on, in the '60s and '70s, compared with the North River or the Sound boats of the same time. And even those would not seem very luxurious to travelers of the present day.

"But there were a good many stories told about the old-time Mississippi boats that I am fully prepared to believe. That the game of poker flourished on the river as it never has elsewhere, before or since, seems entirely probable. I have seen games that made me hold my breath because of the size of the stakes, and because of the fact that I knew the players were all armed, and a shot or a stab was certain to follow a hasty word or a suspicious act.

"It was on a trip from Memphis to Natchez that I first saw a woman gamble in public. The boat wasn't crowded, but there were perhaps fifty passengers on board, and among them were six or eight ladies and this woman. That she was a social outlaw was evident enough at a glance. Not only were her clothes of a fashion too pronounced for respectability and her jewelry too ostentatious for daylight wear, but there was a frank deviltry in her eye, and a defiant swing—almost a swagger—in her carriage that told the story all too plainly. Her behaviour was correct enough. She was, or seemed to be, traveling alone, and she took the somewhat too ostentatious avoidance of the ladies in perfectly good part, pretending to be utterly unconscious of it, and ignoring them as completely as they did her. Neither did she give any overt encouragement to the efforts that some of the men made to cultivate her acquaintance. It was evident that while she took no pains to conceal her character, she did not propose to make herself obnoxious. Naturally every one was curious to know who she was, and I soon learned, as I supposed the other passengers all did, that she was a notorious character in New Orleans, where she was known as 'Flash Kate.' What her business had been in Memphis I did not hear, but a dozen stories were told of her recklessness and general cussedness, and among other things it was said that she was a confirmed gambler.

"After supper the first evening we were on board, the tables in the main saloon were cleared, and, as if it were a matter of course, two games of poker were soon in progress. It was plain that two of the men in the game that I watched at first were professionals, but the game was small, and I found no great excitement in it, though it was, in a way, interesting to notice how easily the others were being fleeced. Tiring, after a time, of watching so bold a fraud, I sauntered over to the other table, and found a very different game in progress.

"In the first place, it was a bigger game. They were playing table stakes, and each man had a wad of greenbacks lying along-

side his chips. White chips were a dollar, and bets of ten or twenty at once were common. There were several thousand dollars in sight, and it looked as if any moment might bring on a struggle between hands that would draw down big money. Then it did not take long for me to determine that two of the men in this game also were professionals. The third man at the table I knew. He was a cotton-factor from New Orleans, who had been up the river on a business trip investigating some of the advances he and his partner had made to the planters. He was young—not over thirty, I should say—but I knew he had the reputation of being a bold speculator, and it did not seem surprizing to see him at cards. The other two men—there were five playing—puzzled me. One was a veteran soldier. You could tell that from his military bearing without waiting to hear him addressed as 'Major,' but an ex-soldier of either army might be anything from a gambler to a bank president. The other was a nondescript. There didn't seem to be any points about him to distinguish him from anybody else, but I afterward learned that he was a cattle-dealer.

"The game lasted far into the night, and was interesting all the way through, but, somewhat to my surprize, there was no very desperate struggle over any single pot. The hands ran fairly well, and some few big ones were held, but no two unusual ones happened to be held in the same deal. So far as I could see, the play was absolutely fair, and I wondered a little that the gamblers should attempt no tricks. Later on I understood it. They were laying the foundation for the second night's play, and their game was to lose a little at the first sitting. Accordingly they did so, and one pulled out soon after midnight, saying with a laugh that he had lost all he wanted to. The cotton-factor was a loser, too, though not to any very serious extent. The other two were ahead. Altogether it was a pleasant sitting, and it was a foregone conclusion that the game would be renewed, as it was, the next evening. After supper the five seated themselves without loss of time, and the spectators stood, two deep, around the table inside of a few minutes. The clerk of the boat was banker, and furnished the cards and sold the chips, as a matter of course.

"For half an hour or so tnere was no special play, but the lookers-on were patient, and the excitement grew with every deal. It was the first time I ever saw ladies look on at public gambling, but there were three or four on board who walked in, holding their husbands' arms, and watched the proceedings with keen interest. Presently, however, 'Flash Kate' sauntered up alone, and the ladies seeing her, quietly withdrew. She paid no attention to this, but stood apparently absorbed in the game, and edging forward from time to time till she stood directly behind the cotton-factor.

"The betting grew heavier. The ante was made ten dollars and the bet was often fifty, but still there was no contest between unusual hands. We all knew it was coming, though, and I noticed that three or four of the men near me were breathing hard. 'Flash Kate's' eyes sparkled like a snake's and her lips were parted, but she was as silent as we all were. Even the players said nothing outside of the few words the game called for.

"Suddenly I heard a sort of gasp from the man next me, and at the same instant I saw the fellow they called Keene hold out an ace. It was cleverly done, and yet I marveled at his nerve in trying such a trick under so many watching eyes. He relied, of course, on his skill, which was really marvelous, but I had studied such things too closely to be mistaken, and as, for an instant, I met the eye of the man who had gasped, I saw that he was equally certain. Neither of us was fool enough to say anything, for interference meant fight, and I wondered for a moment what would follow, or if any of the players had seen it.

"It was the deal of the cattle-dealer, whose name was Downing, next, and as he gathered up the cards he threw them, with a quick motion, on the floor, saying: 'Bring us a fresh deck, Mr. Clerk, of another colour.' It seemed certain that he had seen Keene's maneuver, but if he had he gave no other indication of it, but shuffled and dealt the cards as coolly as if nothing out of the way had happened. Neither could I see any trace of chagrin or disappointment on Keene's face as he was thus cleverly checkmated. He looked sharply at Downing for an instant, as if to see whether he had really been discovered or not, but that worthy did not return the glance, and the game went on.

"Soon after there was a jack-pot that went around several times before it was opened, and of course there was considerable money up. Presently, on the cotton-factor's deal, Alcott, the other professional gambler, opened it for a hundred dollars, and all the players came in. That made big money

before the draw, and no one was likely to get away with it without a struggle. The Major drew one card, and without waiting for further developments, threw his hand into the discard pile. He knew he wasn't strong enough to bluff that crowd. Alcott drew three, and threw another hundred into the pot. Downing drew two, and left them lying face down, while he threw in his hundred. Keene also drew two, and studied them carefully before seeing the bet. The cotton-factor drew three, and raised it a hundred. I could not see his cards, but I learned afterward that he had a queen full.

"Alcott had three of a kind and raised back. Downing carefully lifted one corner of one of the cards he had drawn and lifted the pot two hundred. Keene studied a while longer and finally threw down his cards. The cotton-factor was game and raised it five hundred, but Alcott, without a quiver, came back at him with a thousand more. The battle was on, and I looked curiously at Downing. I was more interested in his play than in that of either of the others, and it was a real disappointment to see him pick up his whole hand, give it a quick glance, and throw it down. The cotton-factor studied his hand again, more, it seemed to me, to gain time than to make certain, and then began fingering his roll. At length he spoke a little hesitatingly:

"'I haven't as much money here as I'd like to have, but I'll see your thousand and——'

"'If Monsieur cares to back his hand and will allow me, I will put up any amount he likes.'

"It was 'Flash Kate' who interrupted him—no man would have ventured to do it—and there was a general start of surprize. I was looking at Alcott, and I was sure I saw a gleam of satisfaction, totally unmixed with surprise, on his face. The situation was getting complicated. The cotton-factor flushed.

"'Thank you,' he said, coldly, without even looking around, 'but I never play with borrowed money, and I never borrow from a woman.'

"'Pardon me,' said 'Flash Kate,' as coolly as he, 'I hope there is no offense, Monsieur. None was intended.' She spoke with a villainous affectation of a French accent.

"'None whatever,' said the cotton-factor, and he looked at his cards again. He told me afterward that when the woman spoke it flashed upon him that there was a conspiracy somewhere, and that he didn't care to play against it. Accordingly, he pretended to study a moment longer, and then threw down his cards.

"Alcott raked in the money without a word, and the cotton-factor, putting the remains of his roll in his pocket, picked up his chips and left the table, saying politely as he arose: 'Excuse me, gentlemen, I think I have had enough.'

"There was a moment's hush. The four players looked around the spectators, as if to see if any one cared to take the vacated seat, but no one gave a sign, and presently Keene said:

"'Madame is interested in the game. Perhaps she plays, and would like to take a hand.'

"'Yes, if there is no objection,' she said readily, and looked from one to another of the four at the table. Downing said nothing, but there was a grim smile on his face. The Major looked uncomfortable, but he said nothing, either, and as Alcott said, 'Certainly there can be no objection,' the woman took the seat and laid a handful of money on the table in front of her.

"From the moment she sat down I felt morally certain that it was a case of three against one, for the Major was not much in evidence. And I was pretty confident that the man from Texas was going to hold his own, as indeed he did triumphantly. For nearly twenty minutes his play was a perfect puzzle, and the trio got actually nervous as he threw down hand after hand that ordinarily he would have betted heavily on. They stacked the cards, not once, but half a dozen times, giving him excellent cards, but he pretended to have lost his nerve, and played now with seeming rashness, and now with cowardice, but never risking any considerable amount, until he had them rattled.

"Then he played a trick that was worthy of the great Herrmann himself. It was at once the boldest and the neatest thing I ever saw at a card table, and although I thought I saw it done, I was not certain about it till he told me of it after we had become well acquainted. It was Keene's deal and Downing's cut, and the latter, watching, as he did, every motion around the table, knew that Keene's nerve had failed him, and that he had not this time undertaken to set up the cards. His time had come, and as he leaned over to cut he substituted another pack for the one Keene had shuffled. It sounds like an impossibility, but wonderful things are possible to a sleight-of-hand performer, and he was the best I ever saw at a card table. Not one

of the other players saw it, but he knew that deal every card that every player would hold.

"And they held wonderful cards—all but the Major. It was his first say, and he dropped out. Alcott came in and discarded two cards. Downing was next. He raised it twenty and threw down three cards. Keene raised it fifty, and threw down one. 'Flash Kate' came in with threes, but did not raise. Alcott saw the raise, and Downing raised it a hundred. The others all came in, and the draw was dealt.

"They all filled, of course, and it being Keene's deal, they suspected nothing, but, each being confident of his own strength, they bet wildly. It was almost too quick work to follow, but in a few minutes Keene said: 'I claim a show for my pile,' and pushed the money in the pot to one side. The others nodded, and went on.

"Presently Alcott also claimed his show, and Downing and 'Flash Kate' went on. She must have had five or six thousand with her, for there was over twenty thousand on the table when she called, with what appeared to be the last of her money, and it came to a showdown. Keene had four Jacks, Alcott four queens, 'Flash Kate' four kings, and Downing four aces.

"For an instant there was perfect silence. Then Alcott and Keene made a movement. simultaneously, as if to seize the money; but Downing was quicker than they. It was impossible to say where he drew his revolver from, but it was there in his right hand, while he coolly pulled in the money with his left.

"'That was no square deal,' shouted Alcott.

"'Think not?' drawled Downing. 'Well, you ought to know. Your pal dealt the cards. But I think you are right. There's been some queer play here to-night. But there's one honest player in the party, and he isn't hurt much. As for me, I reckon this'll do me, unless some of you want to play any more.' And he grinned at the discomfited gamblers, who, seeing that they had the worst of it, said no more.

"'Flash Kate' took it the best. She looked on with a smile while this was going on, and when it was over, she smiled serenely more, and rising from her chair, said sarcastically: 'Monsieur is a most excellent player.' And she went to her stateroom without another word. I noticed when we reached Vicksburg that she and Alcott left the boat together.

"'Those three were pretty slick players,' said Downing to the crowd, as he ordered champagne for everybody who would take it, 'but they ought to travel in Texas for a time if they want to get on to the safest kind of play.'"

On Time—By JOHN MILTON

FLY, envious *Time*, till thou run out thy race,
Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,
Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace;
And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,
Which is no more than what is false and vain,
And merely mortal dross;
So little is our loss,
So little is thy gain.
For when as each thing bad thou has entomb'd,
And, last of all, thy greedy self consum'd,
Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
With an individual kiss;
And Joy shall overtake us as a flood,
When everything that is sincerely good
And perfectly divine,
With Truth, and Peace, and Love shall ever shine
About the supreme Throne
Of him, t' whose happy-making sight alone,
When once our heav'nly-guided soul shall climb,
Then all this Earthly grossness quit,
Attir'd with Stars, we shall for ever sit,
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee,
O Time.

The Vision of Charles XI

By PROSPER MÉRIMÉE

P. Mérimée

Translated by Emily Mary Waller and Mary Helena Dey

"There are more things in heav'n and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."
SHAKESPEARE: *Hamlet.*

THOUGH people laugh at visions and supernatural apparitions, several have been too well authenticated to be discredited, for, should one be consistent, it would be necessary to ignore the whole witness of historic evidence.

A correctly drawn-up report, signed by four reliable witnesses, is the guarantee of the truth of the incident about to be related. I should add that the prediction set forth in this report was so set forth and cited a very long time before the events occurred in our days which seemed to fulfil it.

Charles XI, father of the famous Charles XII, was a most despotic king, but at the same time the wisest of the monarchs who have reigned over Sweden. He restricted the overbearing privileges of the nobility, abolished the power of the Senate, and created laws by his own authority; in fact, he changed the constitution of the country, which before was an oligarchy, and compelled the states to vest the absolute control in him. He was, besides, an enlightened man, steadfastly attached to the Lutheran religion, brave, of an inflexible, self-contained, decided character, and entirely devoid of imagination.

He had just lost his wife, Ulrique Eléonore. Although it is said that his severity had hastened her end, he held her in esteem, and appeared more affected by her death than would have been expected of a man so hard of heart. After that event he grew still more taciturn and gloomy than before, and gave himself up to work with an application that showed an urgent desire to dispel sad thoughts.

At the close of one autumn evening he was sitting in his private apartment in the Stockholm Palace, in his dressing-gown and slippers, before a great fire. With him was his chamberlain, Count Brahé, who was one of his most favoured courtiers, and his physician, Baumgarten, who, it may be remarked in passing, set up for a skeptic, and who would have liked people to disbelieve in everything but in medicine. This night he had been summoned to advise on some slight ailment.

The evening lengthened, but contrary to his habit the King made no sign of dismissal to his companions. He sat in deep silence, his head lowered, and his eyes fixed upon the burning logs, wearied of their company, but afraid, without knowing why, of being left alone. Count Brahé had shrewdly observed that his presence was distasteful to the King, and had several times hinted that he feared His Majesty was in need of repose; but the King had signified by a gesture that he wished him to remain. The physician, in his turn, spoke of the ill-effects to health of keeping late hours. Charles only muttered, "Stay where you are; I have no desire to sleep yet."

At this stage the courtiers tried several different topics of conversation, but all fell flat at the end of the second or third sentence. It was evident that His Majesty was in one of his black moods, and in such circumstance the position of a courtier is decidedly delicate. Count Brahé, suspecting that the King was brooding over the loss of his wife, gazed for some time at the portrait of the Queen which hung on the wall of the room, and remarked with a deep sigh—

"What an excellent likeness! Just the expression she wore, so majestic and yet so gentle."

"Bah!" the King broke in rudely. "That portrait is too flattering. The Queen was ugly."

He was always suspicious of there being underlying reproaches whenever any one mentioned her name in his presence. Then, vexed at his harshness, he rose and paced the room to hide a blush of shame. He stopped in front of the window which looked on to the courtyard.

It was a dark night and the moon was in its first quarter. The palace in which the Kings of Sweden now reside was not then finished, so that Charles XI, who had begun it, lived then in the old palace on the promontory of Ritterholm overlooking the Lake Moëler. It was a vast building in the form of a horse-shoe. The King's cabinet was at one of the extremities, and nearly opposite it was the large audience hall where Parliament assembled to receive communications from the Crown.

The windows of this chamber appeared to be illuminated with a bright light. This struck the King as strange, but at first he thought the light might be produced by the torch of some valet. Still, what could anybody be doing there at such an hour, and in a room which had not been opened for some time? Besides, the light was too bright to proceed from a single torch. It might be the work of an incendiary, but there was no smoke, and the windows were not broken.

Charles watched the windows some time in silence. No sound could be heard; everything betokened simply an illumination. Meanwhile Count Brahé extended his hand toward the bell-rope to summon a page in order to send him to find out the cause of this singular light, but the King stopped him. "I will go to the hall myself," he said.

Whilst he spoke they saw his face grow pale with superstitious fear; but he went out with a firm tread, followed by the chamberlain and physician, each holding a lighted candle.

Baumgarten went to rouse the sleeping porter who had charge of the keys, with an order from the King to open immediately the doors of the assembly hall. The man was greatly surprized at this unexpected order. He dressed himself quickly, and joined the King with his bunch of keys. At first he opened the door of a gallery which was used as an antechamber or private entrance to the assembly hall. The King entered. Imagine his surprize at finding the walls completely draped in black.

"Who gave the order for hanging this room thus?" he demanded angrily.

"No one, Sire, to my knowledge," replied the uneasy porter. "The last time I swept out the gallery it was paneled, as it always has been. . . . I am certain this hanging never came out of Your Majesty's depository."

The King, walking at a rapid pace, had already traversed more than two-thirds of the gallery. The Count and porter followed closely; the physician Baumgarten was a little behind, divided between his fears of being left alone and of being exposed to the consequences of what promised to be such a strange adventure.

"Go no further, Sire," exclaimed the porter. "Upon my soul, there is sorcery behind this. At such an hour . . . and since the death of the Queen, your gracious wife . . . they say she walks in this gallery. . . . May God protect us!"

"Stop, Sire," entreated the Count in turn. "Do you not hear the noise that comes from the assembly hall? Who knows to what dangers Your Majesty may be exposed?"

"Sire," broke in Baumgarten, whose candle had just been blown out by a gust of wind, "at least allow me to go and fetch a score of your halberdiers."

"Let us go in," said the King sternly, stopping before the door of the great apartment. "Porter, open the door immediately."

He kicked it with his feet, and the noise, echoing from the roof, resounded along the gallery like the report of a cannon.

The porter trembled so much that he could not find the keyhole.

"An old soldier trembling!" said Charles, shrugging his shoulders. "Come, Count, you open the door."

"Sire," replied the Count, recoiling a step, "if Your Majesty commanded me to walk up to the mouth of a German or a Danish cannon I would obey unhesitatingly, but you wish me to defy the powers of hell."

The King snatched the key from the hands of the porter.

"I quite see," he observed contemptuously, "that I must attend to this matter myself," and before his suite could stay him he had opened the heavy oaken door and entered the great hall, pronouncing the words "By the power of God!" His three acolytes, urged by a curiosity stronger than their fear—and perhaps ashamed to desert their King—went in after him. The great hall was lighted up by innumerable torches, and the old figured tapestry had been replaced by black hangings. Along the walls

hung, as usual, the German, Danish, and Russian flags—trophies taken by the soldiers of Gustavus Adolphus. In their midst were the Swedish banners, covered with crape as for a funeral.

An immense assembly filled the seats. The four orders of the State (the nobility, clergy, citizens and peasants) were arranged in their proper order. All were clothed in black, and this array of human faces, lit up against a dark background, so dazzled the eyes of the four witnesses of this extraordinary scene that not one figure was recognizable in the crowd. Thus an actor who stands before a large audience is not able to distinguish a single individual; he sees but a confused mass of faces.

Seated on the raised throne from which the King usually addressed his Parliament, they saw a bleeding corpse clothed in the royal insignia. At his right stood a child with a crown on his head and a sceptre in his hand; at his left an old man, or rather another spectre, leaned against the throne. He wore the State cloak as used by the former administrators of Sweden before Vasa had made it a kingdom. In front of the throne, seated before a table covered with large books and rolls of documents, were several grave and austere-looking personages, clothed in long black robes, who looked like judges. Between the throne and the seats of the assembly a block was raised covered with black crape; against it lay an axe.

No one in that supernatural assembly seemed to notice the presence of Charles and the three people with him. At heir entry they could only hear at first a confused murmur of inarticulate words; then the oldest of the black-robed judges arose—the one who seemed to be the president—and struck the book which lay open in front of him three times with his hand. Deep silence immediately followed. Then there came into the hall by a door opposite to that by which Charles had entered several young men of noble bearing and richly clad. Their hands were tied behind their backs, but they walked with heads erect and confident looks. Behind them a stalwart man in a jerkin of brown leather held the ends of the cords which bound their hands. The most important of the prisoners—he who walked first—stopped in the middle of the hall before the block and looked at it with supreme disdain. While this was going on the corpse seemed to shake convulsively, and a fresh stream of crimson blood flowed out of its wound. The youth kneeled down and laid his head on the block, the axe flashed in the air and the sound of its descent followed immediately. A stream of blood gushed over the dais and mingled with that from the corpse; the head bounded several times on the crimsoned pavement, and then rolled at the feet of Charles. It dyed him with its blood.

Up to this moment surprize had held the King dumb, but this frightful spectacle unloosed his tongue. He stepped forward toward the dais, and, addressing himself to the figure who was clothed in the administrator's robes, he pronounced boldly the well-known form of words—

"If thou art of God, speak; if thou art from the Other, leave us in peace."

The phantom spoke to him slowly in solemn tones—

"King Charles! this blood will not be shed during your reign . . ." (here the voice grew less distinct) "but five reigns later. Woe, woe, woe to the House of Vasa!"

Then the spectres of the countless personages who formed this extraordinary assembly gradually became fainter, until they soon looked like coloured shadows, and then they completely disappeared. All the fantastic lights were extinguished, and those of Charles and his suite revealed only the old tapestries, slightly waving in the draught. They heard for some time afterward a melodious sound, which one of the witnesses described as like the sighing of wind amongst leaves, and another to the rasping sound given by the strings of a harp that is being tuned. All agreed as to the duration of the apparition, which they judged to have lasted about ten minutes.

The black draperies, the dissevered head, the drops of blood which had stained the dais—all had vanished with the phantoms; only upon Charles's slipper was there a bloodstain. This was the sole witness left by which to recall the scene of that night, had it not been sufficiently engraved upon his memory.

When the King returned to his chamber he had an account written of what he had seen, signed it himself, and caused it to be signed by his fellow-witnesses. In spite of the precautions taken to keep the contents of this document secret it was soon known, even during the lifetime of Charles XI. It still exists, and up to the present time no one has thought fit to throw doubts upon its authenticity. In it the King concludes with these remarkable words:—

"And if that which I herein relate is not the simple truth, I renounce all my hope in

the life to come, the which I may have merited for some good deeds done, and, above all, for my zeal in working for the welfare of my people, and in preserving the faith of my forefathers."

Now, when the reader recollects the death of Gustavus III, and the doom of Ankarstroem, his assassin, they will find more than a mere coincidence between that event and the circumstances of this extraordinary prophecy.

The young man beheaded before the States Assembly should be called Ankarstroem.

The crowned corpse should be Gustavus III.

The child, his son and successor, Gustavus Adolphus IV.

Finally, the old man was the Duke of Sudermania, uncle of Gustavus IV, regent of the Crown, and, in the end, King, after the deposition of his nephew.

Here and There

"Abolishing *sake* is a simple matter,"
remarked Ho-hen, Emperor
and Son of the Morning Star,
"but the desire of my soul is to know
how to prevent the fermentation
of passions in the human heart!"

From the Japanese of Ika Eod. T. K. Hedrick.

Cytherea herself loosed from her breast her blissful cestus and gave it to thee, Ino, for thine own, so that ever with love-charms that melt the heart thou mayest subdue men; and surely thou has spent them all on me alone. Antiphanes of Macedonia.

Portrait—With her soul of flame
With her southern passions
She appears among you
At times, O women of the North.
And mindless of the world's conventions
Strives to the utmost of her forces,
Like a lawless comet
In the calculated round of stars. Pushkin. (Mirsky.)

"I felt as if I were about to be kissed. This would never do under the circumstances. A kiss is something you may take if you are engaged, or about to be, but when you are resolved upon becoming disengaged, it is like checking on your account when you have withdrawn your deposit." Corra Harris.

"The science of men and women is composed of exceptions, each of which constitutes a rule. Thus the science is a very long and laborious one. So it resembles the Chinese language, which aged men begin to master after sixty years of study and when they no longer have either the strength or the inclination to discourse." Remy de Gourmont.

The words of her one friend, Doctor Reely, rang in her ears, "Love is like a wind stirring the grass beneath trees on a black night," he had said. "You must not try to make love definite. It is the divine accident of life. If you try to be definite and sure about it and to live beneath the trees, where soft night winds blow, the long hot day of disappointment comes swiftly and the gritty dust from passing wagons gathers upon lips inflamed and made tender by kisses." Sherwood Anderson.

Says Jurgen to himself: "Already the moment passes, this miserably happy moment wherein once more life shudders and stands heart-stricken at the height of bliss! It passes, and I know even as I lift this girl's soft face to mine, and mark what faith and submissiveness and expectancy is in her face, that whatever the future holds for us, and whatever of happiness we two may know hereafter, we shall find no instant happier than this, which passes from us irretrievably while I am thinking about it, poor fool, instead of rising to the issue." James Branch Cabell.

Said by John La Farge

(As Reported by Viola Roseboro')

OF A BOSTON LADY WITH A FAMOUS COLLECTION

"I introduced Jaccaci to her, and I am interested in what he is trying to write about her pictures, am conferring with him about them, but we have been coerced into making ourselves rather absurd. She allows us to write of any pictures of Stuart's only on condition that we spell the name Stewart—the way she spells her maiden name! There is nothing to be done but obey—and we are not permitted to explain or refer to our seeming illiteracy in any way."

RESTRAINT

"I would never say picture dealers can not be honest. All I say is that I have never been able to understand their standards."

WHISTLER AND DU MAURIER

"I was in London when Du Maurier's 'Martian' came out. He took Whistler's name in vain with a good deal of merriment, you remember. When Whistler straightway challenged him to a duel, London was amused, talked of the 'Master's' talent for clever advertising—and missed and continued to miss something more amusing than any accepted theories of his conduct. For he reverted to type. He was as serious in his challenge as in his resentment; he was an insulted West Pointer of long ago, and he wanted to fight. He talked to me about it with grave sincerity. But what could he do when Du Maurier only laughed, and everybody laughed with him?"

TALKING HER LANGUAGE

Two old ladies had come to the studio, among many people invited to see a new window which the artist considered important. They must have been confounded by the absence of a picture, or even such religious text as they associated with stained glass windows. La Farge was old and ill; he was sitting apart, talking with a friend, when one of these puzzled visitors waddled over to him, and excused herself for her intrusion,—but she wanted to ask, she and her friend did not understand, she hoped Mr. La Farge would not mind, but— She was not embarrassed, but she was very inarticulate, and the other listener had not an idea what she was trying to get out. But La Farge suavely grasped her trouble without waiting for her to tell it:

"You mean you want to know why you were invited to see this exhibit?"

"Yes, Mr. La Farge, yes, if you please, we—that is what I came over to ask."

"That window," speaking with grave impressiveness, "is made of many hundreds of pieces of glass, some of them very small, some of them imposed one upon another through several layers, and it took five workmen six months to build it."

"Oh I see! Thank you so much, Mr. La Farge, thank you."

She hurried back to share her new light with her companion. The artist turned back to his, without the smallest shade of change in his placid and philosophical countenance.

OF A POSITIVE PERSONALITY

"He concerns himself somewhat about art, and, strange to say, for what they call a thinker, he gets some things right."

WHEN J. ALDEN WEIR LEFT THE SOCIETY

"I like Weir. He is a student and makes interesting experiments, and I did not want him to go. But he said he would never again submit his work to a jury. He said a great deal against the rule of juries. I said, 'My dear boy, that is all true. You can't put it too strongly. Nothing can be more absurd than a jury choosing works of art for exhibition. Only, unfortunately, we have never found anything better.'"

ART AND THE UNSPOILED EYE

"Of course art is not made for the exclusive pleasure of artists. That is the sort of snobbery that could only come up at a bad time for art, and among people whose artistic susceptibilities have become dessicated by the conditions of modern life in a new country. But there is more than that to it, too. Races differ. The visual perceptions of many South Sea Islanders I found remarkably superior to anything I ever knew elsewhere, except among trained painters, and better than you will find some of them getting along with. And the Islanders, you know, have no pictorial art whatever. Dress, manners, and dancing are their artistic fields. But when I would be laying in a landscape, while still there would be on the canvas only the lines indicating the lay of the ground, but not anything I should expect to be intelligible to any layman,—yet they would come up one after another and recognize the spot at once, exclaiming with pleasure, and calling each other's attention to structural features in the land that belonged to only that one place."

ON BEING URGED TO PAINT A PORTRAIT

"He urged his wish so appreciatively, and was so generous in his readiness to pay anything I might suggest, that I would have taken the commission if it had been possible. But it is not easy for me to occupy myself with another personality, to the degree a portrait painter should, and I could not make that demand on myself now. I am not like Sargent; I can't take out my dislike for the job by brilliant penetration into the worst side of the sitter."

WHEN HE RETURNED FROM ART STUDY IN EUROPE

"President Huntington (of the National Academy) was doing very proper portraits himself, all very much alike, the same red curtain, the same amiable discretion, and very little else—you have seen some of them? No, I suppose you would not run on them anywhere these days.

"He was very much perturbed when I was seen going about with Homer Martin. He had known my family always, and he tried in a very kind way to turn me from such waywardness. Homer Martin was not the right kind of person to cultivate, not at all. Where did he come from? He had no connections in his favour, and he was queer, and then he painted so strangely: it was rather scandalous, most disturbing. He begged me to keep away from such a detrimental.

"There were terribly few men in America then with whom one could discuss art. Martin was a godsend. Inevitably, the ablest heads in such a country generally went into railroads or financiering of some sort,—something far from art,—and I would have years of fairly intimate intercourse with various friends of mine without any sort of reference to art ever coming up between us."

BEFORE THE LECTURE

"Wait a minute. Are you coming to my lecture tonight?"

"No-o, Father, I was not expecting to. I will, if you wish."

"No, no it does not matter in the least. I only thought it would be pleasant to have some one there who saw the joke."

THE ELUSIVENESS OF COLOURS

"They go by the names in combining colours! People would do better if colours had no names. . . . Probably there are bases hidden from us for grading colours in scales, like to the scales that make the foundation of musical harmonies; but the human eye is not developed to find them out and agree on them as we do on the musical scales."

A VISIT TO THE BOSTON MUSEUM

"I arranged to go in Sunday morning before the public would be admitted, when being entirely alone I could really look at pictures.

"I was enjoying myself so much that I was whistling. I caught myself at it when I saw Blank descending on my levity, seeking me out; Blank, a power in the Museum, a very learned personage and always unremittingly Bostonian and always solemn about Art.

"I had to redeem myself, regain his respect by at once telling him something he did not know. O, not any triviality about real artistic values, or feeling, but something dull and learned and external, such as has nothing to do with mere pleasure, something as far as possible from the zest which goes to making works of art. I sounded him on the latest theory about the Venus de Milo, the one that is forging ahead of the earlier ones, and which says she is a seafaring person and has something to do with Poseidon.

"All that happened to be news to him, so I was back on top."

REMBRANDT

"It is not strange that Rembrandt died neglected and poor. It is only within fifty years that his greatness has been approximately appreciated. It has taken that long for the verdict of the few who could see it for themselves to dominate those who can only follow."

(*Rembrandt's "Gilder" was being shown at the Metropolitan Museum, and while seeing it he was enticed by a dealer to go from there to his shop and look at a modern picture of a man laughing—which the dealer indignantly declared was just as good as the Rembrandt, though the snobbery of buyers made the old Dutch painting worth so much more in the market.*)

"His picture was a dexterous painting by a modern Frenchman who had put his laughing man on canvas without sympathy or insight or enjoyment of any kind; so it was nearly worthless. Rembrandt was warm to his man and laughing with him."

A JAPANESE FRIEND

"Okakura was new to the Occident, had seen almost nothing of Western art, and he was sitting here looking over a portfolio of etchings and engravings, tranquilly enough, when a quick cry told of some discovery. He had come on an etching by Rembrandt. The name was new to him, but he grew excited over the quality of that little picture, felt instantly its great superiority, the superiority of the man who did it.

"In one of our first discussions, after he had seen some collections of modern Western pictures, he said questioningly: 'But these pictures try to deceive me, and I am not deceived.'"

BARTHOLDI AND THE STATUE OF LIBERTY

"He is not precisely an imposing person, but he has the intelligence of a Jew and a Frenchman, and he has made his statue something rather more than respectable, and that is saying a great deal.

"He has the acquaintance Paris gives with all kinds of artistic problems.

"He came in the other day and as I went on painting he exclaimed, 'Why, you are drawing by the colour!' and he went on talking with great interest of that way of attacking the questions of form, a method not all of our Academicians would recognize. . . .

"Bartholdi's devotion to his aged mother takes the incredible form of cabling her every day. You would have to know France better than you do to get an idea of the mad Quixotic extravagance of it, when a Frenchman for pure sentiment pays for a cable every day! No mere American can grasp how much feeling it shows."

A COLOSSAL STATUE

"It was only a little thing made big. The great Japanese Buddha is not a life sized figure enlarged. The size is part of the conception as a whole, and affects every detail."

A YALE LECTURE IN THE LATE NINETIES

"Of course, there they are almost sure to a man to get everything all wrong about art, but they are very intelligent, they can follow words far, so it was possible to give a great deal of pain."

JOSEPH CONRAD

(*Speaking of "Lord Jim" soon after it was published, and while Conrad was still one of the obscurest authors in print. He was answering an admiring reader, who nevertheless suggested that the early pages are badly arranged, and Lord Jim's offense is too long withheld:*)

"O, it doesn't matter, it doesn't matter! You take work like that as you can get it, and are grateful, grateful."

WHEN CAZIN CAME TO AMERICA

"He came in the studio and looked about him, and looked about him again. 'Why,' he said at last, 'you have been painting all alone on an island in the middle of the sea through all these years!'"

HORACE VERNET

"He spent his life doing 'important' works, big battle pieces chiefly, and what he has left that really matters are little scraps of drawings—nothing, as he thought them."

THE DIFFICULTIES OF THE ARTIST IN GLASS

"It was in the seventies that Burne-Jones was complaining bitterly to me of the commercial firms who translated his cartoons into glass. He found himself misrepresented.

"As I saw it, that was inevitable under that system. No one else, least of all a commercial firm, could carry out an artist's design. The result must inevitably always be a composite of all the minds and eyes that had dominated the execution.

"That was when I began thinking about working in glass, and actually building windows myself, as their designers built the old windows. In the beginning, before we began to make our own, finding any possible glass was the first major problem. The stuff manufactured for coloured windows was impossible. One find was the raw material made for glass jewelry. It came in rods, and to this day a certain glass now on the market for windows goes by the absurd name of stick purple.

"The first of my opal glass came from a job lot of toilette boxes that had gone wrong in the making, and had taken on an iridescence which was considered damaging. We got them cheap and counted them priceless.

"My foreman often tells me now that we will never do what we want to till we go back to making our own glass.

"No, he came to me with no experience in any matters artistic, but he has been with me from those first days, and he has come to have very nice perceptions, a rather extraordinary eye for colour."

AN APPRENTICE WHO WANTED TO "TAKE LESSONS"

"He inherited some money from an aunt, and decided he wanted to leave my employ and spend his legacy in lessons from me in painting. I said, 'Oh, very well. There will be very little difference, except that now you will pay me money instead of my paying you money. Now, indeed, I will feel that I must tell you my reason; but you are clever enough to have generally guessed the reasons!' So he studied as men studied in the old times, as a responsible helper on real work, not mere studio experiments."

AFTER SEVERE ILLNESS—NEAR THE CLOSE OF HIS LIFE

"I must tell you what I have been telling myself: that I have enjoyed this last year better than I ever did any before. I have enjoyed different things more acutely. I have taken so much pleasure in pictures. They need not be great or remarkable, if only they record some feeling with some sincerity and grace. And the shapes and colours of the natural world—if ever I enjoyed the pleasures of sight so much before, it was before I can remember."

The Age of Confucius, Sappho, and Zoroaster

A Literary Cross-Section: 750-500 B. C.

The two and a half centuries selected for this fourth glimpse at the World Library saw Lao-Tzŭ in China attempt to explain his apprehension of that mysterious Tao, and Kong-Fou-Tse (Confucius) setting down those maxims of successful living which have influenced the minds and acts of his countrymen ever since. The colossal Great Book of the Bharatta (Mahabharatta) probably took form in India, its fighting, and adventure, and lyric love-tales, and unforgettable nature touches lost in a mass of verses seven times as long as the Iliad and Odyssey combined. The Hebrews were voicing those laments over the capture of Jerusalem that tinge all their subsequent literature and music, and Isaiah and Job presently left the impress of two tremendous personalities.

And in one of those Mediterranean islands where Greek civilization first flowered, Sappho was fixing imperishably the colourful Aeolian life, and herself, in flaming words whose "supreme art lends solemnity and grandeur to the expression of unmitigated passion."

The King Who Wanted to Get Drunk

It happened one day in the time of King Amansis that the king spake to his nobles: "It is my good pleasure to drink Egyptian Kelebi" (an extremely intoxicating beverage). They spake, "Oh, our mighty Lord! It is hard to drink Egyptian Kelebi." He said unto them, "Hath that which I say unto you an evil savour?" They said, "Oh, our mighty Lord! that which pleaseth the king, that let him do." The king commanded, "Let Egyptian Kelebi be brought to the lake," and they did according to the word of the king. The king washed himself with his children, and there was no other wine set before them but Egyptian Kelebi. The king feasted with his children, he drank much wine for the love which he bore to Egyptian Kelebi; then, on the evening of that day, the king fell asleep by the lake, for he had commanded a couch to be placed in an arbour on the shore of the lake.

When the morning dawned the king could not arise because of the heaviness of his carouse. After an hour had passed, and he still could not arise, then the courtiers lamented, saying, "Can such things be? Behold, the king drinketh himself drunken like a man of the people. A man can not come into the presence of the king on matters of business." Therefore courtiers went to the place where the king was lying, and spake: "Oh, our mighty Lord, what wish doth the king cherish?"

The king said: "It is my will and pleasure to make myself drunken. Is there none among you can tell me a story that I may keep myself from sleep?"

About 526 B. C. (Hutchinson.)

The Akkadian King Consults His Astrologer

When at the Moon's appearance its horns are pointed, the king of Akkad wherever he goes will rule the land; when at the Moon's appearance its face is turned to the left . . . when at its appearance a north wind blows, in that month a flood will come. Jupiter passed to the place of sunset: there will be a secure dwelling—welfare lucky for the land. When the sun reaches its zenith with a parhelion, the king will be angry and there will be war. (Jupiter has remained in the heavens many days.)

From Asaridu, the greater, the king's servant. (R. C. Thompson.)

Chaldean Account of the Tower of Babel

. . . against the father of all the gods was wicked . . . Babylon brought to subjection. Small and great he confounded their speech. . . . Their strong tower all the day they founded; in the night he made an end entirely to their strong place. In his anger also thus he poured out words . . . he gave this command, their council was confused.

About 668 B. C. (George Smith.)

A Bonding Company of 600 B. C

Nabû-nâ'id, the son of Bêl-iddin.
Shi'ilu, the son of Nanâ-karâbi.
And Bêl-ibni, the son of Nabû-iddin.
Assume the responsibility of Rîmût, the son of Nabû-iddin, from Anum-shar-usur, the guardian, and Marduk-êtir, the priest of Eanna. At the time of the appraisement of sheep they shall bring him and shall give him to the guardian and administrator. If they do not bring and give him, they shall give 5 minas of silver to Eanna.
Witnessed:
Erech, the 12th day of Ab, the 5th year of Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon. (Goucher.)

The Lady Gaga Complains to Her Father, Sa-pi-Bel

Peace be upon my father: may Bel and Nabu grant peace unto my father.

Why, an't please thee, have I and my daughters passed the time in thirst for a letter from thee? Rack thy brains for an excuse, and then, by Samas, see why Bel-uballit, an't please thee, hath taken away all my dates. . . . When I spoke to them, saying, "The dates are our fruit," they said to me, "Go away and tell the son of Dakuru about it," and when I spoke to them a second time, about it, they said, "Go away and call on the gods." Now do I put my trust in my lord; whatever the letter, let me hear word from my lord. *About 500 B. C.* (R C. Thompson.)

An Argument for Cannibalism

Of two men, he who fills himself with meat receives in him good spirit much more than he who does not do so; the latter is all but dead; the former is above him by the worth of a sheep, by the worth of an ox, by the worth of a man.

The Avesta of Zoroaster. (Darmesteter.)

The Boasting Monster Killed by Keresaspa

I am yet only a stripling,
But if ever I come to manhood
I shall make the earth my chariot
And shall make a wheel of heaven.
I shall drive the Holy Spirit
Down from out the shining heaven,
I shall rout the Evil Spirit
Up from out the dark abysm;
They as steeds shall draw my chariot,
God and Devil yoked together. *The Avesta.* (Jackson.)

The Divine Right of Kings at Home

A great god is Ahuramazda, who hath created this earth, who hath created that heaven, who hath created man, who created the gladness of man, who made Darius king, sole king of many, sole law-giver of many.

I am Darius, the great King, the King of kings, King of lands peopled by all races, for long king of this great earth, the son of Vishtasp, the Achaemenian, a Persian, son of a Persian, an Aryan of Aryan descent.

Inscription at Persepolis (about 559 B. C.). (Browne.)

Zoroastrian Hymn to the Fire

I offer my sacrifice and homage to thee, the Fire, as a good offering, and an offering with our hail of salvation, even as an offering of praise with benedictions, to thee, the Fire, O Ahura, Mazda's son! Meet for sacrifice art thou, and worthy of our homage. And as meet for sacrifice, and thus worthy of our homage, may'st thou be in the houses of men who worship Mazda. Salvation be to this man who worships thee in verity and truth, with wood in hand and sacred twigs ready, with flesh in hand and holding too the mortar.

And may'st thou be ever fed with wood as the prescription orders. Yea, may'st thou have thy perfume justly, and thy sacred butter without fail, and thine andirons regularly placed. Be of full age as to thy nourishment, of the canon's age as to the measure of thy food. O Fire, Ahura, Mazda's son!

Be now aflame within this house; be ever without fail in flame; be all ashine within this house: for long time be thou thus to the furtherance of the heroic renovation, to the completion of all progress, yes, even till the good heroic millennial time when that renovation shall have become complete.

Give me, O Fire, Ahura, Mazda's son! a speedy glory, speedy nourishment and speedy booty and abundant glory, abundant nourishment, abundant booty, an expanded mind, and nimbleness of tongue and soul and understanding, even an understanding continually growing in its largeness and that never wanders. *The Avesta.* (Jackson.)

Invocation to Rain

"Come, come on, O clouds, along the sky, through the air, down on the earth, by thousands of drops, by myriads of drops," thus say, O holy Zoroaster! "to destroy sickness altogether, to destroy death altogether, to destroy altogether the sickness made by the Gaini, to destroy altogether the death made by Gaini, to destroy altogether Gadha and Apagadha.

"If death come at eve, may healing come at daybreak!

"If death come at daybreak, may healing come at night!

"If death come at night, may healing come at dawn!

"Let showers shower down new waters, new earth, new trees, new health, and new healing powers." *The Avesta.* (Darmesteter.)

The Fatal Gambling

Then came together into the gaming-hall the wicked Duryodhana with his brothers, and Yudhisthira with his brothers. And round about the hall the elders sat on costly benches and watched the play. But when they were about to begin, then said the wicked Duryodhana to Yudhisthira, "Behold the gage shall be mine, but my uncle Cakuni shall cast the dice." Then answered Yudhisthira and said, "Unheard of is such a play as this, that one should offer the stake and another should cast the dice. Is there then treachery here? But if thou wilt, play so." Then Duryodhana laughed and said, "Who speaks of treachery? My uncle plays for me."

Now Cakuni was a gamester and deceitful, and he played dice without honour. But Duryodhana began the play, and challenged Yudhisthira. "Here is a pearl of great price. This is my stake. What wilt thou place against it?" And Yudhisthira said, "I have a chariot and steeds, and the chariot is golden and the steeds are above price. This is my stake."

And the dice rolled on the board, and Duryodhana, mocking, said, "Thou has lost." And Yudhisthira answered calmly, "A treasury of gems have I; they are stored in jars at home. This is now my stake." And the dice rolled, and Duryodhana mocked and said, "Thou has lost." Then said Yudhisthira, "A kingdom have I: this is my stake." And Duryodhana mocked as the dice rolled, and he said, "Thou hast lost thy kingdom, great king: what stake is now thine?" And Yudhisthira said, "Here are my brothers—" But Bhima, the second brother, roared with rage as he heard this, and would have torn Duryodhana limb from limb. But Arjuna rebuked his brother and said, "Is not our father dead, and Yudhisthira our eldest brother? Is he not then the same as our father? And shall a father not stake his son?" Then Bhima became ashamed. And the dice

rolled and Yudhisthira lost, and Duryodhana laughed and said, "What more?" And Yudhisthira said, "I play myself as stake." And they all sat about with white faces and looked on. And Yudhisthira lost. Then Duryodhana said, "The great king has staked his own self and lost. What more will the great king stake?" But Yudhisthira said, "I have nothing more." Then Duryodhana said, "Nay, great king, thou hast much still. For thou hast thy wife. I challenge thee again."

Then Yudhisthira groaned in his heart, but because of his knightly vow he could not turn aside when he was challenged, and yet he could not bring it over his heart to play his wife, who was Krishna, the fairest of all women. And he sat silent, saying unto himself, "She is the fairest of women, fair as the autumn lotus, and best beloved of all women. Slender is her waist, dark are her eyes, and fragrant as the woods of autumn is her hair; and she is best beloved of all women. . . ."

But he looked upon Duryodhana and said, "Be she the stake."

And all men held their breath and gazed with great eyes while the dice rolled and Krishna was the stake. Then Duryodhana, watching the dice as they rolled from the hand of crafty Cakuni, laughed and said, "Now hath the great king lost all—his treasure, his brother, his kingdom, his self, and even his wife, Krishna, the best beloved of women. Let some one bind these slaves and lead them away, but bring Krishna to this hall." And all the elders wept as they heard, and cried, "Shame," but Yudhisthira and Arjuna sat silent.

Then they put chains upon Yudhisthira and his brothers, and sent for Krishna.

Condensed from the "Mahabharata." (E. W. H.)

The Husbandman's Song

Work, work—from the rising sun
Till sunset comes and the day is done.
I plough the sod
And harrow the clod
And meat and drink both come to me,
So what care I for the powers that be?

Book of Odes. (*Ancient national ballads, edited by Confucius*). (Giles.)

Sayings of Lao-Tzŭ

The goodness of *doing* good is not real goodness.

When merit has been achieved, do not take it to yourself; for if you do not take it to yourself, it shall never be taken from you.

By many words wit is exhausted; it is better to preserve a mean.

Keep behind, and you shall be put in front; keep out, and you shall be kept in.

He who grasps more than he can hold, would be better without any; he who strikes with a sharp point, will not himself be safe for long.

Good words shall gain you honour in the market-place; but good deeds shall gain you friends among men.

To see one's self is to be clear of sight.

He who knows how to shut, uses no bolts,—yet you can not open; he who knows how to bind, uses no ropes,—yet you can not rend.

He who does not desire power nor value wealth,—though his wisdom be as a fool's, shall be esteemed among men.

He who, conscious of being strong, is content to be weak,—he shall be a cynosure of men.

A great principle can not be decided.

The empire is a divine trust; it may not be ruled. He who rules, ruins; he who holds by force, loses it.

Mighty is he who conquers himself.

If you would contract, you must first expand. If you would weaken, you must first strengthen. If you would take, you must first give.

Fishes can not be kept from water; the instruments of government can not be delegated to others.

If the Way prevails on earth, horses will be used for agriculture; if not, war-horses will breed in camp.

To the good I would be good. To the not good I would also be good,—in order to make them good.

In governing men and in serving God, there is nothing like moderation.

Govern a nation as you would cook a small fish.

Recompense injury with kindness.

Desire not to desire, and you will not value things difficult to obtain.

The Tao Tê Ching. (*7th and 6th Century B. C.*) (GILES.)

TAO

There is something, chaotic yet complete, which existed before heaven and earth. Oh, how still it is and formless, standing alone without changing, reaching everywhere without suffering harm.

It must be regarded as the Mother of the Universe. Its name I know not.

To designate it I call it Tao. Endeavouring to describe it I call it great. . . .

Tao is a great square with no angles, a great vessel which takes long to complete, a great sound which can not be heard, a great image with no form.

Tao lies hid and can not be named, yet it has the power of transmuting and perfecting all things.

Tao produced Unity; United produced Duality; Duality produced Trinity; and Trinity produced all existing objects. . . .

Things wax strong and then decay. This is the contrary of Tao. What is contrary to Tao soon perishes. *The Tao Tê Ching.* (GILES.)

THE GROWTH OF A PHILOSOPHER

At fifteen, my mind was bent on learning; at thirty I stood firm. At forty I was free from delusions. At fifty I understood the laws of Providence. At sixty my ears were attentive to the truth. At seventy I could follow the promptings of my heart without overstepping the mean. CONFUCIUS. (*About 550 B. C.*).

THE DESTINY OF MAN

Autumnal weariness follows the ardency of summer. Fields of flowers follow fields of snow. But whether at rising or at setting, the sun is always one great rose!

Death makes of man a clod of earth from which a blade of grass may grow.

And I know why our breathing is nothing more than a perpetual sigh. . . .

CONFUCIUS.

AN OLD TALE

The K'e still ripples to its banks,
The moor fowl cry.
My hair was gathered in a knot,
And you came by.

Selling of silk you were, a lad
Not of our kin;
You passed at sunset on the road
From far off Ts'in.

The frogs were croaking in the dusk;
The grass was wet.
We talked together, and I laughed;
I hear it yet.

I thought that I would be your wife;
I had your word.
And so I took the road with you,
And crossed the ford.

I do not know when first it was
Your eyes looked cold.
But all this was three years ago
And I am old. *Book of Odes.* (HELEN WADDELL.)

Chinese Epigrams of 2500 Years Ago

Virtue is our favourite flower. Music is the perfume of that flower.
When a woman talks to you, smile at her but do not listen to her.
As soon as prudence and perspicacity exist, hypocrisy is born. (Toussaint.)

The Greeks Ranked Him Next to Homer

I am an expert craftsman in one tremendous art—
To wreak full vengeance on the one who plays a foeman's part.
Archilochus. (*About 700 B. C.*).

A Girl

Holding a myrtle-branch she blithely moved,
And a fair blossoming rose; the following tresses
Shadowed her shoulders, falling to her girdle.
Archilochus. (Symonds.)

Night

Over the drowsy earth still night prevails;
Calm sleep the mountain tops and shady vales,
The rugged cliffs and hollow glens,
The cattle on the hill. Deep in the sea
The countless finny race and monster brood
Tranquil repose. Even the busy bee
Forgets her daily toil. The silent wood,
No more with noisy hum of insects rings;
And all the feathered tribes, by gentle sleep subdued,
Roost in the glade, and hang their drooping wings.
Alcman. (*About 650 B. C.*). (W. Mure.)

In Praise of Aphrodite

What's life or pleasure, wanting Aphrodite?
When to the golden-haired goddess cold am I,
When love and love's soft gifts no more delight me,
Nor stolen dalliance, then I fain would die!
Minnermus of Smyrna. (*About 625 B. C.*). (Symonds.)

Gold

A mighty pain to love it is,
And 'tis a pain that pain to miss;
But of all pains the greatest pain
It is to love and love in vain.
Virtue now, nor noble blood,
Nor wit by love is understood;
Gold alone does passion move,
Gold monopolizes love.
A curse on her and on the man
Who this traffic first began!
A curse on him who found the ore!
A curse on him who digged the store!
A curse on him who did refine it!
A curse on him who first did coin it!
A curse, all curses else above,
On him who used it first in love!
Anacreon. (*6th Century B. C.*). (Cowley.)

The Best Lot

Not to be born—never to see the sun—
No worldly blessing is a greater one!
And the next best is speedily to die,
And lapt beneath a load of earth to lie.
THEOGNIS. (*6th Century B. C.*). (FRERE.)

Sappho to Aphrodite

Glittering-throned, undying Aphrodite,
Wile-weaving daughter of high Zeus, I pray thee
Tame not my soul with heavy woe, dread mistress,
Nay, nor with anguish!
But hither come, if ever erst of old time
Thou did'st incline and listenedst to my crying;
And from thy father's Palace down descending
Camest with golden
Chariot yoked: thee fair, swift-flying sparrows
Over dark earth with multitudinous fluttering
Pinion on pinion, through middle ether
Down from heaven hurried.
Quickly they came like light, and more, blest lady,
Smiling with clear undying eyes didst ask me
What was the woe that troubled me, and wherefore
I cried to thee;
What thing I longed for to appease my frantic
Soul; and whom now must I persuade, thou askedst,
Whom must entangle to thy love, and who now,
Sappho, hath wronged thee?
Yea, for if now he shun, he soon shall choose thee;
Yea, if he take not gifts, he soon shall give them;
Yea, if he love not, soon shall he begin to
Love thee, unwillingly.
Come to me now too, and from tyrannous sorrow
Free me, and all things that my soul desires to
Have done, do for me, queen, and let thyself too
Be my great ally. (SYMONDS.)

Fragments from Sappho

The stars about the light moon in their turn hide their bright faces when she, at her full, lights up all earth with silver.

When anger spreads through the breast, guard thy tongue from barking idly.

I do not think to touch the sky with my two arms.

Now Eros shakes my soul,—a wind on the mountain falling on the oaks.

The moon has set, and the Pleiades; it is midnight, the time is going by, and I sleep alone—

I love delicacy, and for me Love has the sun's splendour and beauty.

Jeremiah's Lament After the Fall of Jerusalem, 586 B. C.

The joy of our heart is ceased.
Our dance is turned into mourning.
The crown is fallen from our head:
Woe unto us! for we have sinned.
For this our heart is faint;
For these things our eyes are dim;
For the mountain of Zion, which is desolate;
The foxes walk upon it.
Thou, O Lord, abidest forever;
Thy throne is from generation to generation.
Wherefore dost thou forget us forever,
And forsake us so long a time?
Turn thou us unto thee, O Lord, and we shall be turned.
Renew our days as of old.
But thou hast utterly rejected us,
Thou art very wroth against us.

Lamentations of Jeremiah. (*Revised Version.*)

The Mighty Preacher

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.

Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? And your labour for that which satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.

Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David. Isaiah.

When God Spoke to Job

Then the Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind, and said,

Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?

Gird up now thy loins like a man; for I will demand of thee, and answer thou me.

Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? declare, if thou has understanding. . . .

When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy?

Or who shut up the sea with doors, when it brake forth, as if it had issued out of the womb? . . .

Hast thou commanded the morning since thy days; and caused the dayspring to know his place; . . .

Have the gates of death been opened unto thee? or hast thou seen the doors of the shadow of death? . . .

Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades? or loose the bands of Orion? . . .

Canst thou bind the unicorn with his band in the furrow? or will he harrow the valleys after thee? . . .

Hast thou given the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?

Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? the glory of his nostrils is terrible.

He paweth in the valley and rejoiceth in his strength, he goeth on to meet the armed men.

He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword.

The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield.

He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage; neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet.

He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha! And he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting. . . .

Shall he that contendeth with the Almighty instruct him? he that reproveth God, let him answer it.

Book of Job.

Trilby

By GEORGE DU MAURIER

Geo du Maurier

PART SECOND

"Dieu! qu'il fait bon la regarder,
La gracieuse, bonne et belle!
Pour les grands biens qui sont en elle
Chacun est prêt de la louer."

NOBODY knew exactly how Svengali lived, and very few knew where (or why). He occupied a roomy dilapidated garret, au sixième, in the Rue Tire-Liard; with a truckle-bed and a pianoforte for furniture, and very little else.

He was poor; for in spite of his talent he had not yet made his mark in Paris. His manners may have been accountable for this. He would either fawn or bully, and could be grossly impertinent. He had a kind of cynical humour, which was more offensive than amusing, and always laughed at the wrong thing, at the wrong time, in the wrong place. And his laughter was always derisive and full of malice. And his egotism and conceit were not to be borne; and then he was both tawdry and dirty in his person; more greasily, mattedly unkempt than even a really successful pianist has any right to be, even in the best society.

He was not a nice man, and there was no pathos in his poverty—a poverty that was not honourable, and need not have existed at all; for he was constantly receiving supplies from his own people in Austria—his old father and mother, his sisters, his cousins and his aunts, hard-working, frugal folk of whom he was the pride and the darling.

He had but one virtue—his love of his art; or, rather, his love of himself as a master of his art—*the* master; for he despised, or affected to despise, all other musicians, living or dead—even those whose work he interpreted so divinely, and pitied them for not hearing Svengali give utterance to their music, which of course they could not utter themselves.

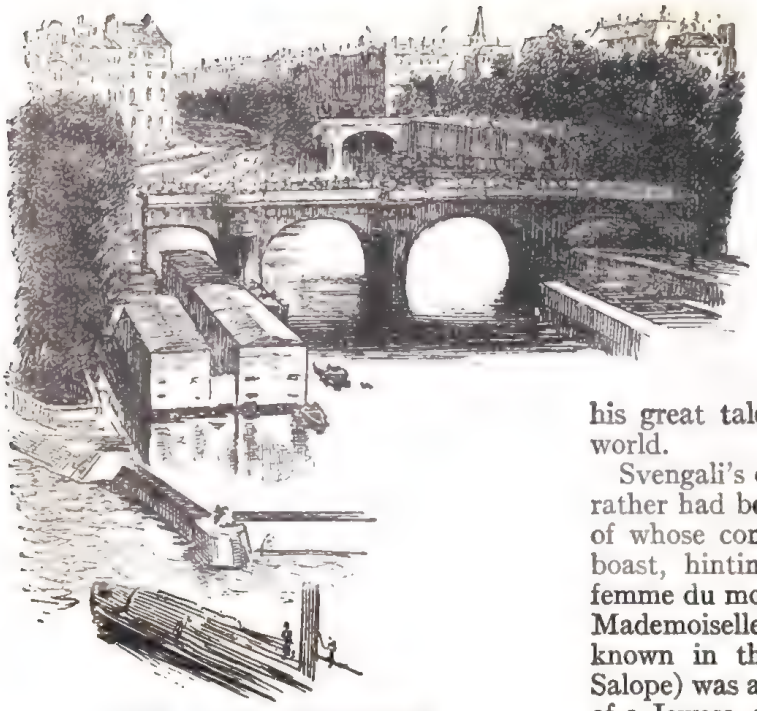
"Ils safent tous un peu toucher du biâno, mais pas grand'chose!"

He had been the best pianist of his time at the Conservatory in Leipsic; and, indeed, there was perhaps some excuse for this overweening conceit, since he was able to lend a quite peculiar individual charm of his own to any music he played, except the highest and best of all, in which he conspicuously failed.

He had to draw the line just above Chopin, where he reached his highest level. It will not do to lend your own quite peculiar individual charm to Handel and Bach and Beethoven; and Chopin is not bad as a *pis-aller*.

He had ardently wished to sing, and had studied hard to that end in Germany, in Italy, in France, with the forlorn hope of evolving from some inner recess a voice to sing with. But nature had been singularly harsh to him in this one respect—inexorable. He was absolutely without voice, beyond the harsh, hoarse, weak raven's croak he used to speak with, and no method availed to make one for him. But he grew to understand the human voice as perhaps no one has understood it—before or since.

So in his head he went forever singing, singing, singing, as probably no human nightingale has ever yet been able to sing out loud for the glory and delight of his fellow-mortals; making unheard heavenly melody of the cheapest, trivialest tunes—tunes of the café concert, tunes of the nursery, the shop-parlour, the guard-room, the school-room, the pothouse, the slum. There was nothing so humble, so base even, but that his magic could transform it into the rarest beauty without altering a note.



THE LATIN QUARTER

This seems impossible, I know. But if it didn't, where would the magic come in?

Whatever of heart or conscience—pity, love, tenderness, manliness, courage, reverence, charity—endowed him at his birth had been swallowed up by this one faculty, and nothing of them was left for the common uses of life. He poured them all into his little flexible flageolet.

Svengali playing Chopin on the pianoforte, even (or especially) Svengali playing "Ben Bolt" on that penny whistle of his, was as one of the heavenly host.

Svengali walking up and down the earth seeking whom he might cheat, betray, exploit, borrow money from, make brutal fun of, bully if he dared, cringe to if he must—man, woman, child, or dog—was about as bad as they make 'em.

To earn a few pence when he couldn't borrow them he played accompaniments at café concerts, and even then he gave offense; for in his contempt for the singer he would play too loud, and embroider his accompaniments with brilliant improvisations of his own, and lift his hands on high and bring them down with a bang in the sentimental parts, and shake his dirty mane and shrug his shoulders, and smile and leer at the audience, and do all he could to attract their attention to himself. He also gave a few music lessons (not at ladies' schools, let us hope), for which he was not well paid, presumably, since he was always without the sou, always borrowing money, that he never paid back, and exhausting the pockets and the patience of one acquaintance after another.

He had but two friends. There was Gecko, who lived in a little garret close by in the Impasse des Ramoneurs, and who was second violin in the orchestra of the Gymnase, and shared his humble earnings with his master, to whom, indeed, he owed his great talent, not yet revealed to the world.

Svengali's other friend and pupil was (or rather had been) the mysterious Honorine, of whose conquest he was much given to boast, hinting that she was "une jeune femme du monde." This was not the case. Mademoiselle Honorine Cahen (better known in the quartier latin as Mimi la Salope) was a dirty, drabby little dolly-mop of a Jewess, a model for the figure—a very humble person indeed, socially.

She was, however, of a very lively disposition, and had a charming voice, and a natural gift of singing so sweetly that you forgot her accent, which was that of the "tout ce qu'il y a de plus canaille."

She used to sit at Carrel's, and during the pose she would sing. When Little Billee first heard her he was so fascinated that "it made him sick to think she sat for the figure"—an effect, by-the-way, that was always produced upon him by all specially attractive figure models of the gentler sex, for he had a reverence for woman. And before everything else, he had for the singing woman an absolute worship. He was especially thrall to the contralto—the deep low voice that breaks and changes

"AS BAD AS THEY MAKE 'EM"

in the middle and soars all at once into a magnified angelic boy treble. It pierced through his ears to his heart, and stirred his very vitals.

He had once heard Madame Alboni, and it had been an epoch in his life; he would have been an easy prey to the sirens! Even beauty paled before the lovely female voice singing in the middle of the note—the nightingale killed the bird-of-paradise.

I need hardly say that poor Mimi la Salope had not the voice of Madame Alboni, nor the art; but it was a beautiful voice of its little kind, always in the very middle of the note, and her artless art had its quick seduction.

She sang little songs of Béranger's —"Grand'mère, parlez-nous de lui!" or "T'en souviens-tu? disait un capitaine—" or "Enfants, c'est moi qui suis Lisette!" and such like pretty things, that almost brought the tears to Little Billee's easily moistened eyes.

But soon she would sing little songs that were not by Béranger —little songs with slang words Little Billee hadn't French enough to understand; but from the kind of laughter with which the points were received by the "rapins" in Carrel's studio he guessed these little songs were vile, though the touching little voice was as that of the seraphim still; and he knew the pang of disenchantment and vicarious shame.

"A VOICE HE *DIDN'T* UNDERSTAND"

Svengali had heard her sing at the Brasserie des Porcherons in the Rue du Crapaud-volant, and had volunteered to teach her; and she went to see him in his garret, and he played to her, and leered and ogled, and flashed his bold, black, beady Jew's eyes into hers, and she straightway mentally prostrated herself in reverence and adoration before this dazzling spec men of her race.

So that her sordid, mercenary little gutter-draggled soul was filled with the sight and the sound of him, as of a lordly, godlike, shawm-playing, cymbal-banging hero and prophet of the Lord God of Israel —David and Saul in one!

And then he set himself to teach her—kindly and patiently at first, calling her sweet little pet names—his "Rose of Sharon," his "pearl of Pabylon," his "cazelle-eyed liddle Cherusalem skylark"—and promised her that she should be the queen of the nightingales.

But before he could teach her anything he had to unteach her all she knew; her breathing, the production of her voice, its emission—everything was wrong. She worked indefatigably to please him, and soon succeeded in forgetting all the pretty little sympathetic tricks of voice and phrasing Mother Nature had taught her.

But though she had an exquisite ear, she had no real musical intelligence—no intelligence of any kind except about sous and centimes; she was as stupid as a little downy owl, and her voice was just a light native warble, a throstle's pipe, all in the head and nose and throat (a voice he *didn't* understand, for once), a thing of mere youth and health and bloom and high spirits—like her beauty, such as it was—*beauté du diable, beauté damnée.*

She did her very best, and practised all she could in this new way, and sang herself hoarse: she scarcely ate or slept for practising. He grew harsh and impatient and coldly severe, and of course she loved him all the more; and the more she loved him the more nervous she got and the worse she sang. Her voice cracked; her ear became demoralized; her attempts to vocalize grew almost as comical as Trilby's. So that he lost his temper completely, and called her terrible names, and pinched and punched her with his big bony hands till she wept worse than Niobe, and borrowed money of her—five-franc pieces, even francs and demi-francs—which he never paid her back; and browbeat and bullied and ballyragged her till she went quite mad for love of him,

and would have jumped out of his sixth-floor window to give him a moment's pleasure!

He did not ask her to do this—it never occurred to him, and would have given him no pleasure to speak of. But one fine Sabbath morning (a Saturday, of course) he took her by the shoulders and chucked her, neck and crop, out of his garret, with the threat that if she ever dared to show her face there again he would denounce her to the police—an awful threat to the likes of poor Mimi la Salope!

"For where did all those five-franc pieces come from—*hein?*—with which she had tried to pay for all the singing-lessons that had been thrown away upon her? Not from merely sitting to painters—*hein?*"

Thus the little gazelle-eyed Jerusalem skylark went back to her native streets again—a mere mud-lark of the Paris slums—her wings clipped, her spirit quenched and broken, and with no more singing left in her than a common or garden sparrow—not so much!

And so, no more of "la betite Honorine!"

"AND SO, NO MORE"

The morning after this adventure Svengali woke up in his garret with a tremendous longing to spend a happy day; for it was a Sunday, and a very fine one.

He made a long arm and reached his waistcoat and trousers off the floor, and emptied the contents of their pockets on to his tattered blanket; no silver, no gold, only a few sous and two-sou pieces, just enough to pay for a meager *premier déjeuner!*

He had cleared out Gecko the day before, and spent the proceeds (ten francs, at least) in one night's riotous living—pleasures in which Gecko had had no share; and he could think of no one to borrow money from but Little Billee, Taffy, and the Laird, whom he had neglected and left untapped for days.

So he slipped into his clothes, and looked at himself in what remained of a little zinc mirror, and found that his forehead left little to be desired, but that his eyes and temples were decidedly grimy. Wherefore, he poured a little water out of a little jug into a little basin, and, twisting the corner of his pocket-handkerchief round his dirty forefinger, he delicately dipped it, and removed the offending stains. His fingers, he thought, would do very well for another day or two as they were; he ran them through his matted black mane, pushed it behind his ears, and gave it the twist he liked (and that was so much disliked by his English friends). Then he put on his béret and his velveteen cloak, and went forth into the sunny streets, with a sense of the fragrance and freedom and pleasantness of Sunday morning in Paris in the month of May.

He found Little Billee sitting in a zinc hip-bath, busy with soap and sponge; and was so tickled and interested by the sight that he quite forgot for the moment what he had come for.

"Himmel! Why the devil are you doing that?" he asked, in his German-Hebrew-French.

"Doing *what?*" asked Little Billee, in his French of Stratford-atte-Bowe.

"Sitting in water and playing with a cake of soap and a sponge!"

"Why, to try and get myself *clean*, I suppose!"

"Ach! And how the devil did you get yourself *dirty*, then?"

To this Little Billee found no immediate answer, and went on with his ablution after the hissing, splashing, energetic fashion of Englishmen; and Svengali laughed loud and long at the spectacle of a little Englishman trying to get himself clean—"tâchant de se nettoyer!"

When such cleanliness had been attained as was possible under the circumstances, Svengali begged for the loan of two hundred francs, and Little Billee gave him a five-franc piece.

Content with this, *faute de mieux*, the German asked him when he would be trying to get himself clean again, as he would much like to come and see him do it.

"Demang mattang, à votre sairveece!" said Little Billee, with a courteous bow.

"*What!! Monday too!!* Gott in Himmel! you try to get yourself clean *every day?*"

And he laughed himself out of the room, out of the house, out of the Place de l'Odéon—all the way to the Rue de Seine, where

dwelt the "Man of Blood," whom he meant to propitiate with the story of that original, Little Billee, trying to get himself clean—that he might borrow another five-franc piece, or perhaps two.

As the reader will no doubt anticipate, he found Taffy in his bath too, and fell to laughing with such convulsive laughter, such twistings, screwings, and doublings of himself up, such pointings of his dirty forefinger at the huge naked Briton, that Taffy was offended, and all but lost his temper.

"What the devil are you cackling at, sacred head of pig that your are? Do you want to be pitched out of that window into the Rue de Seine? You filthy black Hebrew sweep! Just you wait a bit; *I'll* wash your head for you!"

And Taffy jumped out of his bath, such a towering figure of righteous Herculean wrath that Svengali was appalled, and fled.

"Donnerwetter!" he exclaimed, as he tumbled down the narrow staircase of the Hôtel de Seine; "what for a thick head! what for a pigdog! what for a rotten, brutal, verfluchter kerl of an Englander!"

Then he paused for thought.

"Now will I go to that Scottish Englander, in the Place St. Anatole des Arts, for that other five-franc piece. But first will I wait a little while till he has perhaps finished trying to get himself clean."

So he breakfasted at the crèmerie Souchet, in the Rue Clopin-Clopant, and, feeling quite safe again, he laughed and laughed till his very sides were sore.

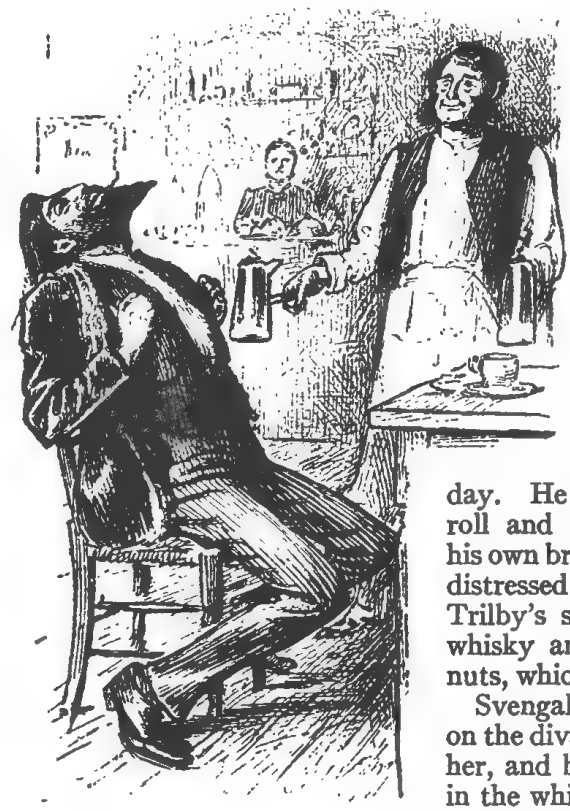
Two Englanders in one day—as naked as your hand!—a big one and a little one, trying to get themselves clean!

He rather flattered himself he'd scored off those two Englanders.

After all, he was right perhaps, from his point of view: you can get as dirty in a week as in a lifetime, so what's the use of taking such a lot of trouble? Besides, so long as you are clean enough to suit your kind, to be any cleaner would be priggish and pedantic, and get you disliked.

Just as Svengali was about to knock at the Laird's door, Trilby came down-stairs from Durien's, very unlike herself. Her eyes were red with weeping, and there were great black rings round them; she was pale under her freckles.

"Fous afez du chacrin, matemoiselle?" asked he.



"TWO ENGLANDERS IN ONE DAY"

She told him that she had neuralgia in her eyes, a thing she was subject to; that the pain was maddening, and generally lasted twenty-four hours.

"Perhaps I can cure you; come in here with me."

The Laird's ablutions (if he had indulged in any that morning) were evidently over for the day. He was breakfasting on a roll and butter, and coffee of his own brewing. He was deeply distressed at the sight of poor Trilby's sufferings, and offered whisky and coffee and gingernuts, which she would not touch.

Svengali told her to sit down on the divan, and sat opposite to her, and bade her look him well in the white of the eyes.

"Recartez-moi pien tans le planc tes yeux."

Then he made little passes and counterpasses on her forehead and temples and down her cheek and neck. Soon her eyes closed and her face grew placid. After a while, a quarter of an hour perhaps, he asked her if she suffered still.

"Oh! presque plus du tout, monsieur—c'est le ciel."

In a few minutes more he asked the Laird if he knew German.

"Just enough to understand," said the Laird (who had spent a year in Düsseldorf), and Svengali said to him in German: "See, she sleeps not, but she shall not open her eyes. Ask her."

"Are you asleep, Miss Trilby?" asked the Laird.

"HIMMEL! THE ROOF OF YOUR MOUTH!"

"No."

"Then open your eyes and look at me."

She strained to open her eyes, but could not, and said so.

Then Svengali said, again in German, "She shall not open her mouth. Ask her."

"Why couldn't you open your eyes, Miss Trilby?"

She strained to open her mouth and speak, but in vain.

"She shall not rise from the divan. Ask her."

But Trilby was spellbound, and could not move.

"I will now set her free," said Svengali.

And, lo! she got up and waved her arms, and cried, "Vive la Prusse! me v'là guérie!" and in her gratitude she kissed Svengali's hand; and he leered, and showed his big brown teeth and the yellow whites at the top of his big black eyes, and drew his breath with a hiss.

"Now I'll go to Durien's and sit. How can I thank you, monsieur? You have taken all my pain away."

"Yes, matemoiselle. I have got it myself; it is in my elbows. But I love it, because it comes from you. Every time you have pain you shall come to me, 12 Rue Tire-Liard, au sixième au-dessus de l'entresol, and I will cure you and take your pain myself——"

"Oh, you are too good!" and in her high spirits she turned round on her heel and uttered her portentous war-cry, "Milk below!" The very rafters rang with it, and the piano gave out a solemn response.

"What is that you say, matemoiselle?"

"Oh! it's what the milkmen say in England."

"It is a wonderful cry, matemoiselle—wunderschön! It comes straight through the heart; it has its roots in the stomach, and blossoms into music on the lips like the voice of Madame Alboni—voce sulle labbre! It is good production—c'est un cri du cœur!"

Trilby blushed with pride and pleasure.

"Yes, matemoiselle! I only know one person in the whole world who can produce the voice so well as you! I give you my word of honour."

"Who is it, monsieur—yourself?"

"Ach, no, matemoiselle; I have not that privilege. I have unfortunately no voice to produce. . . . It is a waiter at the Café de la Rotonde, in the Palais Royal; when you call for coffee, he says 'Boum!' in basso profondo. Tiefstimme—F. moll below the line—it is phenomenal! It is like a cannon—a cannon also has very good production, matemoiselle. They pay him for it a thousand francs a year, because he brings many customers to the Café de la Rotonde, where the coffee isn't very good. When he dies they will search all France for another, and then all Germany, where the good big waiters come from—and the cannons—but they will not find him, and the Café de la Rotonde will be bankrupt—unless you will consent to take his place. Will you permit that I shall look into your mouth, matemoiselle?"

She opened her mouth wide, and he looked into it.

"Himmel! the roof of your mouth is like the dome of the Panthéon; there is room in it for 'toutes les gloires de la France,' and a little to spare! The entrance to your throat is like the middle porch of St. Sulpice when the doors are open for the faithful on All-Saints' day; and not one tooth is missing—thirty-two British teeth as white as milk and as big as knucklebones! and your little tongue is scooped out like the leaf of a pink peony, and the bridge of your nose is like the belly of a Stradivarius—what a sounding-board! and inside your beautiful big chest the lungs are made of

leather! and your breath, it embalms—like the breath of a beautiful white heifer fed on the buttercups and daisies of the Vaterland! and you have a quick, soft, susceptible heart, a heart of gold, matemoiselle—all that sees itself in your face!

"'Votre cœur est un luth suspendu!
Aussitôt qu'on le touche, il résonne. . . .'

What a pity you have not also the musical organization!"

"Oh, but I *have*, monsieur; you heard me sing 'Ben Bolt,' didn't you? What makes you say that?"

Svengali was confused for a moment. Then he said: "When I play the 'Rosemonde' of Schubert, matemoiselle, you look another way and smoke a cigaret. . . . You look at the big Taffy, at the Little Billee, at the pictures on the walls, or out of window, at the sky, the chimney-pots of Notre Dame de Paris; you do not look at Svengali!—Svengali, who looks at you with all his eyes, and plays you the 'Rosemonde' of Schubert!"

"Oh, maïe, aïe!" exclaimed Trilby; "you *do* use lovely language!"

"But never mind, matemoiselle; when your pain arrives, then shall you come once more to Svengali, and he shall take it away from you, and keep it himself for a soufenir of you when you are gone. And when you have it no more, he shall play you the 'Rosemonde' of Schubert, all alone for you; and then, 'Messieurs les étutiants, montez à la chaumière!' . . . because it is gayer! *And you shall see nothing, hear nothing, think of nothing but Svengali, Svengali, Svengali!*"

Here he felt his peroration to be so happy and effective that he thought it well to go at once and make a good exit. So he bent over Trilby's shapely freckled hand and kissed it, and bowed himself out of the room, without even borrowing his five-franc piece.

"He's a rum 'un, ain't he?" said Trilby. "He reminds me of a big hungry spider, and makes me feel like a fly! But he's cured my pain! he's cured my pain! Ah! you don't know what my pain is when it comes!"

"I wouldn't have much to do with him, all the same!" said the Laird. "I'd sooner have any pain than have it cured in that unnatural way, and by such a man as that! He's a bad fellow, Svengali—I'm sure of it! He mesmerized you; that's what it is—mesmerism! I've often heard of it, but never seen it done before. They get you into their power, and just make you do any blessed thing they please—lie, murder, steal—anything! and kill yourself into the bargain when they've done with you! It's just too terrible to think of!"

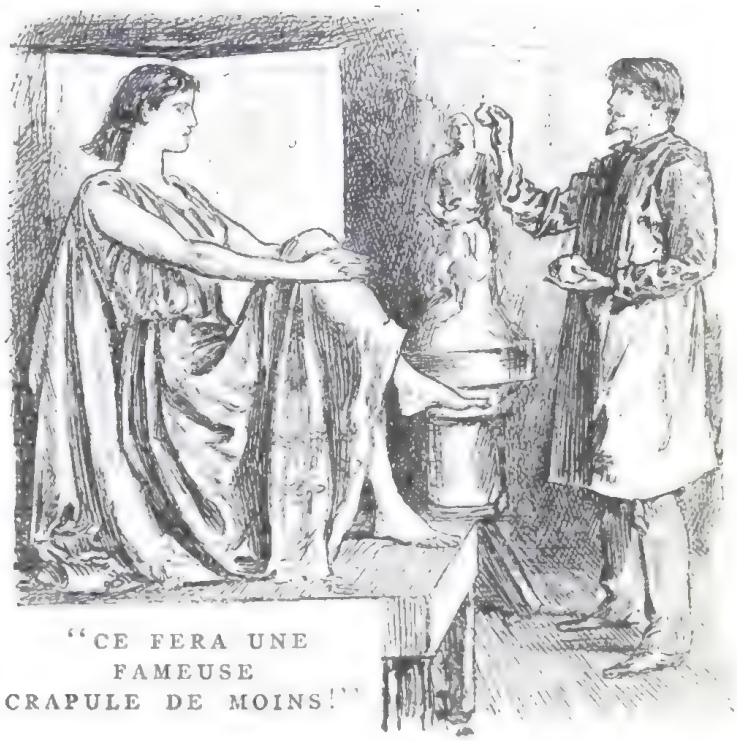
So spake the Laird, earnestly, solemnly, surprized out of his usual self, and most painfully impressed—and his own impressiveness grew upon him and impressed him still more. He loomed quite prophetic.

Cold shivers went down Trilby's back as she listened. She had a singularly impressionable nature, as was shown by her quick and ready susceptibility to Svengali's hypnotic influence. And all that day, as she posed for Durien (to whom she did not mention her adventure), she was haunted by the memory of Svengali's big eyes and the touch of his soft, dirty finger-tips on her face; and her fear and her repulsion grew together.

And "Svengali, Svengali, Svengali!" went ringing in her head and ears till it became an obsession, a dirge, a knell, an unendurable burden, almost as hard to bear as the pain in her eyes.

"*Svengali, Svengali, Svengali!*"

At last she asked Durien if he knew him.



"CE FERA UNE FAMEUSE CRAPULE DE MOINS!"

"Parbleu! Si je connais Svengali!"

"Qu'est-ce que t'en penses?"

"Quand il sera mort, ça fera une fameuse crapule de moins!"

"CHEZ CARREL."

Carrel's atelier (or painting-school) was in the Rue Notre Dame des Potirons St. Michel, at the end of a large court-yard, where there were many large dirty windows facing north, and each window let the light of heaven into a large dirty studio.

The largest of these studios, and the dirtiest, was Carrel's, where some thirty or forty art students drew and painted from the nude model every day but Sunday from eight till twelve, and for two hours in the afternoon, except on Saturdays, when the afternoon was devoted to much-needed Augean sweepings and cleanings.

One week the model was male, the next female, and so on, alternating throughout the year.

A stove, a model-throne, stools, boxes, some fifty strongly built low chairs with backs, a couple of score easels and many drawing-boards, completed the mobilier.

The bare walls were adorned with endless caricatures—*des charges*—in charcoal and white chalk; and also the scrapings of many palettes—a polychromous decoration not unpleasing.

For the freedom of the studio and the use of the model each student paid ten francs a month to the massier, or senior student, the responsible bellwether of the flock; besides this, it was expected of you, on your entrance or initiation, that you should pay for your footing—your *bienvenue*—some thirty, forty, or fifty francs, to be spent on cakes and rum punch all round.

Every Friday Monsieur Carrel, a great artist, and also a stately, well-dressed, and most courteous gentleman (duly decorated with the red rosette of the Legion of Honour), came for two or three hours and went the round, spending a few minutes at each drawing-board or easel—ten or even twelve when the pupil was an industrious and promising one.

He did this for love, not money, and deserved all the reverence with which he inspired this somewhat irreverent and most unruly company, which was made up of all sorts.

Graybeards who had been drawing and painting there for thirty years and more, and remembered other masters than Carrel, and who could draw and paint a torso almost as well as Titian or Velasquez—almost, but not quite—and who could never do anything else, and were fixtures at Carrel's for life.

Younger men who in a year or two, or three or five, or ten or twenty, were bound to make their mark, and perhaps follow in the footsteps of the master; others as conspicuously singled out for failure and future mischance—for the hospital, the garret, the river, the Morgue, or, worse, the traveler's bag, the road, or even the paternal counter.

Irresponsible boys, mere rapins, all laugh and chaff and mischief—"blague et bagout Parisien"; little lords of misrule—wits, butts, bullies; the idle and industrious apprentice, the good and the bad, the clean and the dirty (especially the latter)—all more or less animated by a certain *esprit de corps*, and working very happily and genially together, on the whole, and always willing to help each other with sincere artistic counsel if it were asked for seriously, though it was not always couched in terms very flattering to one's self-love.

Before Little Billee became one of this band of brothers he had been working for three or four years in a London art school, drawing and painting from the life; he had also worked from the antique in the British Museum—so that he was no novice.

As he made his début at Carrel's one Monday morning he felt somewhat shy and ill at ease. He had studied French most earnestly at home in England, and could read it pretty well, and even write it and speak it after a fashion; but he spoke it with much difficulty, and found studio French a different language altogether from the formal and polite language he had been at such pains to learn. Ollendorff does not cater for the quartier latin. Acting on Taffy's advice—for Taffy had worked under Carrel—Little Billee handed sixty francs to the massier for his *bienvenue*—a lordly sum—and this liberality made a most favourable impression, and went far to destroy any little prejudice that might have been caused by the daintiness of his dress, the cleanliness of his person, and the politeness of his manners. A place was assigned to him, and an easel and a board; for he elected to stand at his work and begin with a chalk drawing. The model (a male) was posed, and work began in silence. Monday morning is always rather sulky everywhere (except perhaps in judee). During the ten minutes' rest three or four students came and looked at Little Billee's beginnings, and saw at a glance that he thoroughly well

knew what he was about, and respected him for it.

Nature had given him a singularly light hand—or rather two, for he was ambidextrous, and could use both with equal skill; and a few months' practise at a London life school had quite cured him of that purposeless indecision of touch which often characterizes the prentice hand for years of apprenticeship, and remains with the amateur for life. The lightest and most careless of his pencil strokes had a precision that was inimitable, and a charm that specially belonged to him, and was easy to recognize at a glance. His touch on either

"AV YOU SEEN MY FAHZERE'S OLE SHOES?"

canvas or paper was like Svengali's on the key-board—unique.

As the morning ripened little attempts at conversation were made—little breakings of the ice of silence. It was Lambert, a youth with a singularly facetious face, who first woke the stillness with the following uncalled-for remarks in English very badly pronounced:

"Av you seen my fahzere's ole shoes?"

"I av not seen your fahzere's ole shoes."

Then, after a pause:

"Av you seen my fahzere's ole 'at?"

"I av not seen your fahzere's old 'at!"

Presently another said, "Je trouve qu'il a une jolie tête, l'Anglais."

But I will put it all into English:

"I find that he has a pretty head—the Englishman! What say *you*, Barizel?"

"Yes; but why has he got eyes like brandy-balls, two a penny?"

"Because he's an Englishman!"

"Yes; but why has he got a mouth like a guinea-pig, with two big teeth in front like the double blank at dominos?"

"Because he's an Englishman!"

"Yes; but why has he got a back without any bend in it, as if he'd swallowed the Colonne Vendôme as far up as the battle of Austerlitz?"

"Because he's an Englishman!"

And so on, till all the supposed characteristics of Little Billee's outer man were exhausted. Then:

"Papelard!"

"What?"

"*I* should like to know if the Englishman says his prayers before going to bed."

"Ask him."

"Ask him yourself!"

"*I* should like to know if the Englishman has sisters; and if so, how old and how many and what sex."

"Ask him."

"Ask him yourself!"

"*I* should like to know the detailed and circumstantial history of the Englishman's first love, and how he lost his innocence!

"Ask him," etc., etc., etc.

TAFFY A L'ECHELLE!

Little Billee, conscious that he was the object of conversation, grew somewhat nervous. Soon he was addressed directly.

"Dites donc, l'Anglais?"

"Kwaw?" said Little Billee.

"Avez-vous une sœur?"

"Wee."

"Est-ce qu'elle vous ressemble?"

"Nong."

"C'est bien dommage! Est-ce qu'elle dit ses prières, le soir, en se couchant?"

A fierce look came into Little Billee's eyes and a redness to his cheeks, and this particular form of overture to friendship was abandoned.

Presently Lambert said, "Si nous mettions l'Anglais à l'échelle?"

Little Billee, who had been warned, knew what this ordeal meant.

They tied you to a ladder, and carried you in procession up and down the court-yard, and if you were nasty about it they put you under the pump.

During the next rest it was explained to him that he must submit to this indignity, and the ladder (which was used for reaching the high shelves round the studio) was got ready.

Little Billee smiled a singularly winning smile, and suffered himself to be bound with such good-humour that they voted it wasn't amusing, and unbound him, and he escaped the ordeal by ladder.

Taffy had also escaped, but in another way. When they tried to seize him he took up the first *rapin* that came to hand, and, using him as a kind of club, he swung him about so freely and knocked down so many students and easels and drawing-boards with him, and made such a terrific rumpus, that the whole studio had to cry for "pax!" Then he performed feats of strength of such surprizing kind that the memory of him remained in Carrel's studio for years, and he became a legend, a tradition, a myth! It is now said (in what still remains of the quartier latin) that he was seven feet high, and used to juggle with the massier and model as with a pair of billiard balls, using only his left hand!

To return to Little Billee. When it struck twelve, the cakes and rum punch arrived—a very goodly sight that put every one in a good temper.

The cakes were of three kinds—Babas, Madeleines, and Savarins — three sous

apiece, fourpence half-penny the set of three. No nicer cakes are made in France, and they are as good in the quartier latin as anywhere else; no nicer cakes are made in the whole world, that I know of. You must begin with the Madeleine, which is rich and rather heavy; then the Baba; and finish up with the Savarin, which is shaped like a ring, very light, and flavoured with rum. And then you must really leave off.

The rum punch was tepid, very sweet, and not a bit too strong.

They dragged the model-throne into the middle, and a chair was put on for Little Billee, who dispensed his hospitality in a very polite and attractive manner, helping the massier first, and then the other gray-beards in the order of their grayness, and so on down to the model.

Presently, just as he was about to help himself, he was asked to sing them an English song. After a little pressing he sang them a song about a gay cavalier who went to serenade his mistress (and a ladder of ropes, and a pair of masculine gloves that didn't belong to the gay cavalier, but which he found in his lady's bower)—a poor sort of song, but it was the nearest approach to a comic song he knew. There are four verses to it, and each verse is rather long. It does not sound at all funny to a French audience, and even with an English one Little Billee was not good at comic songs.

He was, however, much applauded at the end of each verse. When he had finished, he was asked if he were *quite* sure there wasn't any more of it, and they expressed a deep regret; and then each student, straddling on his little thick-set chair as on a horse, and clasping the back of it in both hands, galloped round Little Billee's throne quite seriously—the strangest procession he had ever seen. It made him laugh till he cried, so that he couldn't eat or drink.

Then he served more punch and cake all round; and just as he was going to begin himself, Papelard said:

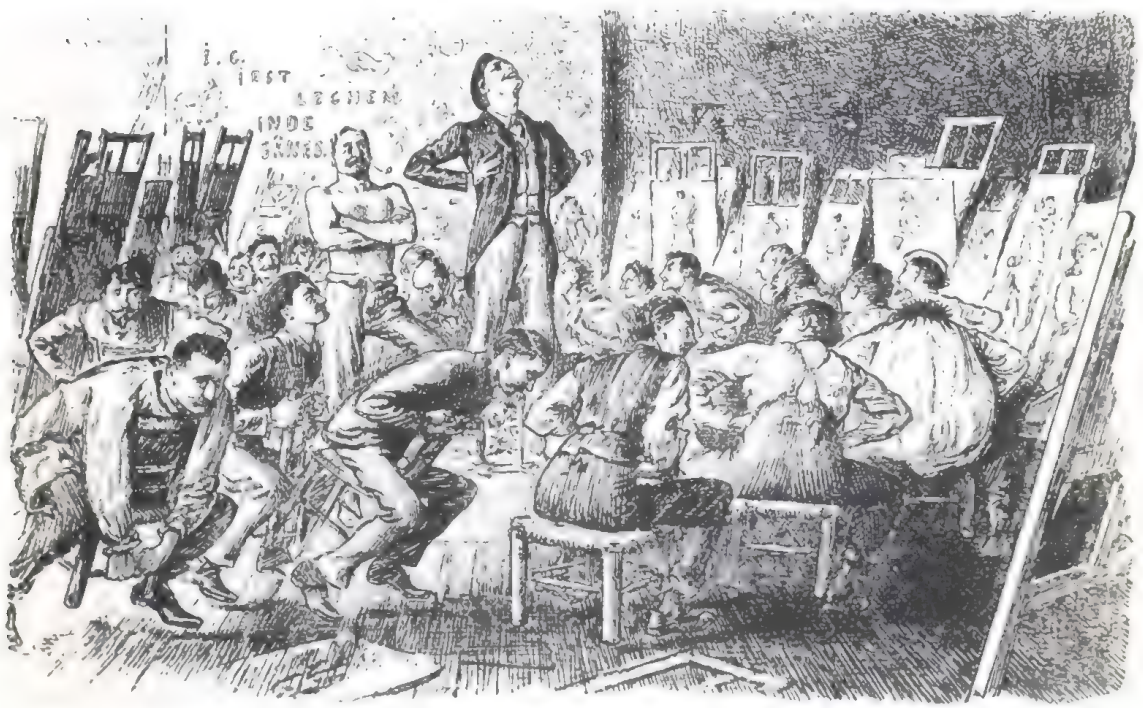
"Say, you others, I find that the Englishman has something of truly distinguished in the voice, something of sympathetic, of touching—something of *je ne sais quoi!*"

Bouchardy: "Yes, yes—something of *je ne sais quoi!* That's the very phrase—n'est-ce pas, vous autres, that is a good phrase that Papelard has just invented to describe the voice of the Englishman. He is very intelligent, Papelard."

Chorus: "Perfect, perfect; he has the genius of characterization, Papelard. Dites donc, l'Anglais! once more that beautiful song—hein? Nous vous en prions tous."

Little Billee willingly sang it again, with even greater applause, and again they galloped, but the other way round and faster, so that Little Billee became quite hysterical, and laughed till his sides ached.

Then Dubosc: "I find there is something of very capitous and exciting in English



"THE FOX AND THE CROW"

music—of very stimulating. And you, Bouchardy?"

Bouchardy: "Oh, me! It is above all the *words* that I admire; they have something of passionate, of romantic—'ze-ese glâ-âves, zese glâ-âves—zey do not belong to me.' I don't know what that means, but I love that sort of—of—of—*je ne sais quoi*, in short! Just *once* more, l'Anglais; only *once*, the *four* couplets."

So he sang it a third time, all four verses, while they leisurely ate and drank and smoked and looked at each other, nodding solemn commendation of certain phrases in the song: "Très bien!" "Très bien!" "Ah! voilà qui est bien réussi!" "Epatant, ça!" "Très fin!" etc., etc. For, stimulated by success, and rising to the occasion, he did his very utmost to surpass himself in emphasis of gesture and accent and histrionic drollery—heedless of the fact that not one of his listeners had the slightest notion what his song was about.

It was a sorry performance.

And it was not till he had sung it four times that he discovered the whole thing was an elaborate impromptu farce, of which he was the butt, and that of all his royal spread not a crumb or a drop was left for himself.

It was the old fable of the fox and the crow! And to do him justice, he laughed as heartily as any one, as if he thoroughly enjoyed the joke—and when you take jokes in that way people soon leave off poking fun at you. It is almost as good as being very big, like Taffy, and having a choleric blue eye!

Such was Little Billee's first experience of Carrel's studio, where he spent many happy mornings and made many good friends.

No more popular student had ever worked there within the memory of the grayest graybeards; none more amiable, more genial, more cheerful, self-respecting, considerate, and polite, and certainly none with greater gifts for art.

Carrel would devote at least fifteen minutes to him, and invited him often to his own private studio. And often, on the fourth and fifth day of the week, a group of admiring students would be gathered by his easel watching him as he worked.

"C'est un rude lapin, l'Anglais! au moins il sait son orthographe en peinture, ce coco-là!"

Such was the verdict on Little Billee at Carrel's studio; and I can conceive no loftier praise.

. . . . . .

Young as she was (seventeen or eighteen or thereabouts), and also tender (like Little Billee), Trilby had singularly clear and quick perceptions in all matters that concerned her tastes, fancies, or affections, and thoroughly knew her own mind, and never lost much time in making it up.

On the occasion of her first visit to the studio in the Place St. Anatole des Arts, it took her just five minutes to decide that it was quite the nicest, homeliest, genialest, jolliest studio in the whole quartier latin, or out of it, and its three inhabitants, individually and collectively, were more to her taste than any one else she had ever met.

In the first place, they were English, and she loved to hear her mother-tongue spoken and to speak it. It awoke all manner of tender recollections, sweet reminiscences of her childhood, her parents, her old home—such a home as it was—or, rather, such homes; for there had been many flittings from one poor nest to another. The O'Ferralls had been as birds on the bough.

She had loved her parents very dearly; and, indeed, with all their faults, they had many endearing qualities—the qualities that so often go with those particular faults—charm, geniality, kindness, warmth of heart, the constant wish to please, the generosity that comes before justice, and lends its last sixpence and forgets to pay its debts!

She knew other English and American artists, and had sat to them frequently for the head and hands; but none of these, for general agreeableness of aspect or manner, could compare in her mind with the stalwart and magnificent Taffy, the jolly fat Laird of Cockpen, the refined, sympathetic, and elegant Little Billee; and she resolved that she would see as much of them as she could, that she would make herself at home in that particular studio, and necessary to its "locataires"; and, without being the least bit vain or self-conscious, she had no doubts whatever of her power to please—to make herself both useful and ornamental if it suited her purpose to do so.

Her first step in this direction was to borrow Père Martin's basket and lantern and pick (he had more than one set of these trade properties) for the use of Taffy, whom she feared she might have offended by the freedom of her comments on his picture.

Then, as often as she felt it to be discreet, she sounded her war-cry at the studio door and went in and made kind inquiries, and, sitting cross-legged on the model-throne, ate her bread and cheese and smoked her

CUISINE BOURGEOISE EN BOHEME

cigaret and "passed the time of day," as she chose to call it; telling them all such news of the quartier as had come within her own immediate ken. She was always full of little stories of other studios, which, to do her justice, were always good-natured and probably true—quite so, as far as she was concerned; she was the most literal person alive; and she told all these "ragots, cancans, et potins d'atelier" in a quaint and amusing manner. The slightest look of gravity or boredom on one of those three faces, and she made herself scarce at once.

She soon found opportunities for usefulness also. If a costume were wanted, for instance, she knew where to borrow it, or hire it or buy it cheaper than any one anywhere else. She procured stuffs for them at cost price, as it seemed, and made them into draperies and female garments of any kind that was wanted, and sat in them for the toreador's sweetheart (she made the mantilla herself), for Taffy's starving dressmaker about to throw herself into the Seine, for Little Billee's studies of the beautiful French peasant girl in his picture, now so famous, called "The Pitcher Goes to the Well."

Then she darned their socks and mended their clothes, and got all their washing done properly and cheaply at her friend Madame Boisse's, in the Rue des Cloîtres Ste.-Pétronille.

And then again, when they were hard up and wanted a good round sum of money for some little pleasure excursion, such as a trip to Fontainebleau or Barbizon for two of three days, it was she who took their watches and scarf-pins and things to the Mount of Piety in the Street of the Well of Love (where dwelt "ma tante," which is French for "my uncle" in this connection), in order to raise the necessary funds.

She was, of course, most liberally paid for all these little services, rendered with such pleasure and good-will—far too liberally, she thought. She would have been really happier doing them for love.

Thus in a very short time she became a *persona gratissima*—a sunny and ever welcome vision of health and grace and liveliness and unalterable good-humour, always ready to take any trouble to please her beloved "Angliches," as they were called by Madame Vinard, the handsome shrill-voiced *concierge*, who was almost jealous; for she was devoted to the Angliches too—

and so was Monsieur Vinard—and so were the little Vinards.

She knew when to talk and when to laugh and when to hold her tongue; and the sight of her sitting cross-legged on the model-throne darning the Laird's socks or sewing buttons on his shirts or repairing the smoke-holes in his trousers was so pleasant that it was painted by all three. One of these sketches (in water-colour, by Little Billee) sold the other day at Christie's for a sum so large that I hardly dare to mention it. It was done in an afternoon.

Sometimes on a rainy day, when it was decided they should dine at home, she would fetch the food and cook it, and lay the cloth, and even make the salad. She was a better saladist than Taffy, a better cook than the Laird, a better caterer than Little Billee. And she would be invited to take her share in the banquet. And on these occasions her tremulous happiness was so immense that it would be quite pathetic to see—almost painful; and their three British hearts were touched by thoughts of all the loneliness and homelessness, the expatriation, the half-conscious loss of caste, that all this eager childish clinging revealed.

And that is why (no doubt) that with all this familiar intimacy there was never any hint of gallantry or flirtation in any shape or form whatever—bonne camaraderie, voilà tout. Had she been Little Billee's sister she could not have been treated with more real respect. And her deep gratitude for this unwonted compliment transcended any passion she had ever felt. As the good Lafontaine so prettily says,

"Ces animaux vivaient entre eux comme cousins;
Cette union si douce, et presque fraternelle,
Edifiait tous les voisins!"

And then their talk! It was to her as the talk of the gods in Olympus, save that it was easier to understand, and she could always understand it. For she was a very intelligent person, in spite of her wofully neglected education, and most ambitious to learn—a new ambition for her.

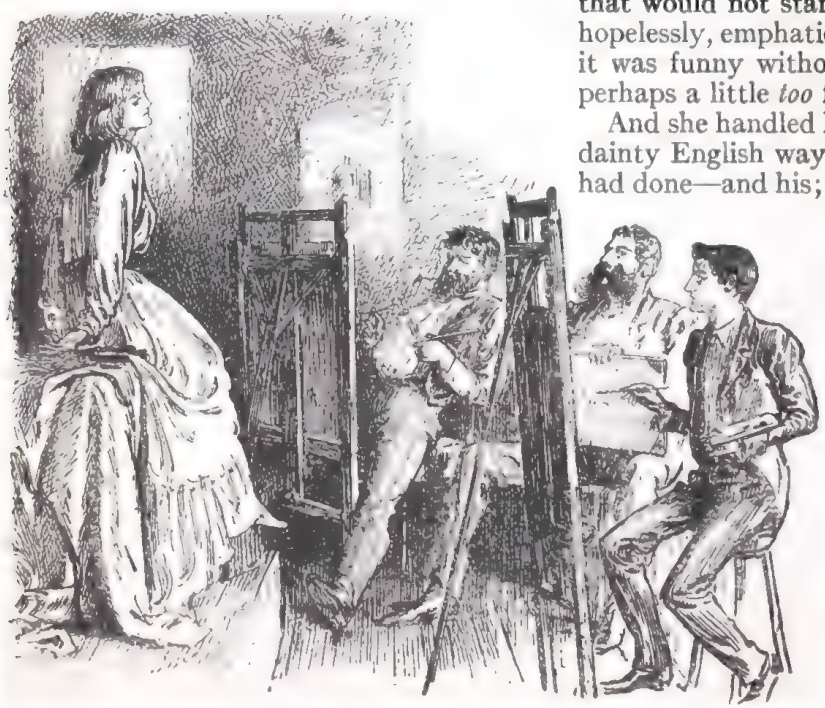
So they lent her books—English books: Dickens, Thackeray, Walter Scott—which she devoured in the silence of the night, the solitude of her little attic in the Rue des Pousse-Cailloux, and new worlds were revealed to her. She grew more English every day; and that was a good thing.

Trilby speaking English and Trilby speaking French were two different beings. Trilby's English was more or less that of her father, a highly educated man; her mother, who was a Scotch woman, although an uneducated one, had none of the ungainliness that mars the speech of so many English women in that humble rank—no droppings of the h, no broadening of the o's and a's.

Trilby's French was that of the quartier latin—droll, slangy, piquant, quaint, picturesque—quite the reverse of ungainly, but in which there was scarcely a turn of phrase that would not stamp the speaker as being hopelessly, emphatically "no lady!" Though it was funny without being vulgar, it was perhaps a little *too* funny!

And she handled her knife and fork in the dainty English way, as no doubt her father had done—and his; and, indeed, when alone with them she was so absolutely "like a lady" that it seemed quite odd (though very seductive) to see her in a grisette's cap and dress and apron. So much for her English training.

But enter a Frenchman or two, and a transformation effected itself immediately—a new incarnation of Trilbyness—so droll and amusing that it was difficult to de-

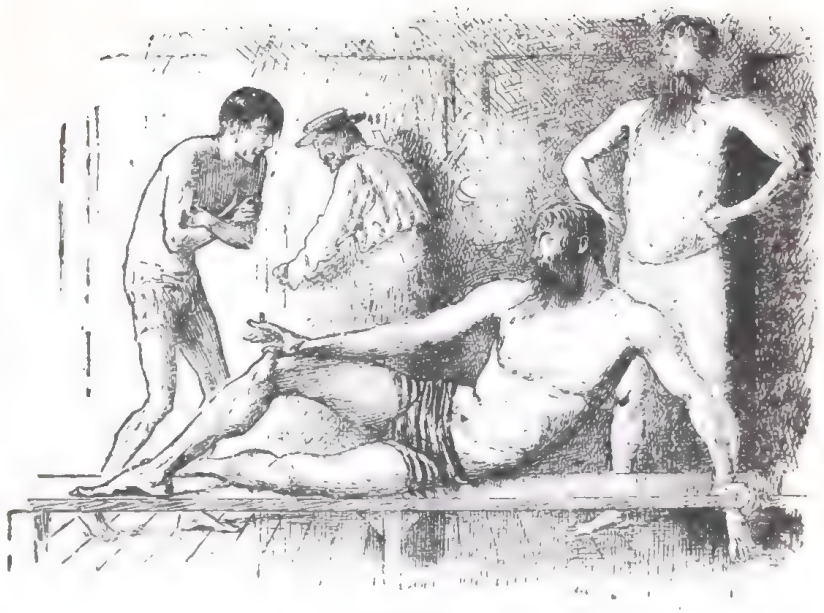


"THE SOFT EYES"

cide which of her two incarnations was the more attractive.

It must be admitted that she had her faults —like Little Billee.

For instance, she would be miserably jealous of any other woman who came to the studio, to sit or scrub or sweep or do anything else, even of the dirty tipsy old hag who sat for Taffy's "found drowned"—"as if she couldn't have sat for it herself!"



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And then she would be cross and sulky, but not for long—an injured martyr, soon ready to forgive and be forgiven.

She would give up any sitting to come and sit to her three English friends. Even Durien had serious cause for complaint.

Then her affection was exacting: she always wanted to be told one was fond of her, and she dearly loved her own way, even in the sewing on of buttons and the darning of socks, which was innocent enough. But when it came to the cutting and fashioning of garments for a toreador's bride, it was a nuisance not to be borne!

"What could *she* know of toreadors' brides and their wedding-dresses?" the Laird would indignantly ask—as if he were a toreador himself; and this was the aggravating side of her irrepressible Trilbyness.

In the caressing, demonstrative tenderness of her friendship she "made the soft eyes" at all three indiscriminately. But sometimes Little Billee would look up from his work as she was sitting to Taffy or the Laird, and find her gray eyes fixed on him with an all-enfolding gaze, so piercingly, penetratingly, unutterably sweet and kind and tender, such a brooding, dovelike look of soft and warm solicitude, that he would feel a flutter at his heart, and his hand would shake so that he could not paint; and in a waking dream he would remember that his mother had often looked at him like that when he was a small boy, and she a beautiful young woman untouched by care or sorrow; and the tear that always lay in readiness so close to the corner of Little Billee's eye would find it very difficult to keep itself in its proper place—unshed.

And at such moments the thought that Trilby sat for the figure would go through him like a knife.

She did not sit promiscuously to anybody who asked, it is true. But she still sat to Durien; to the great Gérôme; to M. Carrel, who scarcely used any other model.

It was poor Trilby's sad distinction that she surpassed all other models as Calypso surpassed her nymphs; and whether by long habit, or through some obtuseness in her nature, or lack of imagination, she was equally unconscious of self with her clothes on or without! Truly, she could be naked and unashamed—in this respect an absolute savage.

She would have ridden through Coventry, like Lady Godiva—but without giving it a thought beyond wondering why the streets were empty and the shops closed and the blinds pulled down—would even have looked up to Peeping Tom's shutter with a friendly nod, had she known he was behind it!

In fact, she was absolutely without that kind of shame, as she was without any kind of fear. But she was destined soon to know both fear and shame.

And here it would not be amiss for me to state a fact well known to all painters and sculptors who have used the nude model (except a few senile pretenders, whose purity, not being of the right sort, has gone rank from too much watching), namely, that nothing is so chaste as nudity. Venus herself, as she drops her garments and steps on to the model-throne, leaves behind her on the floor every weapon in her armory by

which she can pierce to the grosser passions of man. The more perfect her unveiled beauty, the more keenly it appeals to his higher instincts. And where her beauty fails (as it almost always does somewhere in the Venuses who sit for hire), the failure is so lamentably conspicuous in the studio light—the fierce light that beats on this particular throne—that Don Juan himself, who has not got to paint, were fain to hide his eyes in sorrow and disenchantment, and fly to other climes.

All beauty is sexless in the eyes of the artist at his work—the beauty of man, the beauty of woman, the heavenly beauty of the child, which is the sweetest and best of all.

Indeed it is woman, lovely woman, whose beauty falls the shortest, for sheer lack of proper physical training.

As for Trilby, G———, to whom she sat for his Phryne, once told me that the sight of her thus was a thing to melt Sir Galahad, and sober Silenus, and chasten Jove himself—a thing to Quixotize a modern French masher! I can well believe him. For myself, I only speak of Trilby as I have seen her—clothed and in her right mind. She never sat to me for any Phryne, never bared herself to me, nor did I ever dream of asking her. I would as soon have asked the Queen of Spain to let me paint her legs! But I have worked from many female models in many countries, some of them the best of their kind. I have also, like Svengali, seen Taffy "trying to get himself clean," either at home or in the swimming-baths of the Seine; and never a sitting woman among them all who could match for grace or finish or splendour of outward form that mighty Yorkshireman sitting in his tub, or sunning himself, like Ilyssus, at the Bains Henri Quatre, or taking his running header *à la hussarde*, off the spring-board at the Bains Deligny, with a group of wondering Frenchmen gathered round.

Up he shot himself into mid-air with a sounding double downward kick, parabolically; then, turning a splendid semi-demi-summersault against the sky, down he came headlong, his body straight and stiff as an arrow, and made his clean hole in the water without splash or sound, to reappear a hundred yards farther on!

"Sac à papier! quel gaillard que cet Anglais, hein?"

"A-t-on jamais vu un torse pareil!"

"Et les bras, donc!"

"Et les jambes, nom d'un tonnerre!"

"Mâtin! J'aimerais mieux être en colère contre lui qu'il ne soit en colère contre moi!" etc., etc., etc.

Omne ignotum pro magnifico!

If our climate were such that we could go about without any clothes on, we probably should; in which case, although we should still murder and lie and steal and bear false witness against our neighbour, and break the Sabbath day and take the Lord's name in vain, much deplorable wickedness of another kind would cease to exist for sheer lack of mystery; and Christianity would be relieved of its hardest task in this sinful world, and Venus Aphrodite (*alias* Aselgeia) would have to go a-begging along with the tailors and dress-makers and boot-makers, and perhaps our bodies and limbs would be as those of the Theseus and Venus of Milo; who was no Venus, except in good looks!

At all events, there would be no cunning cruel deceptions, no artful taking in of artless inexperience, no unduly hurried waking up from Love's young dream, no handing down to posterity of hidden uglinesses and weaknesses, and worse!

And also many a flower, now born to blush unseen, would be reclaimed from its desert, and suffered to hold its own, and flaunt away with the best in the inner garden of roses!

And here let me humbly apologize to the casual reader for the length and possible irrelevancy of this digression, and for its subject. To those who may find matter for sincere disapprobation or even grave offense in a thing that has always seemed to me so simple, so commonplace, as to be hardly worth talking or writing about, I can only plead a sincerity equal to theirs, and as deep a love and reverence for the gracious, goodly shape that God is said to have made after His own image for inscrutable purposes of His own.

Nor, indeed, am I pleading for such a subversive and revolutionary measure as the wholesale abolition of clothes, being the chilliest of mortals, and quite unlike Mr. Theseus or Mr. Ilyssus either.

Sometimes Trilby would bring her little brother to the studio in the Place St. Anatole des Arts, in his "beaux habits de Pâques," his hair well curled and pomatumed, his hands and face well washed.

He was a very engaging little mortal. The Laird would fill his pockets full of Scotch goodies, and paint him as a little Spaniard in "Le Fils du Toreador," a sweet little Spaniard with blue eyes, and curly

locks as light as tow, and a complexion of milk and roses, in singular and piquant contrast to his swarthy progenitor.

Taffy would use him as an Indian club or a dumbbell, to the child's infinite delight, and swing him on the trapeze, and teach him "la boxe."

And the sweetness and fun of his shrill, happy, infantile laughter (which was like an echo of Trilby's, only an octave higher) so moved and touched and tickled one that Taffy had to look quite fierce, so he might hide the strange delight of tenderness that somehow filled his manly bosom at the mere sound of it (lest Little Billee and the Laird should think him goody-goody); and the fiercer Taffy looked, the less this small mite was afraid of him.

"VOILÀ L'ESPAYCE DE HOM KER JER SWEE!"

Little Billee made a beautiful water-colour sketch of him, just as he was, and gave it to Trilby, who gave it to le père Martin, who gave it to his wife with strict injunctions not to sell it as an old master. Alas! it *is* an old master now, and Heaven only knows who has got it!

Those were happy days for Trilby's little brother, happy days for Trilby, who was immensely fond of him, and very proud. And the happiest day of all was when the Trois Angliches took Trilby and Jeannot (for so the mite was called) to spend the Sunday in the Woods at Meudon, and breakfast and dine at the garde champêtre's. Swings, peep-shows, donkey-rides; shooting at a mark with cross-bows and little pellets of clay, and smashing little plaster figures and winning macaroons; losing one's self in the beautiful forest; catching newts and tadpoles and young frogs; making music on mirlitons. Trilby singing "Ben Bolt" into a mirliton was a thing to be remembered whether one would or no!

Trilby on this occasion came out in a new character, *en demoiselle*, with a little black bonnet, and a gray jacket of her own making.

To look at (but for her loose, square-toed heelless silk boots laced up the inner side), she might have been the daughter of an English dean—until she undertook to teach the Laird some favourite cancan steps. And then the Laird himself, it must be admitted, no longer looked like the son of a worthy, God-fearing, Sabbath-keeping Scotch solicitor.

This was after dinner, in the garden, at "la loge du garde champêtre." Taffy and Jeannot and Little Billee made the necessary music on their mirlitons, and the dancing soon became general, with plenty also to look on, for the garde had many customers who dined there on summer Sundays.

It is no exaggeration to say that Trilby was far and away the belle of that particular ball, and there have been worse balls in much finer company, and far plainer women!

Trilby lightly dancing the cancan (there are cancans and cancans) was a singularly gainly and seductive person—*et vera incessu patuit dea!* Here, again, she was funny without being vulgar. And for mere grace (even in the cancan), she was the forerunner of Miss Kate Vaughan; and, for sheer fun, the precursor of Miss Nelly Farren!

And the Laird, trying to dance after her ("dongsong le konkong," as he called it), was too funny for words; and if genuine popular success is a true test of humour, no greater humorist ever danced a *pas seul*.

What Englishmen could do in France

during the fifties, and yet manage to preserve their self-respect, and even the respect of their respectable French friends!

"Voilà l'espayce de hom ker jer swee!" said the Laird, every time he bowed in acknowledgment of the applause that greeted his performance of various solo steps of his own—Scotch reels and sword-dances that come in admirably. . . .

Then, one fine day, the Laird fell ill, and the doctor had to be sent for, and he ordered a nurse. But Trilby would hear of no nurses, not even a Sister of Charity! She did all the nursing herself, and never slept a wink for three successive days and nights.

On the third day the Laird was out of all danger, the delirium was past, and the the doctor found poor Trilby fast asleep by the bedside.

Madame Vinard, at the bedroom door, put her finger to her lips, and whispered: "Quel bonheur! il est sauvé, M. le Docteur; écoutez il dit ses prières en Anglais, ce brave garçon!"

The good old doctor, who didn't understand a word of English, listened, and heard the Laird's voice, weak and low, but quite clear, and full of heart-felt fervour, intoning, solemnly:

"'Green herbs, red peppers, mussels, saffron,
Soles, onions, garlic, roach, and dace—
All these you eat at Terré's Tavern
In that one dish of bouillabaisse!'"

"Ah! mais c'est très bien de sa part, ce brave jeune homme! rendre grâces au ciel comme cela, quand le danger est passé! très bien, très bien!"

Skeptic and Voltairian as he was, and not the friend of prayer, the good doctor was touched, for he was old, and therefore kind and tolerant, and made allowances.

And afterwards he said such sweet things to Trilby about it all, and about her admirable care of his patient, that she positively wept with delight—like sweet Alice with hair so brown, whenever Ben Bolt gave her a smile.

All this sounds very goody-goody, but it's true.

So it will be easily understood how the trois Angliches came in time to feel for Trilby quite a peculiar regard, and looked forward with sorrowful forebodings to the day when this singular and pleasant little quartet would have to be broken up, each of them to spread his wings and fly away on his own account, and poor Trilby to be left behind all by herself. They would even frame little plans whereby she might better herself in life, and avoid the many snares and pitfalls that would beset her lonely path in the quartier latin when they were gone.

Trilby never thought of such things as these; she took short views of life, and troubled herself about no morrows.

There was, however, one jarring figure in her little fool's paradise, a baleful and most ominous figure that constantly crossed her path, and came between her and the sun, and threw its shadow over her, and that was Svengali.

He also was a frequent visitor at the studio in the Place St. Anatole, where much was forgiven him for the sake of his music, especially when he came with Gecko and they made music together. But it soon became apparent that they did not come there to play to the three Angliches; it was to see Trilby, whom they both had taken it into their heads to adore, each in a different fashion:

Gecko, with a humble, doglike worship that expressed itself in mute, pathetic deference and looks of lowly self-depreciation, of apology for his own unworthy existence, as though the only requital he would ever dare to dream of were a word of decent politeness, a glance of tolerance or good-will—a mere bone to a dog.

Svengali was a bolder wooer. When he cringed, it was with a mock humility full of sardonic threats; when he was playful, it was with a terrible playfulness, like that of a cat with a mouse—a weird ungainly cat, and most unclean; a sticky, haunting, long, lean, uncanny, black spider-cat, if there is such an animal outside a bad dream.

It was a great grievance to him that she had suffered from no more pains in her eyes. She had; but preferred to endure them rather than seek relief from him.

So he would playfully try to mesmerize her with his glance, and sidle up nearer and nearer to her, making passes and counter-passes, with stern command in his eyes, till she would shake and shiver and almost sicken with fear, and all but feel the spell come over her, as in a nightmare, and rouse herself with a great effort and escape.

If Taffy were there he would interfere with a friendly "Now then, old fellow, none of that!" and a jolly slap on the back, which would make Svengali cough for an hour, and paralyze his mesmeric powers for a week.

Svengali had a stroke of good-fortune. He played at three grand concerts with Gecko, and had a well-deserved success. He even gave a concert of his own, which made a furor, and blossomed out into

beautiful and costly clothes of quite original colour and shape and pattern, so that people would turn round and stare at him in the street—a thing he loved. He felt his fortune was secure, and ran into debt with tailors, hatters, shoemakers, jewelers, but paid none of his old debts to his friends. His pockets were always full of printed slips—things that had been written about him in the papers—and he would read them aloud to everybody he knew, especially to Trilby, as she sat darning socks on the model-throne while the fencing and boxing were in train. And he would lay his fame and his fortune at her feet, on condition that she should share her life with him.

"Ach, himmel, Drilpy!" he would say, "you don't know what it is to be a great pianist like me—hein! What is your Little Billee, with his stinking oil-bladders, sitting mum in his corner, his mahlstick and his palette in one hand, and his twiddling little footle pig's-hair brush in the other! What noise does *he* make? When his little fool of a picture is finished he will send it to London, and they will hang it on a wall with a lot of others, all in a line, like recruits called out for inspection, and the yawning public will walk by in procession and inspect, and say 'damn!' Svengali will go to London *himself*. Ha! ha! He will be all alone on a platform, and play as nobody else can play; and hundreds of beautiful Engländerinnen will see and hear and go mad with love for him—Prinzessen, Comtessen Serene English Altessinen. They will soon lose their Serenity and their Highness when they hear Svengali! They will invite him to their palaces, and pay him a thousand francs to play for them; and after, he will loll in the best arm-chair, and they will sit all round him on footstools, and bring him tea and gin and küchen and marrons glacés, and lean over him and fan him—for he is tired after playing them for a thousand francs of Chopin! Ha, ha! I know all about it—hein?

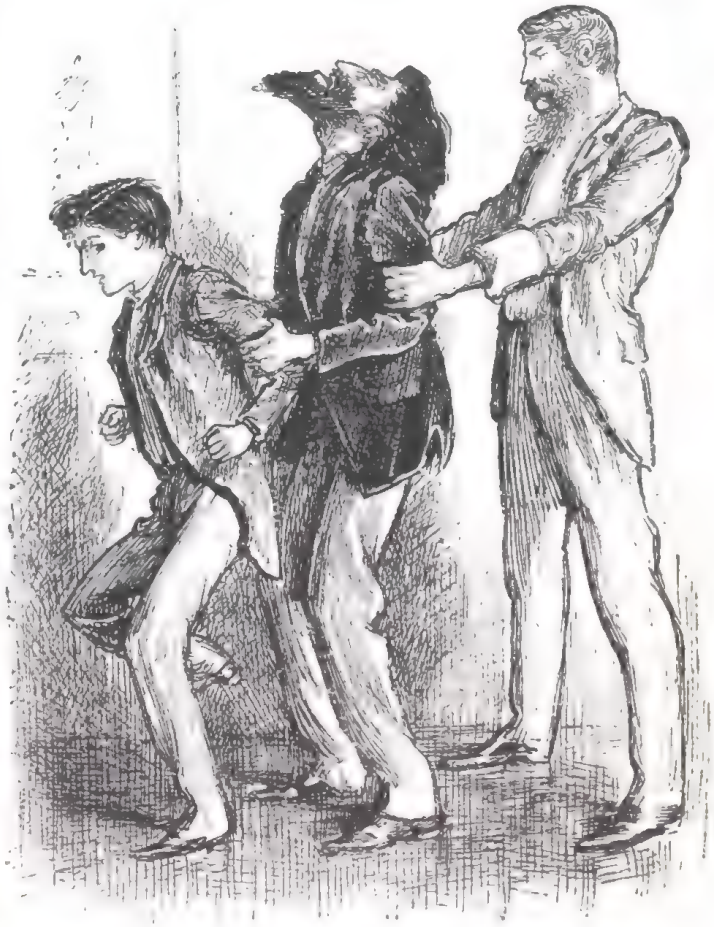
"And he will not look at them; even! He will look inward, at his own dream—and his dream will be about Drilpy—to lay his talent, his glory, his thousand francs at her beautiful white feet!

"Their stupid, big, fat, tow-headed, putty-nosed husbands will be mad with jealousy, and long to box him, but they will be afraid. Ach! those beautiful Anglaises! they will think it an honour to mend his shirts, to sew buttons on his pantaloons; to darn his socks, as you are doing now for that sacred imbecile of a Scotchman who is always trying to paint toreadors, or that sweating, pig-headed bullock of an Englander who is always trying to get himself dirty and then to get himself clean again!—*e da capo!*

"Himmel! what big socks are those! what potato-sacks!

"Look at your Taffy! what is he good for but to bang great musicians on the back with his big bear's paw! He finds that droll, the bullock! . . .

"Look at your Frenchmen there—your damned, conceited, verfluchte pig-dogs of Frenchmen—Durien, Barizel, Bouchardy! What can a Frenchman talk of, hein? Only himself, and run down everybody else! His vanity makes me sick! He always thinks the world is talking about *him*, the fool! He forgets that there's a fellow called



TIT FOR TAT

Svengali for the world to talk about! I tell you, Drilpy, it is about *me* the world is talking—me and nobody else—me, me, me!

"Listen what they say in the *Figaro*" (reads it).

"What do you think of that, hein? What would your Durien say if people wrote of *him* like that?

"But you are not listening, sapperment! great big she-fool that you are—sheep's-head! Dummkopf! Donnerwetter! you are looking at the chimney-pots when Svengali is talking! Look a little lower down between the houses, on the other side of the river! There is a little ugly gray building there, and inside are eight slanting slabs of brass, all of a row, like beds in a school dormitory, and one fine day you shall lie asleep on one of those slabs—you, Drilpy, who would not listen to Svengali, and therefore lost him! . . . And over the middle of you will be a little leather apron, and over your head a little brass tap, and all day long and all night the cold water shall trickle, trickle, trickle all the way down your beautiful white body to your beautiful white feet till they turn green, and your poor damp, draggled, muddy rags will hang above you from the ceiling for your friends to know you by; drip, drip, drip! But you will have no friends. . . .

"And people of all sorts, strangers, will stare at you through the big plate-glass windows—Englanders, chiffoniers, painters and sculptors, workmen, piou-pious, old hags of washer-women—and say, 'Ah! what a beautiful woman was that! Look at her! She ought to be rolling in her carriage and pair!' And just then who should come by, rolling in his carriage and pair, smothered in furs, and smoking a big cigar of the Havana, but Svengali, who will jump out, and push the canaille aside, and say, 'Ha! ha! that is la grande Drilpy, who would not listen to Svengali, but looked at the chimney-pots when he told her of his manly love, and——'"

"Hi! damn it, Svengali, what the devil are you talking to Trilby about? You're making her sick; can't you see? Leave off, and go to the piano, man, or I'll come and slap you on the back again!"

Thus would that sweating, pig-headed bullock of an Englander stop Svengali's love-making and release Trilby from bad quarters of an hour.

Then Svengali, who had a wholesome dread of the pig-headed bullock, would go to the piano and make impossible discords, and say: "Dear Drilpy, come and sing 'Pen Polt'! I am thirsting for those so beautiful chest notes! Come!"

Poor Trilby needed little pressing when she was asked to sing, and would go through her lamentable performance, to the great discomfort of Little Billee. It lost nothing of its grotesqueness from Svengali's accompaniment, which was a triumph of cacophony, and he would encourage her—"Très pien, très pien, ça y est!"

When it was over, Svengali would [illegible] her ear, as he called it, and strike the [illegible] in the middle and then the F just above [illegible] and ask which was the highest; and she would declare they were both exactly the same. It was only when he struck a note in the bass and another in the treble, that she could perceive any difference, and then that the first sounded like père [illegible] blowing up his wife, and the second like her little godson trying to make them between them.

She was quite tone-deaf, and didn't know it; and he would pay her extravagant compliments on her musical talent, till Taffy would say: "Look here, Svengali, let's hear *you* sing a song!"

And he would tickle him so masterfully under the ribs that the creature howled and became quite hysterical.

Then Svengali would vent his love of teasing on Little Billee, and pin his arms behind his back and swing him round, saying: "Himmel! what's this for an arm? It's like a girl's!"

"It's strong enough to paint!" said Little Billee.

"And what's this for a leg? It's like a mahlstick!"

"It's strong enough to kick, if you don't leave off!"

And Little Billee, the young and tender, would let out his little heel and kick the German's shins; and just as the German was going to retaliate, big Taffy would pin *his* arms and make him sing another song, more discordant than Trilby's—for he didn't dream of kicking Taffy; of that you may be sure!

Such was Svengali—only to be endured for the sake of his music—always ready to vex, frighten, bully, or torment anybody or anything smaller and weaker than himself—from a woman or a child to a mouse or a fly.

(To be continued)

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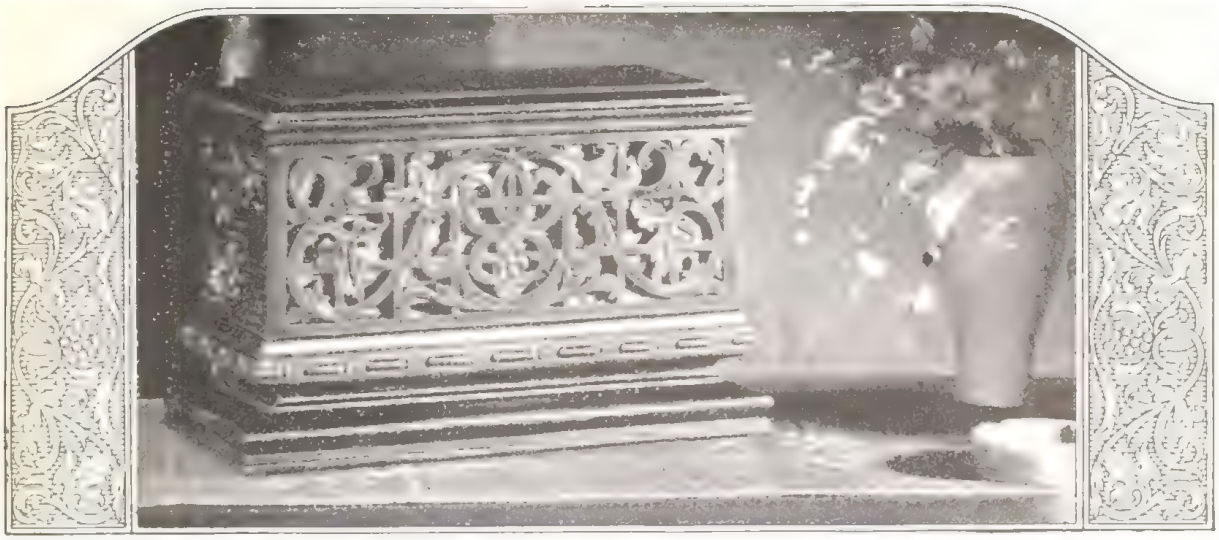

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RADIO NEWS AND NOTES

Fine Entertainment for Fall and Winter Months

THE past month has been full of interesting developments in connection with the fall and winter radio season.

In the realm of music alone one announcement after another has been made of special programs to be broadcast that will feature great symphony orchestras, grand opera stars, and hundreds of other noted singers and musicians.

The New York Philharmonic Orchestra, whose summer concerts brought delight to so many thousands over the radio, has consented to the installation of microphones for their series of winter concerts.

The Boston Symphony will likewise be heard over a chain of stations and the New York Symphony, under the direction of Walter Damrosch, will offer a series of performances. The Chicago Symphony Orchestra and other great symphonic organizations throughout the country are perfecting plans for broadcasting of winter programs on an extensive scale.

By special arrangement with the Metropolitan Opera Company, artists of that great organization have been secured for the new series of Atwater Kent programs to be broadcast from fifteen stations each Sunday evening.

This one series of concerts alone will present Mme. Schumann-Heink, Josef Hofman, Frances Alda, Lucrezia Bori, Freda Hempel, Edward Johnson, Albert Spalding, Louise Homer, Margaret Matzenauer, Mary Lewis, Reinald Werrenrath, Rosa Ponselle, Charles Hackett, and many others.

Yet these are but a few of the many high-class programs embracing every form of vocal and instrumental music that will help feature the winter radio season and make it possible for the owner of a dependable radio receiver to choose that which most appeals and best suits the occasion.

But music is only a part of the entertainment assured. Leaders of thought in the religious, educational and business life of the nation, stars of the stage, and outstanding figures in all walks of life, will make interesting contributions, as will many occurrences of great national interest.

The past month has done much more, however, than to emphasize the wealth of entertainment ahead.

It has shown all but a comparatively few of our five hundred or more broadcasting stations voluntarily doing the right thing to avoid confusion in the air pending the action which Congress is sure to take this fall to still further insure well-regulated broadcasting.

There has been but little confusion compared to what might have been, had not the broadcasters as a body recognized the rights of the public and of each other.

And the great radio show weeks of the past month throughout the country have been giving hundreds of thousands of prospective purchasers the opportunity to see how easily operated, how dependable in performance, how durably made, and how attractive in appearance are receiving sets now obtainable.

Of equal concern to the initiated are the superior types of loud speakers that now help to insure to the listener the best that radio has to offer. And radio is offering more to-day to young and old than ever before.

Interesting announcements of dependable radio equipment may be found throughout the advertising section

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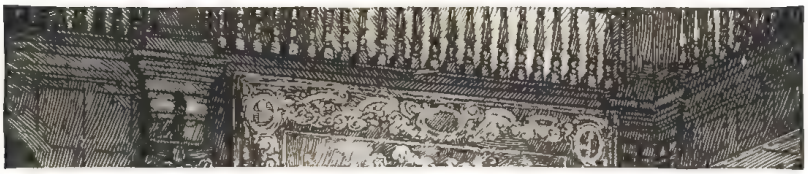

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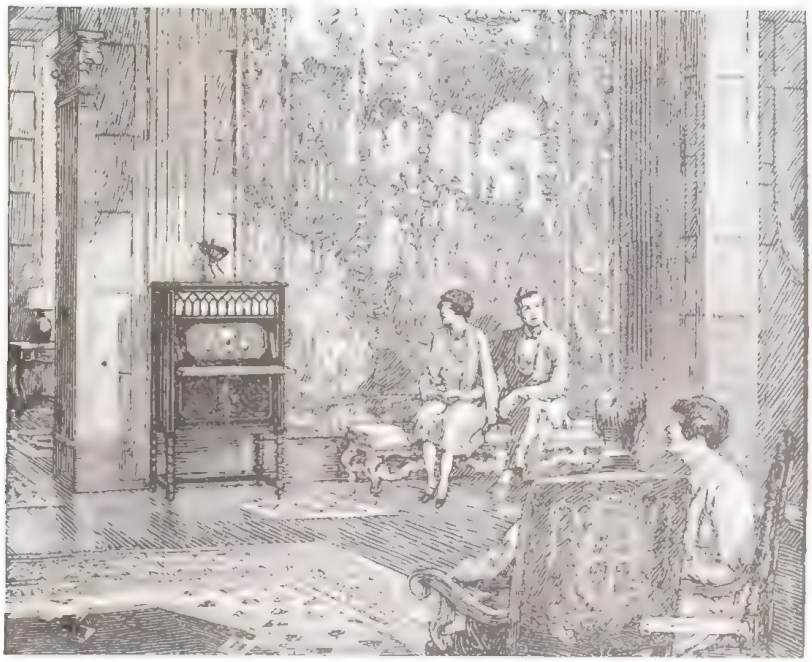

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EVERYWHERE throughout the land—in the homes of the leaders of finance, society and the arts—you will find the FREED-EISEMANN. Among other distinctions, it was selected by government experts and purchased by the Navy for installation on the President's yacht.

Now, after two years of planning and experiment, we are able to announce FREED-EISEMANN *quality unchanged—at new, low prices that have amazed the radio public.*

Think of it! Sets made with the same micrometer precision; the same devotion to high technical ideals, for which FREED-EISEMANN is famous, now priced as low as $60!

FREED-EISEMANN OFFERS REVOLUTIONARY RADIO IMPROVEMENTS AT NEW LOW PRICES

$60 *and up for table sets*

$95 *and up for console sets*

Prices slightly higher in Canada and West of the Rockies

And this year, FREED-EISEMANN embodies revolutionary radio improvements: Complete metal shielding from outside interference. One tuning control instead of three. Steel Chassis construction. Superb cabinets. Sets can be run from house current with FREED-EISEMANN power units.

No wonder that within a week after the new FREED-EISEMANN was announced, our vast, new plant had to go into full production in order to meet the great demand.

Shown above, Model 40*—C40, $155.

**Licensed under a group of the Latour Patents*

You may have a demonstration in your home without obligation, and pay on convenient terms.

FREED-EISEMANN RADIO CORPORATION
Freed-Eisemann Building, Brooklyn

MAGNAVOX
SINGLE DIAL Radio

Piedmont Model, shown in illustration. Two tone mahogany cabinet, built-in Magnavox cone speaker. Without accessories $175.

—to hear, to see, to operate it is a new adventure in radio

RADIO entertainment and ownership take on new meaning with a *Magnavox* single dial set. First you are surprised by the simplicity of operation. Turn one dial to any available station and the program starts. There is no tedious tuning.

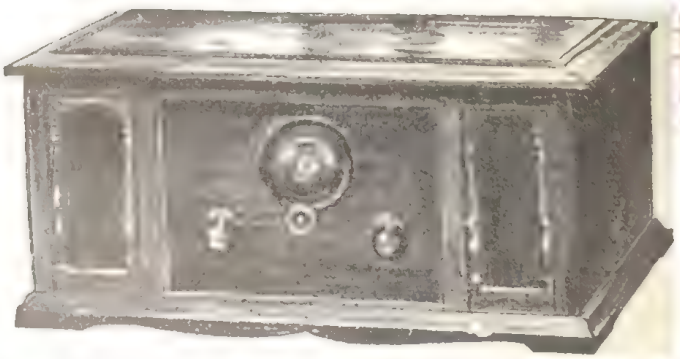
Next you are amazed by the power, the clearness, the sheer lifelikeness of the incoming sound. Perhaps for the first time you are hearing a perfectly tuned set—for every *Magnavox* is pre-tuned at the factory by a tuning meter. You can't begin to match its accuracy when tuning with two or three dials "by ear."

And then the simple beauty of *Magnavox* sets! That also is a result of single dial control. As the feminine influence is felt more and more the set with a formidable array of dials, switches and panels becomes more and more obsolete in style. Today's *Magnavox* will endure and grow in your esteem.

Magnavox models range from $75 to $260—the $75 model fits right into your phonograph. . . . Let the *Magnavox* dealer demonstrate.

520 ©1926

THE MAGNAVOX COMPANY • *Oakland, California*
R. S. Williams & Sons Co., Ltd., Toronto, Distrs. for Canada [not including B.C.]



Model 10, shown in illustration. Mahogany cabinet, compartment for "B" batteries. Without accessories $110.

FIFTEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF MAGNAVOX PROGRESS IN RADIO

The—
EAGLE
All That is Best in Radio

SHIELDED BY ITS REPUTATION FOR PERMANENCE

Pioneers

with a deep-rooted sense of obligation to the public

THE discriminating public has come to regard the Eagle Receiver as the final word in radio achievement.

This preference has been soundly established, not through chance, but because of an unrelaxing adherence to the highest standards of radio production—standards which Eagle itself created!

From the pioneering days of radio's yesteryear, until the present hour, Eagle has felt that this widespread tribute to its supremacy carried with it an obligation to maintain these self-established high standards under any and all circumstances. To fittingly discharge that obligation, Eagle has never sought to lead in quantity production. Instead, it has kept faith with the public by bestowing upon every Eagle Receiver the necessary time, genius and quality of materials to make each individual product a masterpiece of permanence, beauty, and satisfactory performance.

Eagle Radio Receivers
$95 $175 $185 $220

MODEL K3 Receiver with Console Cabinet
as illustrated, $250

EAGLE RADIO COMPANY
NEWARK, N. J.

Licensed by NEUTRODYNE

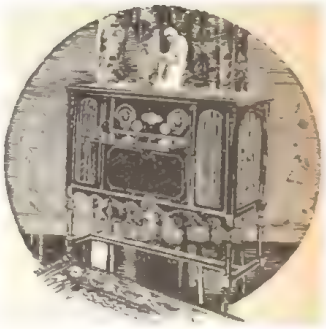
WE SOAR ABOVE EAGLE RADIO COMPANY NEWARK NEW JERSEY

Thorola

—the Last Word in Advanced Radio Circles

When your Radio Dealer says, "*Thorola* 1927 Model," he is pointing the safest, surest way to radio satisfaction.

The sweeping advances recently scored in sound recording have for some time been available in radio broadcasting. It remained for *Thorola* to make them available in radio reception. This is accomplished by the combination of both Horn and Cone—an exclusive *Thorola* feature. Elusive, delightful tonal qualities that have long been waiting to be brought out, are now made audible through *Thorola*.



Thorola Model 59
DeLuxe Console $185

Power operated at low additional cost. The Cabinet, in Antique High-Lighted Walnut, is one of the masterpieces of the *Thorola* line.

Other models $60 up. Prices slightly higher West of Rockies.

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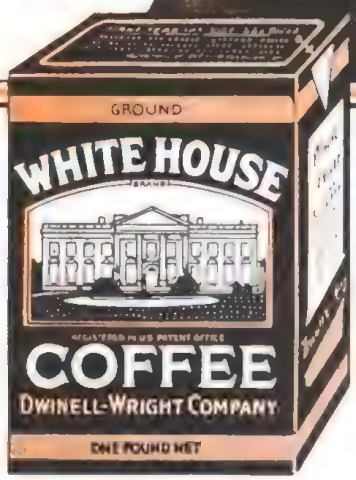

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH *used to say that he believed the difference between one man and another was produced by the quality of coffee he drank.*

WHITE HOUSE COFFEE is quality through and through — a blend of the world's best coffees, rich with aroma and real coffee taste — because *the flavor is roasted in.* Tell your grocer you want White House.

"The Flavor is Roasted In!"

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Southern Gas and Power Corporation
Cumulative Preferred Stock

7% with Safety

DISCRIMINATING investors, those who place their funds for investment where they will yield desirable returns in income without jeopardy to principal, find a gratifying combination of earning power and safety in the Preferred Stock of the Southern Gas and Power Corporation.

In physical assets, financial structure, management and service, this expanding public utility justifies the confidence of conservative investors.

The Southern Gas and Power Corporation owns and operates established properties in eleven states. It serves some sixty-five communities, for the greater part active industrial centers where the demand for gas is constantly on the increase.

The earnings of the Corporation are many times Preferred Stock dividend requirements.

The Southern Gas and Power Corporation is an outstanding example of the increasing strength of the gas utility. Offering uninterrupted and liberal returns, and safety for principal, it commends itself to the attention of every conservative investor. We shall be glad to supply you, without obligation, with full details, including price.

GAS

An essential utility and an opportunity

Let us send you this booklet of facts about the gas industry. It will tell you why securities of gas companies are selected for investments by many discriminating investors.

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Founded 1792

The cost of repairing a **chimney** is infinitesimal when compared with the **cost of** rebuilding a home. Yet more homes are **damaged** or destroyed every year by fires originating **in defective** chimneys and flues than by any other **single** cause of fire.

Have your chimney **cleaned** at least once a year. A fire in the chimney **proper** is usually caused by accumulations of soot. **If it smokes** heavily and continuously, imperfect **combustion**, due to faulty heating equipment or **methods of** firing, may be causing undue soot deposits. **Have** your chimney, flues and heating pipes **regularly** inspected, kept clean and in good repair, **and you** will have little cause to fear a chimney fire.

The North America Agent can give you valuable advice and assistance on practical Fire Prevention.

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write practically every form of insurance except life

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The thing that makes it wonderful is its tone quality. The large cone speaker has been designed to exactly match Freshman's new QUALITY radio receiver. This special cone speaker easily handles the full power that this new set delivers.

Its ease of operation, with three distinct controls, allows any novice to tune in the station wanted day after day at the same points on the dials. This efficient means of operation eliminates the overlapping of wave lengths, assuring distinct separation of one broadcasting station from the others.

Model 6-F-11 $119.50

Slightly higher Denver and West

THE most perfect radio ever designed. It is massive—it is beautiful. It is just what you want for your home. For no matter how exquisite your furnishings are, this artistic genuine mahogany upright console will lend additional beauty.

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are recommended for use with Freshman Masterpiece Receivers.

A special package containing—1 UX 112 power tube, 1 UX 200A detector tube and 3 UX 201A amplifying tubes—matched and tested for the set in which they are shipped, is sold by Authorized Freshman Dealers.

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The Most Perfectly Toned Radio Ever Produced

THE GOLDEN BOOK FINANCIAL DIRECTORY

THE INVESTMENT BUREAU

A department offering its services without charge to readers of THE GOLDEN BOOK. All letters to the Bureau are treated as personal and confidential and are answered in full by mail. Below appear a few extracts from recent correspondence relating to subjects of general interest. Address Investment Bureau, THE GOLDEN BOOK, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

THE FINANCIAL DIRECTORY

THE GOLDEN BOOK reserves the following pages for announcements of reputable banking houses, trust companies, savings banks, brokers, and other financial institutions. Inquiry is made concerning the institutions advertising under this heading and none is accepted that is found to be of questionable character. When writing to these institutions please mention THE GOLDEN BOOK.

Investment Questions and Answers

6 Per Cent. for Safe Investment I have a trust fund of several thousand dollars, and I would like to know of some safe investment where I could realize at least 6 per cent.

For your investment of several thousand dollars to net at least 6 per cent., it is difficult to secure the highest degree of safety. In every case, it must be realized that safety must be set off against the quantity of yield, and just as soon as your yield approaches a certain level, safety begins to decline.

For a small fund, such as yours, we would recommend the following investments:

Mortgage Bank of Chile Guar. S. F. 6½s, 1957.
Brooklyn Manhattan Transit S. F. 6s, 1968.
Northern States Power Class A stock.
Amer. Tel. & Tel. Common Stock.

The Mortgage Bank of Chile was created in 1855 for the purpose of making available credit facilities on reasonable terms for the development and improvement of real property in Chile. The bonds are guaranteed unconditionally, principal, interest and sinking fund for the Republic of Chile by indorsement. The bank makes only 1st Mortgage Loans and issues its bonds against mortgages registered in its name. During its existence of 70 years, the bank has operated successfully, and has never failed to meet its obligations. In the last ten years, the losses incurred on property foreclosed under its mortgages have not exceeded $40,000. At the present prices of about 96 this bond offers an attractive yield of about 6.80% to maturity. This is one of the strongest of the foreign bonds and may well be included in your list to increase your yield.

Brooklyn Manhattan Rapid Transit since its reorganization has made very good progress. It is now earning its fixed charges with a margin of about 80 per cent., and these particular bonds are secured in effect by a First Mortgage against the Williamsburgh Power Plant, together with a good lien against a large portion of the line. Further, the attitude of the New York City administration toward the Rapid Transit facilities since January 1st has materially improved. Both these factors indicate that the position of these bonds is likely to improve.

Northern States Power Class A. This is a high-grade stock of a public utility which is controlled by Standard Gas & Electric. Its principal operations are in the State of Minnesota, with some lap over into Wisconsin and other adjacent states. Additions to the property and changes in the book-keeping make it impossible to tell exactly the earnings per share of the stock. But roughly, the $8 dividend is protected by about a 50 per cent. margin. Standard Gas & Electric is conservatively managed, and we believe that Northern States Power represents an opportunity for profit as well as for good yield.

American Telephone & Telegraph is such a well-known public utility that its operations and finances do not need discussion. The present yield on price of about 147 is slightly better than 6 per cent.

We presume that from your statement, you do not have an excess of $10,000 for investment at the present time. If you have more than that, additional issue should be used, in order to secure proper diversification.

"Legal for Trust Funds" When a firm offers an investment and states that it is "Legal for Trust Funds," does it really mean that it is to be classed among high-grade investments?

In regard to your inquiry about the bonds being legal for trust bonds and therefore being high-grade investments, this statement merely indicates that the bonds comply with certain legal requirements in the State, although that usually does give to the bonds a fairly good rating. At the same time, it should be recognized that there are other bonds which do not comply with these legal requirements which are also very excellent securities.

Diversity for Investment of $12,500 I have invested ten thousand five hundred dollars as follows:

$4,500 in Anaconda Copper 6s, due in 1953.
$2,000 in Argentine Government 6s, due in 1959.
$3,000 in National Union Mortgage Co. Guaranteed real estate bonds 6s, due in 1946.
$1,000 in American Gas and Electric 6s, due 2014.

I have two thousand more to invest. Will you please advise some good safe bonds to buy and give me your opinion on the ones I now have. Do you think that I have too many copper bonds and would you advise selling part of them and diversify

(Continued on page 72)

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National City
Bank Building
New York

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Sound Investments— Good For You

A SOUND investment must meet a few rather plain demands. It must safeguard money. It must convert readily into cash. It must pay good interest.

NO INVESTMENT is equally good for all individuals. Before a man's money can be wisely placed, several personal factors must be studied.

A MAN'S income tax should, of course, be considered. The provisions of his will should be skilfully met. Each new investment should make a balance with his present investments. His personal plans, too, may be important. For example: Is he in business? Does he intend to remain active? Does he plan to stay at home or to travel?

THE individual seldom has the necessary experience to fully deal with his own investment problems. Good judgment prompts him to draw on seasoned knowledge.

WITH a background of one hundred and fourteen years' financial experience, The National City Company has equipped itself to study and meet individual investment problems.

ELEVEN thousand miles of private wires keep us in direct touch with the investment centers of the country. We maintain offices in 50 leading American cities. We supplement this close touch with domestic conditions by world-wide foreign connections.

A NATIONAL CITY COMPANY representative will know how to use the equipment of the Company in your interest.

YOU may get in touch with a representative by addressing The National City Company, 55 Wall St., New York, or by visiting our office in your city.

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BONDS · SHORT TERM NOTES · ACCEPTANCES

KNOW the Record of your Investment House

FOR forty-one years the House of Forman has provided sound and remunerative investments for an ever-growing clientele . . . . including many American, Scotch, Dutch, and British Banking Houses, and great insurance companies.

And in all that time . . . . since 1885 . . . . no investor —not one—has ever failed to receive every dollar of his principal and interest from an investment provided by this institution.

A list of choice offerings, yielding 6½ and 6%, will be gladly sent upon request.

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Investment Bonds Since 1885

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100 East 42nd St., New York

Pittsburg St. Louis Minneapolis
Des Moines San Francisco
Indianapolis Springfield, Ill. Peoria
Lexington, Ky.

(*Continued from page 70*)

more? What do you think of the National Union Mortgage Co.'s real estate bonds?

Out of a total investment of $12,500 which you have now and propose to make, $4,500 in issues of copper bonds is too large a proportion. We say this without any comment in regard to the safety of Anaconda Copper 6s, 1953. It would be our suggestion that you dispose of $2,000 of these bonds, and invest the proceeds in Loew's, Inc., deb. 6s, 1942. This company leads in the motion-picture and vaudeville business, is showing steadily increasing earnings, and has an exceptionally strong balance sheet. Its net current assets are within $4,000,000 of its total bonded liability, which amounts to about $29,000,000. Earnings cover the interest charges of this current year, about four times and the debentures although not a mortgage bond are well protected and at present prices of 99 are attractive. In addition they have stock purchase warrants which are likely to have some considerable value in the future.

So far as the National Union Mortgage Company is concerned, its bonds appear to be safe. We understand these bonds are guaranteed by the U. S. Fidelity & Guaranty Company, The Maryland Casualty Company, Fidelity & Deposit Company of Baltimore, and the National Surety Company of New York.

American Gas & Electric 6s, 2014 are also a high-grade utility bond. For your other $2,000 we would suggest investments in Southern Colorado Power, and are now selling at about 101. This company serves the City of Pueblo, Colorado, and adjacent territory, and has shown a steady growth in its earnings. In recent years, it has covered the interest on these bonds about twice, and appears to be conservatively managed and expanding its operations slowly but surely.

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LOS ANGELES

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21.3% Increase in Southern Hydro-Electric Power *in the Past Two Years*

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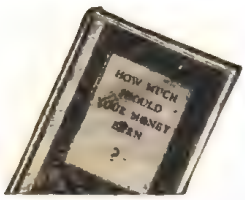
Caldwell & Company, with a background of many years of Southern financial experience, and with an organization extending into every part of the South, as well as into the great northern and eastern centers of accumulated wealth, has utilized its experience and resources in helping to supply capital to finance this rapid normal Southern development. It surrounds its underwritings with the conservative safeguards characteristic of sound investment banking throughout the country.

This organization places comprehensive facilities at the service of individual and institutional investors wherever situated to supply authoritative information regarding Securities of Southern Municipalities and Corporations.



We will take pleasure in sending you a complimentary copy of a little book on Southern investment conditions, "How Much Should Your Money Earn?"

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Address.....

City.....

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For twenty years The Review of Reviews Magazine has served thousands and thousands of men and women in the handling of their funds for investment. *It has been one of the outstanding services of the magazine and has built tremendous good will for us with readers.*

In addition to this individual investment service there is a supplementary service by which our readers may secure information of vital interest in the matter of investment. Below you will see booklets issued by financial houses. Choose by number those that you wish to see, write us, and we will send you, without cost or obligation on your part, the literature that you desire. Unless otherwise stated the literature will be sent you direct from the financial houses publishing the same.

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Investment Literature for Your Information

1. What You Should Know About Real Estate Mortgage Bonds—Adair Realty & Trust Co.
2. Public Utility Securities as Investments—A. C. Allyn and Company.
3. Arnold 6½% Certificates—Arnold & Co.
4. Investing by Mail—Caldwell & Co.
5. The New Year Book—Commonwealth Edison Co.
6. The Way to Wealth—William R. Compton Company.
7. Fidelity First Mortgage Participation Certificates—Fidelity Mortgage Co.
8. 8% and Safety—Filer-Cleveland Co.
9. How to Select Safe Bonds—George M. Forman & Co.
10. Investors' Guide—Greenebaum Sons Investment Co.
11. Gas, an Essential Utility and an Opportunity—Hambleton & Co.
12. Security Bonds—J. A. W. Iglehart & Co.
13. Insured First Mortgage "Sixes"—Mortgage Insurance Corp.
14. Municipal Bonds—National City Co.
15. Safety Supreme—Shannon & Luchs.
16. 7% First Mortgage Bonds—United States Mortgage Bond Co.

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55 Fifth Avenue, New York City

November, 1926

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Guaranteed-Insurable
6½% Bonds

have an income advantage of

62% over 4% bonds
44% over 4½% bonds
30% over 5% bonds
18% over 5½% bonds
8% over 6% bonds

Guaranteed-Insurable *First Mortgage Safety* with 6½%

MORE AND MORE investors are turning to 6½% Adair Guaranteed-Insurable Bonds as a means of averaging up both the safety and net yield of their investments.

First because Adair Bonds are secured by conservative first mortgages on well-located, income-producing city properties—by the earnings from the property—and by the financial resources of the borrowing corporation.

Second because both the principal and interest of every Adair Bond is unconditionally guaranteed by Adair Realty & Trust Company, in writing on the face of the bond.

Third because the investor in Adair Bonds has the privilege of insuring his bonds against loss on application to an independent surety company, with resources over $30,000,000.

Fourth because the liberal and satisfying yield means less worry, more comfort and greater profit.

An Income of $1,800 a Year

$1,000 invested in 6½% Adair Guaranteed-Insurable Bonds, with interest reinvested, plus an average semi-annual investment of $299.89, will amass $27,700 in 20 years. This means an income of $1,800.50 at a cost of less than $600 a year.

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Mail the coupon today and we will gladly suggest an investment plan exactly suited to your needs.

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Get Safety *and* Convenience Too

Fidelity First Mortgage Participation Certificates have all the investment advantages of the choicest first mortgages,

Plus our guarantee,

Plus the external guarantee of the National Surety Company, of New York,

Plus the opportunity of investing in small or large amounts,

Plus an attractive rate of income,

Plus many scientific refinements and safeguards that give the owner entire freedom from anxiety,

Plus the convenience of direct payment of income by our checks, semi-annually, —no delays in checking, cutting and cashing coupons,— no forms, reports or expenses —just straight income, and the full return of principal at maturity.

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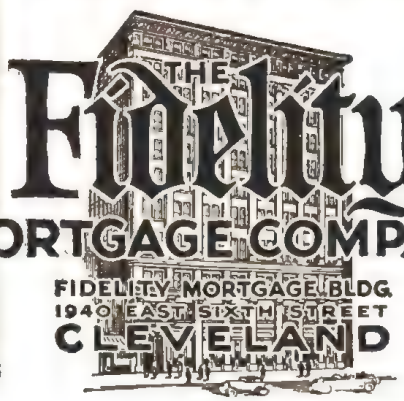

THE Fidelity MORTGAGE COMPANY

FIDELITY MORTGAGE BLDG.
1940 EAST SIXTH STREET
CLEVELAND

Chicago

is using central station service more and more extensively, abandoning the small private generating plant. Our new business in 1925 increased 61% over the preceding year's increase.

This Company has paid 148 consecutive dividends to its stockholders. Write for year book.

Commonwealth Edison Company

The Central Station Serving Chicago

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NORTH CAROLINA
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ALL OUT DOOR SPORTS
WRITE FOR LITERATURE
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INVESTMENT QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

(See page 70)

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More than any other magazine, a complete file of the Golden Book is worthy of a permanent place on the library shelves, because only the enduring writings of the world's Greatest Masters are selected for preservation in this convenient form. Ever since the publication of the first number letters have been received by the editor suggesting the importance of providing a way to build up a real library of classics out of the current issues. Little could be done with the first volume because the publisher's supplies were soon exhausted. But we have two plans for the succeeding volumes.

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THE RETURN TO SANITY

THERE are homes where the daily visit of the postman brings a deluge of circulars.

Patient folk go through the junk and bunk to find the little that is worth the reading. Testy ones toss the lot into waste baskets.

Direct advertising, like other vogues, threatens itself with suicide.

For the legitimate direct advertisers are being swamped by the competition of those who ought never to be in the mails. Before these latter find out that they don't belong, the cost to themselves and everybody else is appalling.

What let loose this deluge? The overflow from the damming up of periodical advertising.

It goes back to the mania for millions. Mass circulation proved its worth for advertising certain kinds of goods. Tempted by this, others who could not get full value from mass circulation tried it. They found the pace too keen, the cost too high.

Then despairing of magazine advertising, they leaped into the mails. And there, too, they find themselves in a jam between diminishing returns and rising costs of postage and printing.

That is why there are clear signs of a return to the use of selective magazine circulations.

By the automatic selection of years, magazines such as THE QUALITY GROUP have built up their quotas of readers—equivalent to tried and tested mailing lists.

These magazines are welcome where circulars are not.

They generate the power of direct advertising at less cost.

They confer the prestige of magazine presentation without the wastefulness of mass circulation.

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For THE QUALITY GROUP has stood fast where it always stood, between the mass periodicals and the mailing lists—the gathering place for three quarters of a million readers of keen intelligence, ample purchasing power and pervasive influence.

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If you use ordinary flat folders for bulky contents, you will have them riding high and low in the drawer, with the index names obscured and the natural separation lost, causing loss of time in filing or finding papers. Injury to the papers themselves will also result.

Folders will do for a *few* papers, but too often they contain over-loads which should be placed in roomier containers, still retaining their position in the file.

There is only one remedy for an over-loaded folder, and that is a **Bushnell**

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"Vertex" File Pockets are all capacity; they stand erect and keep their contents so; their index is always in view; they allow free access for reference, either in the file or out of it; they save space, for they prevent slumping.

We would like you to place the contents of one of your bulkiest folders in a sample "Vertex" Pocket, and see what you think of it.

The coupon below will bring the sample, free, with no obligation to return.

—CUT HERE—

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To ALVAH BUSHNELL CO., Dept. E
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Golden Ways *To* Golden Places

Short Winter Water Trips

COMES now the winter, ever mankind's bitterest enemy among the seasons; "the winter of man's discontent,"—the time when

> The night has no eve
> And the day has no morning;
> Cold winter gives warning!

As Hood puts it. It is the time, as Charles Kingsley has it,

> When the great sun has turned his face away,
> The earth goes down into a vale of grief.

At this period of the year man does well, if he can, to go south, for as William Blake phrases it in his apostrophe to winter, "the north is thine." It is then that knowing human beings, like the birds, leave winter to his north and seek the milder climes and balmier shores of lands within the friendlier zones of the south; there to conserve vitality and multiply joy.

American people are only beginning to know the delights of playing in the winter time in southern areas. Many still, however, need to ponder Shakespeare's line "to teach thee there's no laboring i' the winter." The mere thought that sunshiny days and tropical nights may be yours within an astonishingly short time, is enough to stir one's longings. There are places where the earth is romantic with luxury and color where nature has bent backwards in her urgent desire to render beauty and charm. Almost by magic carpet your working days in the bustling, icy city, can be turned into days fragrant with roses, nights balmy with stars and seas red with coral.

One of the most popular and most charming of these short winter trips is Bermuda—the land of coral islands and mild invigorating sunshine. Halfway between Nova Scotia and the West Indies, nature has seen fit to place this bright-jeweled fairyland. Here you may find yourself, after only a two-day trip, amid the lilies and oleanders, palms, cocoanut trees, mangrove, prickly pears, citrons, orange trees, lemon and lime trees, and an overwhelming profusion of gorgeous flowers. Every species of bird may be found and fish of all kinds. While on the island, there are fascinating trips to Gibs Hill Lighthouse and Paget Sand Banks. Lovers of the Irish Poet, Tom Moore, will not fail to visit his former home and the "storied calabash tree."

There are crystal caves and sea gardens, more beautiful than the Arabian Nights and wondrous caverns fashioned centuries ago by the eternal hand of time and unknown until the genius of man discovered electricity, by which their splendors are revealed. There are thousands of stalactites, slender and delicate from roofs of the caverns, and hanging from above are great piles of stalagmites, colored with hues of the rainbow. Lines from King John suggest themselves in this perfection, for anything added by man would be to but paint the lily:

> "To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
> To throw a perfume on the violet,
> To smooth the ice, or add another hue
> Unto the rainbow."

If the god of good things were more kindly disposed toward you in the matter of time, and you have fifteen days, a beautiful trip to the West Indies is possible. After departing from New York, you will find yourself in four days in San Juan and three days later in Porto Rica. Then to Kingston, Jamaica, on to Havana, Nassau and back to New York. This cruise gives you glimpses of the tropical land, brilliant sunlit seas, and a spall of age-old romance. For over the West Indian Islands hover the shades of such men as Columbus and Cortez, Morgan and Sir Francis Drake, the conquistadores, buccaneers, pirates and other adventurers who roamed the limpid Caribbean Sea.

If you have to spare as much as thirty-one days' time, there is a fascinating trip which includes both the West Indies and Bermuda, Nassau to Havana, with its bustling streets and modern progress, touching elbows with the customs of yesteryear, and where modern shops and cafes touch ancient fortresses in an understanding of days gone by. Then on to Port au Prince, Haiti, with its black-skinned natives, whose ready smile and slight French accent remind you of the days when France ruled this island. Haiti is connected inseparably with the name of Columbus, for he discovered it on his first voyage, and here established at Cape Navidad, the first settlement of white men in the western world. Then there is Kingston, Jamaica—the land of tropic loveliness, green covered mountains, thick, rich foliage and rushing sparkling streams over rocky beds. Cristobal, Panama Canal Zone is visited. Cristobal a modern city created by Americans adjacent

(*Continued on page 86*)

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Where-To-Go concluded on next page

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On page 74 you will find a directory of Investment booklets that will be sent free of charge to all those interested in finding the right channels for the employment of surplus funds. Address

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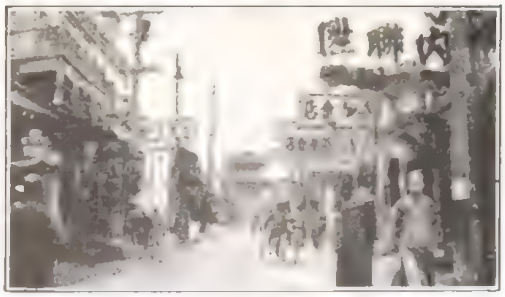

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Henry Seidel Canby's "The Morals and Morale of Reviewing;" Sherwood Anderson's famous short-story of the Ohio race-tracks, "*I'm a Fool*," analyzed by John Gallishaw (discussing the Angle of Narration); Robert Hillyer's "The Structure of the Sonnet;" William Rose Benét's technical review of twenty Fall novels by "new" novelists; Burges Johnson on an experiment in eliminating adjectives to improve style; and "Confessions of a Literary Agent" by Mac.

This number sent free (while limited supply lasts) with four-months' "Winter Subscription" at $1.00, beginning with November. Send cash, check or money order to

THE WRITER, HARVARD SQUARE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

(*Continued from page 80*)

to the older town of Colon, at the Caribbean end of the canal. The old Spanish city near the Pacific end of the canal, as well as the principal points of interest on the great cut itself, are all integral parts of the joy for the traveler.

Who has not, at some time, wanted to see South America—only twelve days from New York? There the climate more delightful than the Riviera—will give you the kind of vacation that you need—away from all activity and with the thrills of the Old World! Rio de Janeiro, the capital of Brazil, with a population of more than a million, is a colorful city, universally conceded to have the most beautiful harbor in the world. Sao Paulo, the most progressive city in Brazil, and Santos, are not far distant. Then, if the traveler plans to go beyond Brazil, there is Montevideo, the city of roses and capital of Uruguay, with its population of nearly half a million. Its beautiful gardens and famous bathing beaches are known all over the world. The nearby resorts of Pocitos and Ramiras may be reached by automobile or carriage.

Not far distant from Buenos Aires lies Mar del Plata, the famous watering resort, and to the westward stretch the level Pampas, over which the Argentine cowboys ride with the growing herds. This will be a trip never to be forgotten.

Another glorious winter trip is to California by way of Havana and the Panama Canal—a gorgeous water route to the Golden State. This intercoastal voyage from New York to Los Angeles and San Francisco affords all the rest and recreation of a trans-oceanic run, with additional variety. It gives you glimpses of world ports; contrasts the calm romance of Latin villages with the driving energy of northern cities; combines landscapes and seascapes; reveals the prolific wonders of nature and the great wonder wrought by man's genius—the Panama Canal. From New York to Havana—to Colon and Balboa and through the Pacific Ocean to Los Angeles and San Francisco, all in eighteen days.

Last, but not least, you must not forget the trip to the Hawaiian Islands. Only five or six days pleasant voyage from our Pacific Coast, you find outdoor recreation with comfort in the romantic atmosphere of South Sea Island magic.

Yes, winter water journeys are perhaps the very apotheosis of triumph over the hardships of our American climate which is given to bringing suddenly down from the frozen arctic the most desperately cold of its winds and storms. Mild water, perfectly appointed ships, pleasant company—who could ask for a better substitute for winter?

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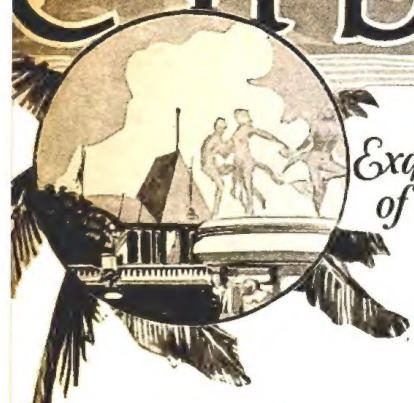

DAYS of brilliant sunshine—tempered to springlike softness by cool trade winds . . . thrilling sports of land and sea—golf, tennis, polo, hunting, fishing, yachting, motoring—their joys intensified a hundredfold by the gorgeous tropical setting . . . brilliant, fashionable gatherings at the races—or the famous jai-alai, fastest of games.

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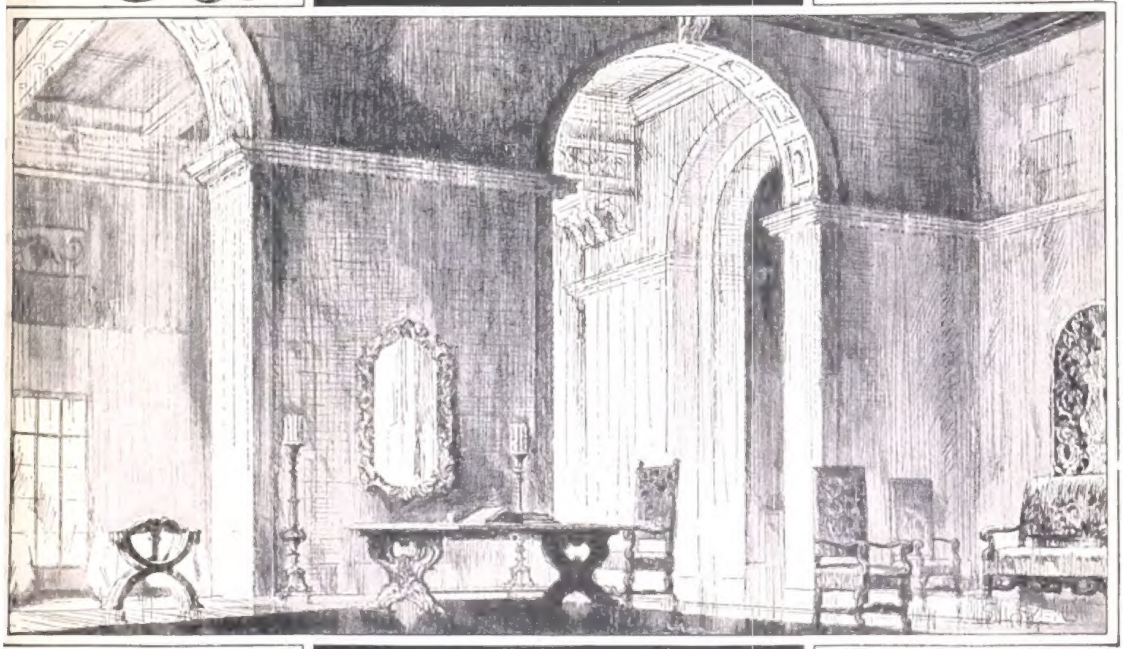

IN WASHINGTON

n hotel in which those who are accus-
ɔmed to the finest in Europe *will feel at home*

HE center of the exclusive residential district lies close to the White House at the north is w hotel that registers a protest against mere and against the serving of guests principally ugh mechanical conveniences. These alone ot make an hotel, for de luxe establishments ad that are chosen by nobility *en voyage* usu- are small, and often possess but a few of the pments that in the States are considered essen-

Regardless of modern facilities, in hotels ad you become truly a guest—not a customer.

ch an hotel now awaits you in Washington. ıotel in the Continental manner—yet provided all American facilities: Lift, central heat, ricity, telephone, bath attached to each cham- running ice water; and even such ultra-modern ratus as an air-conditioning installation to rol air temperature and humidity in the ic rooms. But back of, and beyond, those mechanisms is a staff composed largely of Europeans, speaking all the modern languages, serving the guest as he is accustomed to be served abroad.

The architecture, fittings, furnishings and designs of the Carlton Hotel have come largely from the Continent. All rooms have French windows. All hardware is French. In the stately entrance hall, the drawing-room and the library that replace the more usual lobby, are Austrian hand-tufted rugs, Italian renaissance and Louis XVI furniture.

There are only 257 rooms, a few available singly. Accommodations principally are in family, diplomatic and royal suites. It is recommended that you make reservations in advance, by courier or by mail. You thereby will be spared all doubt as to your comfort in Washington, and on arrival will be taken directly to your rooms, where a clerk will register you individually.

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Here's good news for you—

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As you probably know, dandruff is a germ disease and that annoying white shower on dark clothes is a warning of more serious scalp trouble—falling hair, possibly baldness.

Try Listerine for, say, one week, every night and learn for yourself how remarkably it works.

The use of Listerine for dandruff is not complicated. You simply douse it on your scalp, full strength, and massage thoroughly. The effect is wonderfully refreshing. And you will be amazed to see how this treatment, followed systematically, does the trick. Moreover, Listerine will not discolor the hair nor will it stain fabrics. And it is not greasy or smelly.

Many of the better barber shops are now prepared to give you this treatment. Try Listerine for dandruff. You'll be delighted with the results.—*Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.*

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